

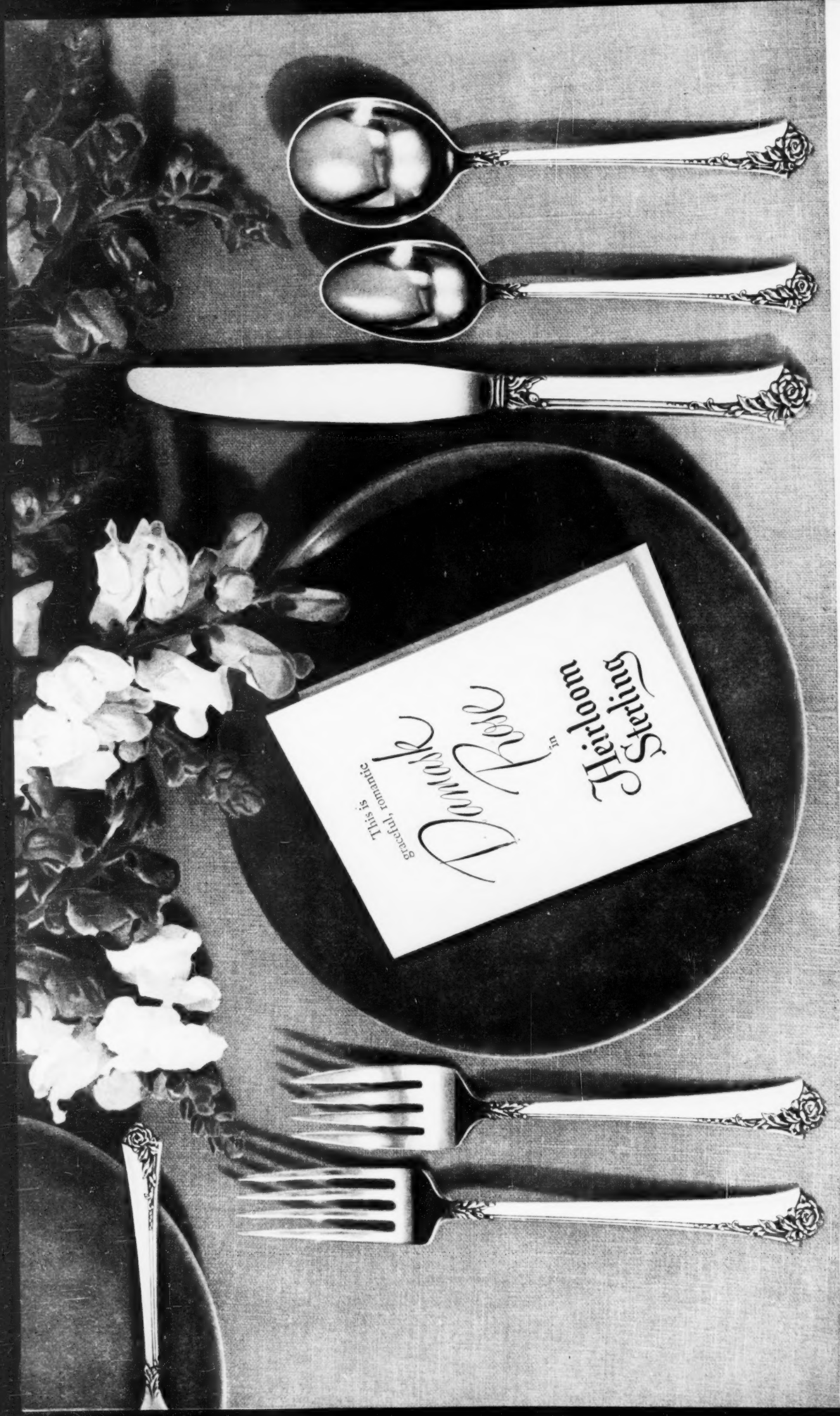
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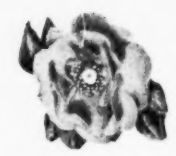
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LILACS IN THE RAIN

Sometime ago I read a verse about lilacs in the rain. The author said that, with her life expectancy, she had only 50 more springs to know what they were like. And that wasn't nearly enough!

I have never forgotten her thought. I echo it myself each May when I come on lilacs in the soft, misty rains of spring. The sweet pain of evanescent beauty entangles my mind as I stand, enveloped in fragrance. The great purple heads of bloom are heavy with moisture and bend toward the earth. The rest of existence is lost behind the curtain of grey rain.

It's a moment so haunting, its beauty—so swift in its passing. Greedily I want to cut the branches, crowd them in jars, and fill the house with them.

And yet—the moment one grabs at loveliness, it evades us.

A little friend of mine learned that at two-and-a-half. Each morning she watched the family canary flutter, briefly, around the living room. One day her mother left her for a few moments. The child staggered after the bird and miraculously clasped it in her hands. She stood enchanted.

Her eyes blazed with joy as she unfolded her fingers a moment or so later for her mother. But the little bird lay still, its head drooped over her palm. Then came the cry—symbolic of all who have clutched too possessively at beauty, "Oh I deaded the bird! I DEADED the little bird!"

Possessiveness has caused endless misery in human relations, whether it's between husband and wife, parent and child, or in friendship. It is, basically, greediness.

Yet it's instinctive to reach out blindly to clutch at beauty. It's instinctive and primitive. The answer lies, I think, in that well-known definition of culture: "A never-ending search for beauty and an ever-increasing understanding of beauty."

If we have sense enough to search more deeply the meaning of beauty, whether it's in human relationships or lilacs in the rain, we shall surely encompass it and possess it through a deeper understanding of what creates it.

Seventy Maytimes, says the Bible, tell the life story of Man. The first 10 years are uncomprehending. For the last 10 we dare not stand in the rain to meditate on beauty. Fifty chances, then, is all we can hope for.

Is the lilac in bloom? And is the rain sweet and soft? Oh . . . leave the floors, and the dishes, and the darning, and hurry, hurry out into the garden!

By Mrs. Hops Sanders.

What doctors say about Overweight



There are three wrong ways to Lose Weight

Through strenuous exercise. Exercise helps burn up some food that would be stored as fat. Authorities agree, however, that physical activity alone causes relatively little weight loss. Moreover, it places an extra burden on the heart which may already be taxed from overweight. In addition, exercise may increase appetite and cause a person to eat more than he usually would.

Through quick reducing diets. Doctors say that practically all "get-thin-quick" diets are likely to do more harm than good. That is because sudden

weight loss may impair health by lowering a person's strength and resistance. Gradual weight reduction—ranging from two to three pounds a week—protects against these hazards.

Through reducing pills. Medical science has long condemned the use of self-prescribed drugs to reduce weight. Authorities say these drugs should be used only when recommended by a doctor and then taken exactly as directed. Many of them may affect the heart and blood pressure or cause other serious conditions.

There is one best way to Lose Weight

The way to accomplish weight reduction is through a diet prescribed and supervised by the doctor. Authorities caution against overweight—especially after age 30—as excess pounds may place a burden on many vital parts of the body, particularly the heart and circulatory system.

The best way for each individual to get weight down and to keep it there, is through his doctor's guidance. This is important because the doctor will determine the cause

of overweight which, in over 95 percent of the cases, is simply due to overeating.

The doctor's help is needed, too, in determining what foods, and how much, may be eaten. He will also recommend regular exercise best suited to the individual.

With the doctor's advice, the hazards of sudden and unwise weight loss may usually be avoided . . . and weight reduction, in cases due to overeating, accomplished *steadily and safely*.

"Cheers for Chubby" is a new cartoon film on the danger, prevention and treatment of overweight, produced by Metropolitan. Entertaining and instructive, "Cheers for Chubby" will be shown in theatres this year. Watch for it in your neighbourhood.

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THE MONSTER IN THE KITCHEN

BY VINIA HOOGSTATTEN

You don't know what "modern conveniences" means if you've never tussled with that flour-spouting ogre, the kitchen cabinet

We're thinking of painting our kitchen again. This means that we spend a great deal of time standing in the middle of the kitchen floor, scrutinizing its walls through narrowed lids. It was while I was picturing a combination of chartreuse and chinese red—just for the mental exercise—that a vision of Mother's old kitchen cabinet, in all its forbidding majesty, rose before my eyes.

It came with the house we bought when I was in kindergarten, so we never were sure whether it was late Edward the Seventh or early George the Fifth. It didn't matter, anyway. At heart it belonged with the Victorians. It believed with them that life was a grim, lumpy affair. And it felt with them that any other concept should be dealt with.

It was built of golden oak, solid as a house—solid—and rose to the ceiling. Its top section had doors that opened and its middle section had doors that rolled back, like a roll-top desk only sideways, instead of up. On the back of one of the upper doors there were rows of little wire shelves, filled with dozens of small glass shakers. We lived with it for over 20 years, and we never could think of enough things to fill more than a third of them. And if we couldn't, I'll bet nobody else could either. We were an imaginative and resourceful family.

On the inside of the other upper door was an enormous dial, with several hands. Printed on it, clockwise, was a most comprehensive grocery list, so that if the contents of one of the little jars showed signs of + Continued on page 33

For home and hospitality



Put a carton of Coca-Cola on your shopping list. When guests drop in, it's there to help you bid a refreshing welcome. For the family...Coke is always a treat.



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BEAUTY SECRETS YOU CAN USE

*Take a tip from a star ...
some aids to loveliness used
by fabulous filmites in a
beauty-demanding business
which you may find helpful*

BY DUANE VALENTY

Screen stars have beauty problems much like your own. They are well acquainted with their good and bad points down to the last sag or freckle, and what they have they improve and what they haven't got, they get if humanly possible. In the words of no less an authority on glamour than Joan Crawford—"A constant effort toward self-improvement is the thing that lifts a girl out of the ordinary into the extraordinary class."

Joan knows, for she is an example of one who has made the most of herself. Not a good camera subject at first, she was too plump, her make-up grotesque and her features undistinguished, but she set out to correct her faults one by one, with stunning results.

"You want to be beautiful?" asks Joan. "Glamorous? Then you can't be lazy. You must have good health and good habits—regular hours, proper food, enough sleep, exercise and scrupulous cleanliness. Apply make-up in a strong light so you can see what you are doing. And don't forget exquisite grooming is vital at all times if a woman is to be attractive. Which means more discipline and painstaking attention to details. A girl on a budget can be her own dry-cleaner and laundress, with everything she wears well-pressed . . . and a full-length mirror should be her best friend. When details are right, she has security and poise . . . so much a part of beauty."

Joan Crawford's sensible words are gems of wisdom any woman might heed. Terry Hunt, famous "star conditioner" who has treated glamour girls from Pola Negri to Linda Darnell, puts equal stress upon discipline for beauty.

"Live sensibly. You can't be well if you smoke or drink too much. Wear a smile. Be interested in everything around you. Don't waste your time on points one and two unless you can develop a kindly attitude toward your fellow man."

An expert on beauty in the world's beauty centre, Terry Hunt should know whereof he speaks. He points out that Jeanne Crain has been able to

+ Continued on page 31



To wear this season's slim lines requires a trim figure. Doris Day keeps model proportions through supervised diet and reasonable exercise — preferably outdoors.



Canadian Alexis Smith is famed for her well-groomed appearance. She finds a pocket hairbrush a wonderful aid in keeping her hair polished and neat.



Colleen Townsend applies her face powder in upward sweeps from throat to hairline. Then with a soft brush, she removes any excess in downward strokes. The result is smooth and natural, guaranteed to last for extra hours.



Virginia Mayo is a soap and water enthusiast. She finds that a real scrub with a stiff brush leaves her hands truly clean, stimulates circulation.

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This story is for every mother who fears tomorrow for her son

OWARD THE STARS

By EDITH BRECHT

ILLUSTRATED BY AILEEN RICHARDSON

The day had been hot. Ann Marshall dropped the morning paper with its war news at her side and blocked her distressed thinking of it, shut her mind to the sense of futility it gave her. She stretched her sturdy body in the single deck chair on the lawn, glad that a day's jelly-making was back of her.

The chair faced the four acres of land Bill and she owned, but though she lay looking at them she did it without seeing them, feeling them rather, green and restful, in all of her being.

Below her down slope in the tiny lake that filled from the inflow of the creek, Martie, her son, was wading near shore, his thin 10-year-old legs rising like slender piles from water a-dropping sun colored.

✦ *Continued on page 83*



What was the matter with those
bright ideas she laid before Tom only
to have him walk all over them?

*Bridgie is just like every other woman. She
knows her husband is the smartest man alive . . . but quite
helpless to manage without her*

HONOR YOUR PARTNER

BY ELIZABETH INSKIP WYE

Bridgie Curtis—in a faded candy-striped playsuit, her flyaway hair tied with red ribbons—skimmed down the stairs trailing the fragrance of rose-colored bath salts. Rose-colored bath salts meant a rose-colored day, a day that was different.

At the foot of the stairs she cast a quick, indulgent look at the living room. At the best of times, with two cowboys in the house, the only object that kept its polish was the banister. But today the scene was generously overlaid with the cartons and suitcases the Curtises had brought back from their two weeks vacation, with the mothballs they had left strewn on the rug to discourage any stray fleas which had failed to grab themselves a trip to the shore on the family cat. And sand, sand, sand.

Only yesterday this had all been beyond her. Yesterday, with nothing to look forward to for a whole bleak year except economizing to pay for the vacation they'd already had and economizing to pay for the next one, she had been too low to lift a finger. And then—oh fantasy unbelievable—Tom had come home, turned the world upside down and put them all on top of it. Mr. Ogden had made him a job offer. They'd be rich, rich, rich, at last.

Dizzying event followed the dizzying news, for who should appear on their doorstep but Mrs. Ogden, in person, to ask Bridgie to make a fourth at bridge? So opportunity had been lurking all the time, not in Tom's office, not in New York or Timbuctoo, right across the street!

Bridgie's lips twitched at the memory of last night. How smart they had been to come in from the cool porch so their voices wouldn't carry across the street. This rare discretion had bought them time to banish the squealing children, up much too late, and to express the evidence of their ribald gaiety, the beer glasses, into the kitchen before opening the door on Mrs. Ogden. It had been disappointing that Tom had not been included in the invitation, but it just went to prove how useful Bridgie could be if Tom gave her half a chance. And a celebration tonight would be just as good, better, because she'd have time to prepare for it.

Heart singing, Bridgie burst into the kitchen. She beheld that most wonderful of men—as of last night—her husband. "Sahib," she cried.

"Hi." Tom, his starched white business shirt open at the throat until the zero hour, looked up from his coffee with a smile. It was a nice enough smile, but it was not the daffy, the abandoned smile their glorious new prospects called for. A twinge of uneasiness seized her. Had leaving him alone last night given him too much time to think? Oh pray, he wasn't going to be difficult this time.

Sudden fright made her reckless. "Darling, you're not mad about last night?"

"Certainly I'm not mad, if it's what you wanted to do. But since she's never called on you before you didn't have to fall all over yourself to fill in at the last minute, if you didn't want to. You didn't even tell her you hadn't had your dinner."

But that, thought Bridgie with horror, would + Continued on page 60



Barbara Ferguson—5' 2", 110 pounds, 34-bust, 35-hips, 23-waist, and hazel eyes she calls "dirty green."



Two girls, three rooms, no heat . . . \$14 a month



Ruth Carse of Edmonton, a dancer with Radio City Music Hall ballet, urges kitten to rouse Barbara in their New York tenement flat.



Barb and Ruth catch up on mutual news as Ruth, who does four shows a day, hurries out. Barbara spends her days at ballet and singing lessons.



Girls pay \$14 monthly for an unheated cold-water flat south of Greenwich Village. Barb painted it yellow to imitate sunlight that never penetrates.



Ballet lured Barbara to New York, the Ballet Russe hired her and broke her heart. "There just isn't that much 'art' lying around." She still practices, on her fire escape.

"Bumps" became her business (left), and musicomedy her medium. It's an insecure life but, "I love to dance. I'm happy now."

Barbara swings a broom in "Guys and Dolls" hit, "Bushel and a Peck." She has danced five shows in three years since leaving Toronto, where father teaches high school and Boris Volkoff gave her a start in ballet.



Graphic House

CANADIAN SHOWGIRL ON BROADWAY

Bounce, brass, glamour, brains . . . and 10 years devotion to dancing . . . make Barbara Ferguson a down-to-earth success story at \$74.25 a week

STORY BY JAMES DUGAN

Photos by Paul Rockett: Panda



French travel posters and candles lend atmosphere as the dancers entertain. Barbara's friend is a musician.



Barbara's beautiful chestnut hair is a distinct asset. She does her own laundry and cooks her own meals.

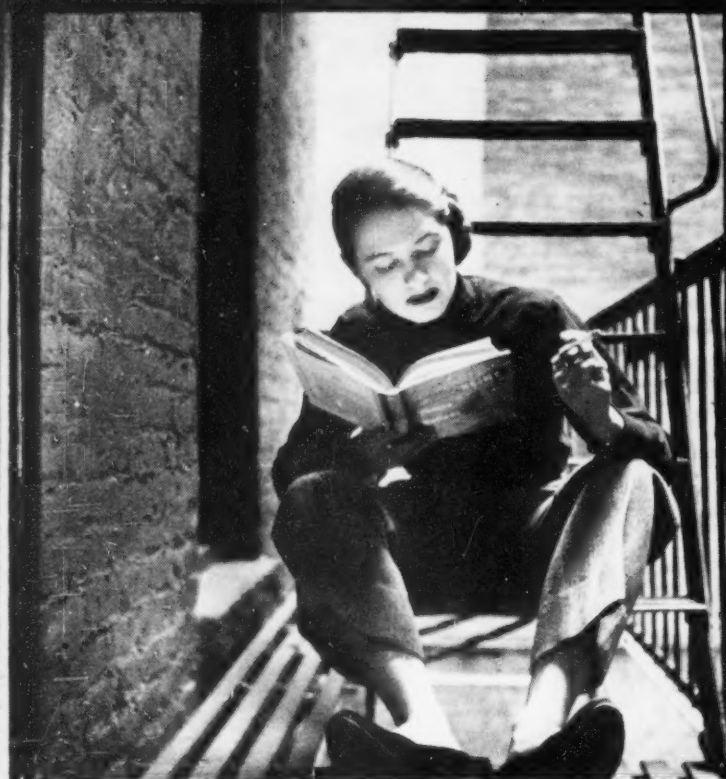
SOUTH OF Greenwich Village, in an old district of moldering New York tenements and factories bordering on Little Italy, lives a bright, beautiful young lady named Barbara Ferguson, who came to the wicked city from Toronto to make good in the theatre. She is doing so. She is in the chorus of the biggest musical comedy hit that Broadway has ever seen, a Gotham fable called "Guys and Dolls."

"Guys and Dolls" is a quarter-million-dollar production inspired by the Broadway tales of the late Damon Runyon and peopled by such fabulous Runyon characters as Harry the Horse, Nicely-Nicely Johnson and Angie the Ox. It is also that unheard-of thing, a musical comedy with a plot that stands on its own two feet and maintains dramatic suspense. In fact, it spins two love stories amid a titanic and hilarious struggle between a bunch of Broadway guys—horse-race victims, crap-game slaves and night-club toilers—and an ardent little band of uniformed religionists from the Save-A-Soul Mission around the corner.

The songs from the "Guys and Dolls" musical score are bursting out all over your radio dial: "If I Were a Bell I'd Be Ringing," "Guys and Dolls," "Adelaide's Lament," and a take-off on novelty tunes which has turned into the novelty hit of the season, "A Bushel and a Peck." The music critic of the down-to-earth Daily News called the show "as bright as a dime in a subway grating," and the show-going public have bought up all seats from now till next January at the rate of \$43,000 a week.

"Guys and Dolls" has a talented cast of 45, including stars like Robert Alda (he played George Gershwin in the movie Rhapsody in Blue); Sam Levene, one of the heroes of Three Men on a Horse and currently cast as the proprietor of the "longest established poymanent

Continued on next page



Barbara reads poetry in a patch of sun outside her window. A book on Nijinsky got her started dancing.

Offstage, Barb cooks new dishes, has lots of dates



Barbara shops for her groceries like a kid for candy. She's discovered sea foods and Italian delicacies she never saw in Toronto.



Laden down, she returns to Broome St. flat in Little Italy. Typical of New York, she knows no neighbors, but talks with kids.



Barbara and a boy friend visit a Broadway arcade. She has no evening dress, goes to nightclubs only to catch a friend's act.

Barbara's life is theatre,



Barbara takes seriously her responsibilities as union spokesman for Chorus Equity, on behalf of dancers in "Guys and Dolls." She sees they work no overtime without pay, and makes reports to Equity official who drops in to check up.

Continued from previous page

floatin' crap game in the city of New York"; and an amazing blond comedienne named Vivian Blaine who had been type-cast and buried in a dozen Hollywood movies. The show has a chorus of 16 lively boy and girl dancers; and the smallest chorus girl of all, romping around in the parody numbers and the serious ballet sequences, is the young lady who moved from Toronto to New York's Little Italy, Barbara Ferguson.

Miss Ferguson is five feet two, weighs 110 pounds, has hazel eyes which she describes as a "dirty green," and chestnut hair that falls to her waist. Among the two thousand-odd "chorus kids" who live precariously in the anarchic

world of the New York theatre, night clubs, ballet and television, Barbara Ferguson is one of the most successful. Since arriving in New York less than three years ago, she has been out of work for only one month. Most of the "kids" struggling in the profession are lucky to work two months a year—a "kid" being Broadway's jargon for a trained dancer or singer, aged 16 to 32. Barbara has been in five Broadway shows and in one season with the Ballet Russe.

After 10 arduous years of devotion to her craft, she receives a take-home pay of \$74.25 a week, less than a New York private secretary. She lives in a tiny unbeated three-room apartment in an unfashionable neighborhood, for which she and her roommate—Ruth Carse of Edmonton, Alta.—pay \$11 a month. They appreciate the

apartment because Ruth, who dances four times a day in the Radio City Music Hall Ballet, takes home \$55, and the girls see no way of bridging the gap to a modern apartment costing \$150-200.

Their home is a bright clean place, repainted by the girls and decorated with cotton print studio couch covers, cheerful druggist rugs, and a half-dozen French travel posters, including a reproduction of Matisse's "Work and Joy"; and, of course, electric heaters in each room. It is a real home; Barbara cooks three meals a day, does her own laundry and sewing, keeps a Siamese with four kittens, and tries to remember not to look out the window for the sun. All that presents itself from her living room windows are the touchable windows of her neighbors. She painted the living room walls yellow to suggest

but she knows a dancer's career is short



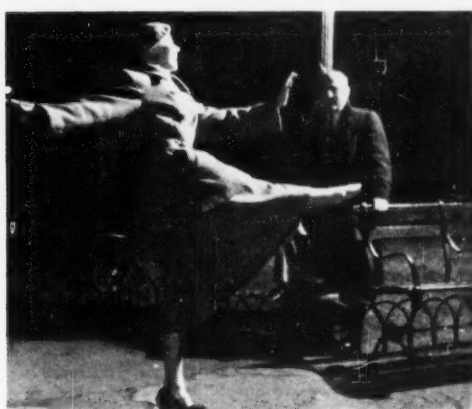
The Toronto dancer showers backstage because there's no bath in her flat. She works six evenings and two matinees a week, calls herself "a real healthy kid with lots of energy. It's lucky for me I don't get knocked out by working."



Star Sam Levene, who plays a Runyonesque gambler called Nathan Detroit, shows "Ferg" a gift he received from a fan. Barbara wants to be an actress but says "I don't have a career drive. I'd be happy to give up the theatre and settle down."



Broadway "kids" (trained dancers or singers, 16 to 32) in "Guys and Dolls" get an hour's break during act two. Barbara nunches a sandwich, writes letters to friends back home, and knits woolen tights for rehearsals in unheated theatres.



Walking home through Washington Square on a Sunday evening, Barbara breaks into an impromptu dance step for her musician friend.

sunlight. It is not like the family cottage on Lake of Bays, Muskoka, but Barbara is happy with it, likes to work, and has rid herself of the success illusions of the theatre which make many of the theatre "kids" miserable.

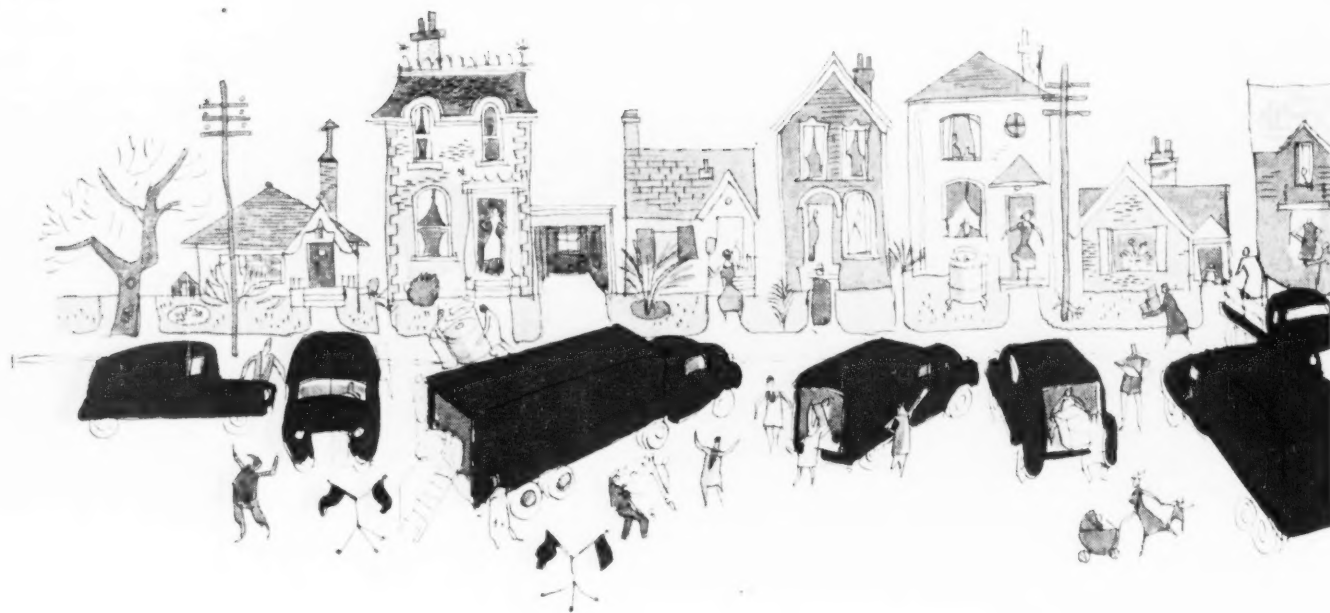
Her apartment on Broome Street is entered through a dark cold entry containing two dozen mailboxes with Italian names, of which her favorite is "Mr. Pianoforte." She does not know him or any of her fellow-tenants, because nobody knows anybody else in an apartment building in New York. However, she is well known in Broome Street where the teen-age loungers have found out that she is an actress and yell, "Hello-Barbara," with awe when she passes by. Barbara yells back and feels just as safe in the

+

Continued on page 34



Any night after the show Barbara is apt to drop in at Lee Chumley's, a Greenwich Village hang-out, to talk or play chess. In three years she has yet to see Grant's Tomb or the Bronx Zoo.



INVASION !

BY FRED BODSWORTH

One morning recently 15 burly men in white smocks piled out of a fleet of red trucks on quiet little Stedwell Street in the east end of London, Ontario, and descended on the small white frame home of Mrs. Thomas Burt. They ripped the insides out of her refrigerator, pulled the fluorescent lights off the kitchen ceiling, scattered her washer piece by piece around the basement floor and generally committed mayhem on most of her prized electrical appliances.

When the invaders marched out again Mrs. Burt was shaken but happy. For behind them they left a frig with brand-new \$117 workings inside it, a washer churning better than it had in 10 years, a new electric clock and three smacking new electric motors worth \$30 each attached to her kitchen ventilating fan and her husband's power tools. And all for free.

Mrs. Burt hadn't copped first prize in some strange give-away show. She had merely become one of 800,000 "victims" of the greatest mass invasion of the privacy of the Canadian home in history.

The homes concerned are all in Southwestern Ontario, and the great invasion being methodically carried out street by street and farm by farm will take the white-smocked men in the little red trucks 10 years to complete. It has already delighted, outraged and mystified 100,000 housewives, most of whom are completely baffled by the whole phenomenon except that it is being carried out by the Ontario Hydro-Electric Power Commission and is all done in the name of "conversion"—electrical, not religious.

Household electricity normally comes in two

different packages—the old, original 25-cycle package, and the modern, economy-size 60-cycle package. All original hydro-electric development in North America was of the 25-cycle sort, but gradually electrical engineers developed methods of making 60-cycle power do more, better and cheaper work. The 25-cycle stuff became horse-and-buggy-days electricity and one by one the continent's electrical networks switched over.

But by a strange quirk Southwestern Ontario—which likes to think of itself as the busiest, richest and most advanced corner of Canada—found itself an obsolete 25-cycle island on a 60-cycle continent. This was because it had pioneered cheap power from Niagara Falls in electricity's early days and Hydro had expanded so swiftly as a result that when the improved power package came along the changeover problem seemed staggering. But postwar industrial growth finally forced the issue. The province's big, publicly owned Hydro Commission rolled up its sleeves and determined it was now or never if the Ontario heartland was to be converted and see the new kind of light.

No longer would exam-swatting youngsters blink their eyes over Southwestern Ontario's flickering 25-cycle lights. No longer would it cost a family moving from Toronto to Montreal \$300 to convert appliances—as it did one family four times in five years. No longer could a possible war emergency threaten to leave the area unable to use outside power if its own plants were knocked out by enemy attack.

But the moment Hydro launched its ambitious project the sparks started to fly—as Hydro fully expected.

Imagine knocking on 800,000 front doors,

interrupting 800,000 housewives at their work and monkeying with the electrical innards of 800,000 suddenly disrupted homes. Imagine overhauling five million washers, refrigerators, sewing machines and other gadgets to make them swallow the new-fangled 60-cycle electrical diet. Imagine having to order new parts for the 214 different models of washing machines which Hydro has found at work in customers' homes, not to mention 147 kinds of refrigerators. No wonder the program promptly developed more ways of going haywire than a Model-T Ford.

The power has to be changed over street-by-street according to a schedule planned far in advance, and every time a part fails to come through in time a housewife somewhere is stuck with a useless frig or washer. The milk goes sour or baby's diapers stay dirty, the housewife screams at Hydro, Hydro screams at the manufacturers to hurry up that so-and-so part . . . and conversion rolls merrily along.

Hydro men explained to an Aurora district farmer they couldn't convert his well pump and so would have to replace it in a few days with a new one. When no pump appeared an anxious phone call revealed that Hydro was having difficulty obtaining the right type. Days, then weeks, slipped by. Water in the emergency cistern ran low. Bathroom trips were rationed, baths banned.

One night Hydro sent the farmer out to the pump in his pyjamas to recheck the serial number and kept him waiting fruitlessly all night for an emergency crew. Two days later when a Hydro truck did dash up the farmer's wife flung open the door gasping, "The pump!"

Continued on page 36



ILLUSTRATED BY
WILLIAM WINTER

*They march into your home,
tear your frig apart and scatter
your washer all over the floor.*



*They give away new clocks
and sell ironers at less than cost.*



*They're Ontario's burly
Hydro gremlins, engaged in an
odd combination of Halloween and
Christmas called "conversion"*



*And it's all to do with how you take
your electricity — 25 humps or 60*



THE *Dark* HALL

BY JULIA PRISE

*It led him back to
his youth — to the
memory of a kiss in
the dark; and a girl
who could give so
much pleasure, to
her, if meant to do so.*

Some people spend the sweetest years of their lives creating citadels of solitude. Then, inside, they mislay the key and, peering wistfully through the chinks, hope a chance wind will come along and blow down what they have built.

Now and then it does—once in a thousand lives perhaps. But it has to be a big wind and it has to come up fast.

It did this night. The day had been still, with sun and a nip in the air, vacillating between winter and spring. And along about 11 that night the wind rushed in.

On the King St. bus it blew the hat from the head of the tight-faced woman, the one with the suitcase blocking the aisle. The man across from her lunged at the hat and caught it, losing his balance momentarily and snapping the feather.

"Afraid it wasn't a very good tackle," he said, trying to straighten the damage as he handed her the hat.

"Don't worry about it," the woman said warmly. She drew two pins from the brim, fastened the hat to her hair, smiled. "I never could stand this thing anyway."

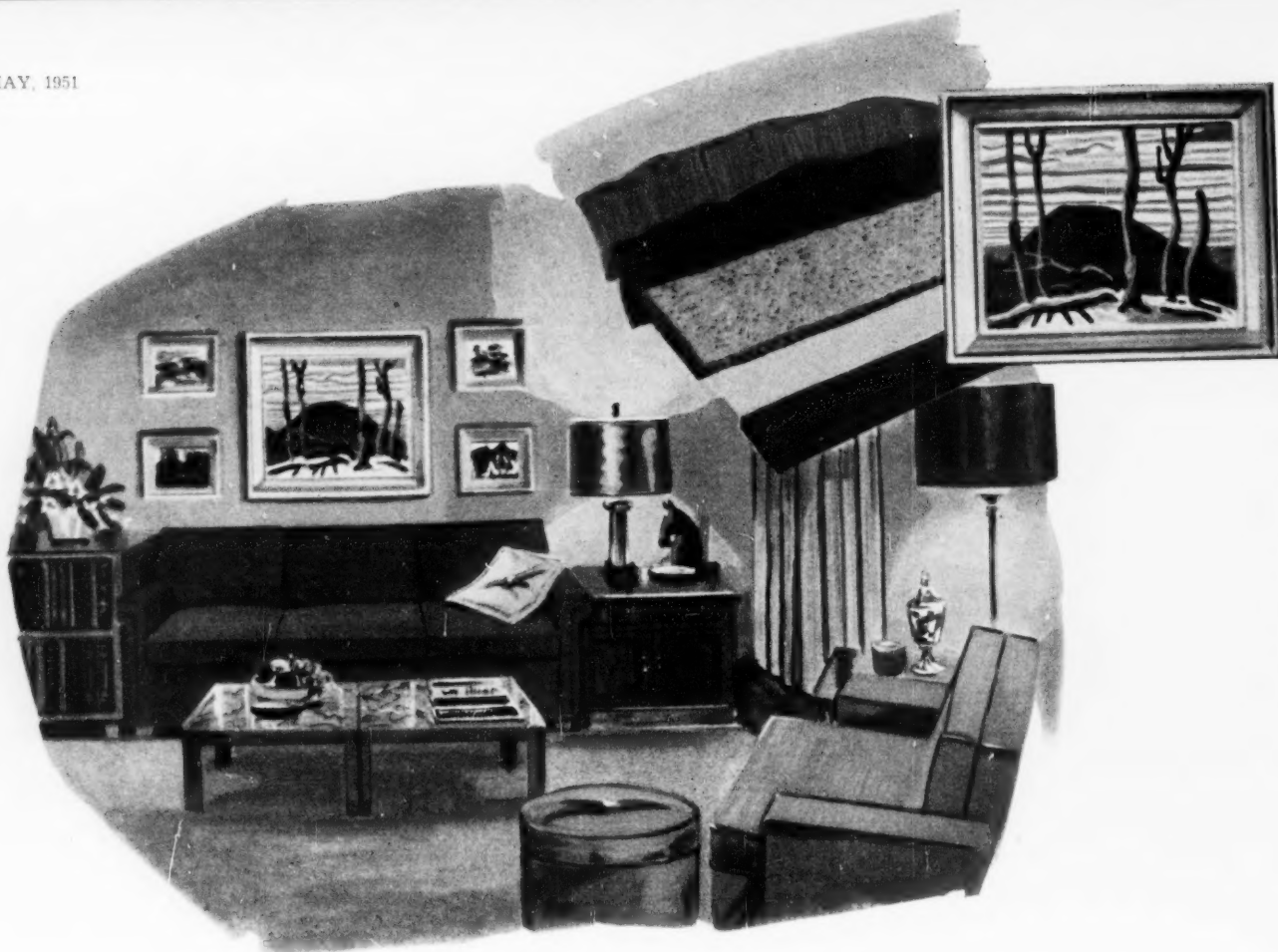
The couple who looked like a golden-wedding ad turned back and laughed. The boy and the girl with the red bandanna glanced over their shoulders and laughed. The man struggling with the newspaper called to the fellow across the aisle, "She's going out like a lion all right!" Throughout the bus conversation, like dead leaves animated in a gust, fluttered, swirled and fell.

But to the man in the last seat back, there was nothing exciting in the wind. It had a weary, monotonous tone—like his life. He watched the brief stir among the passengers in a moody detached sort of way, then turned to the window again. When the bus headed east on Benton Street, he could see the poplars whipping above the golf course and the strip of new green near the boulevard lights. And it did nothing to him, absolutely nothing.

He slouched down in his seat, yawned and studied the signs above his head. The Mallory Chapel of the Bells. Dignified Weddings and Funerals at Moderate Cost. Try Uncle Chick's Baked Beans. You'll Say "Even Mother Couldn't Beat 'em." He experienced a faint nausea at the fat-checked fellow who winked down at him from the bean card. Why the devil didn't they change that sign? It had been in the same spot for months.

He closed his eyes, squeezing them tight to ease their fatigue. How many times had he ridden this crate anyway? Twice a day for six days a week made 12 times. Twelve by four—it was 48 times a month. Even more—you picked up a few days every three months. Forty-eight times twelve—that made five hundred and seventy-six times a year. He'd been riding this bus almost eight years now. Eight times five hundred and seventy-six . . . He rubbed a hand against his chin, clipped the end from a fingernail + *Continued on page 70*





DRAWINGS BY
WALTER COUCILL

The winter beauty of Lake Superior, as interpreted by Lauren Harris, inspired the room above. Its subtly blended shades create an atmosphere of cool serenity—the soft blue of the walls comes from the sky, the green corduroy of the chair from the velvety wooded slopes. Remember that the artist gets his effects with texture as well as color—the smooth sheen of water allows use of glass and waxed woods; tree bark and rock suggest rough-textured rugs and upholstery.

Left: A nonobjective print keys a modern setting. This is a room for the budget-minded who must make the most of their ingenuity. White walls are ideal background for sharp color contrasts—and note how cleverly the wrought iron table picks up the artist's black line drawing.



Warm and glowing as a Canadian autumn is this living room which takes its colors from "Beechwoods," by the late J. W. Beattie. Pine green walls (the dark foliage) rise from a coppery rug — the tone suggested by the fallen autumn leaves in the picture's foreground. The lovely saffron of the yellowed beech leaves filters into the room by way of curtains and coverings.

IS YOUR INTERIOR DECORATOR HANGING ON YOUR WALL?

Your favorite painting can give you the key to a decorating scheme of grace and beauty

BY CATHERINE FRASER

"I can't make up my mind what color to have in the living room." How often have you heard that said? Or said it yourself? "I don't know whether I dare use that chintz I like, with the green walls." There it is again. These are the usual remarks women make when they talk of redecorating their homes. "What do you think?" they ask friends who may be equally bewildered. They should ask the interior decorator that's hanging on their walls . . . their pictures are the experts.

Some people have a natural color sense. They can blend colors and use them in correct proportions, handle color so that each complements the other. They can, by the use of color, take a collection of furniture (not a piece of which they would use if they could afford to change it), architectural foibles that are horrors, and despite

them create a room that has charm and grace and whatever personality twist they want. Color and its use will either give you an attractive room, or one that leaves you constantly disappointed and wondering "what's wrong."

Most of us don't have this color sense. But there is a group in the land which has. Your artists are your color experts. Looking at you — from art gallery walls, from books of colored reproductions in the public library, from prints of your own — are your interior decorators. Put them to work.

More than likely you have, hanging on your wall now, a painting or print that you "just love." It has charmed you with its color, the effect it creates and its design. Why not let it guide you in redecorating your room?

No Canadian has + *Continued on page 46*

QUEEN MARY AND OUR ROYAL FAMILY — PART II



THE PRINCESS TO WHOM LOVE CAME TWICE

BY MARION CRAWFORD ("CRAWFIE")

The beautiful Princess May shocked Victoria's court by her interest in "sweatshops". But she was to know love and heartbreak and love again before she found her true career as the first modern queen

IT WAS always a wonderful experience for me to ride in Queen Mary's motor car when she went about London with the princesses on the Monday outings to museums and historical sites.

Although on such drives the royal car takes its place in traffic with the rest, Queen Mary knows that she will be recognized and she always sits upright on one of the small seats in the middle of the car, in order that she may see and be seen.

She is greatly interested in all she sees, and especially in people. As she goes along she frequently comments in a very characteristic way. "Now, where do you think that man is going with that picture?" she would exclaim or, "What a pretty girl!" or "Silly man! Why does he try to cross there when there is a perfectly safe crossing a few yards away?"

She always acknowledges with a gracious bow the salutes of those who recognize her. Sometimes, having acknowledged a salute from the occupants of a car, Queen Mary is amused on stopping at the next traffic light to find that the car has hurried to be there at the same time; and then the greetings are repeated.

The faces of some of the people on her regular routes have long been well known to her, and she can always pick them out. Mostly they are old ladies and gentlemen who have known for years just where to wait. They look for her and she looks for them, and they know that the smile she gives them is really their own.

It is not only in London that Queen Mary can go about happily, untroubled by fuss or crowds. There can be few towns in England that she has not visited at one time or another on unofficial visits—to call on friends, to see an ancient building or to search the antique shops for objects of art and craftsmanship.

Antiques represent only one phase of her many interests, but they are important because they appeal to that strong historical sense which has always inspired her. A long time ago, at the coronation of King Edward VII, she was seen to be watching everything with a peculiarly intense expression. When a friend asked her what she had been thinking about she replied solemnly: "What it all meant—of the past."

Queen Mary has tried to pass on that historical sense to her children and her grandchildren. She has often told me

how desirous she was that the princesses should have a sound historical background, and so should understand their own responsibilities and duties.

Some modern educators try to tell us that dates are of little importance, but Queen Mary believes they are too useful to be disregarded. She said to me, "You can fit in and place innumerable pieces of knowledge if you are sound on dates."

Later, when the late Sir Henry Marten, then provost of Eton, took Princess Elizabeth for instruction in constitutional history, he was delighted to find that she remembered all the important dates. He told her that some of the bright boys at Eton College could name all the Kings of England, with their dates, in so many seconds. Princess Elizabeth made up her mind to beat this record, and she did.

Queen Mary sent Princess Elizabeth a colored picture showing all the Kings and Queens of Britain set out in rows, with names and dates beneath, which the Queen Mother had used herself as a child. This picture no doubt will hang again in another schoolroom at Clarence House, before long, when Elizabeth's children start studying history. Another aid to memory that Queen Mary handed on to her grandchildren was a set of history games played on the lines of "Happy Families," with the Plantagenets, Tudors, Stuarts, and Hanoverians as the families. Yellow with age, but still beautiful, these cards have amused and instructed royal children for generations, and no doubt will go on doing so.

For the cards will certainly have been put carefully away in a place where they can easily be found when needed. Nothing is surer than that Queen Mary will ask for them one day, and expect them to be produced.

That phenomenal memory of hers is part of her historical background. I well remember how Queen Mary very kindly lent to Princess Elizabeth a desk and a bookcase which the people of Edinburgh had presented to King George V and Queen Mary on their marriage. These remained in the Buckingham Palace schoolroom for many years until one day I decided we could do without the desk, so I suggested that it could be put in the storeroom. The princess agreed, but added quickly:

"Of course, Crawfie, next time Grannie comes here she

Continued on page 24



After their father's coronation in 1937 the princesses went to live in Buckingham Palace and "Grannie" moved out—but she still kept track of the furniture.



CECIL BEATON



When Queen Mary herself was a baby Queen Victoria enthused about her "deepest blue eyes . . . tiny rosebud of a mouth." Here "Princess May" is three.

Princess Anne receives a christening kiss from big brother Prince Charles. One day they'll learn history playing great-grandmother's card game.





King George V led the ladies of the court across Buckingham courtyard in 1919 to view London's victory parade. He walked beside his mother—the still-glamorous Queen Mother Alexandra—and his own handsome Queen.

Continued from page 22

is going to say at once, "Where is the desk?" Nevertheless we moved it.

Months slipped by, and I forgot about it, if the princess did not. One day I heard quick footsteps in the corridor. Princess Elizabeth dashed into my room, looking flushed and with a twinkle in her eye.

"Crawfie!" she cried. "The desk, quick! Grannie is halfway down the corridor." Then she dashed out.

A few seconds later Queen Mary entered my room, with two smiling princesses, their eyes full of mischief and mirth, behind her. The Queen Mother and I greeted each other, and then she looked slowly round the room and said:

"Oh, Crawfie, where is the desk? It makes a set, you know, with the bookcase."

While the children hid their smiles I explained to Queen Mary what had been done and why, and she accepted the explanation. "But," she said, "I hope you had the desk labeled properly before it was put away."

Oh, yes; it had been labeled, and dated, and indexed, like everything else that had been stored away for future use. For I knew that nothing of hers is wasted. Every piece of knotted string is patiently unraveled and wound into a tidy bundle. Every piece of wrapping paper is folded away for further use.

For many years Queen Mary has made a habit of collecting old Christmas cards which she uses to make scrapbooks that delight the hearts of children in + *Continued on page 43*

Even as the shy and beautiful Princess Mary of Teck, Queen Mary tried to improve her mind.



"BELIEVE ME,
MY FAMILY
AGREE..."



Just as sure as you like chicken
you'll like *Campbell's* CHICKEN SOUP

CHICKEN

-in the broth



"My husband says its broth is rich
with chicken flavor—every spoonful!"

CHICKEN

-in the rice



"The rice is full of
the taste of fine chicken.
Mmm-Good! is right!"

CHICKEN

-tender pieces



"My two hungry
youngsters go for all those
tender pieces of chicken!"

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL



CAMPBELL'S ARE CANADA'S FAVORITE SOUPS

Folks in Thistle town get all worn out just watching this pair of Paul Bunyans in the do-it-yourself-it's-cheaper game

WHAT WON'T THE

METCALFES

DO NEXT?

BY JUNE CALLWOOD



Jack has made a boatshop out of the garage Joan first built as their home.



Paul can watch his mother bake a cake—and also see her make the bowl, too.



The Metcalfes painted an old piano green, found their fireplace in the river, their dining settee (right) in a dump. Joan rolls her own, of course.



There's many a husband who can whip up a set of bookshelves to dazzle a properly respectful wife—or a recreation room bar on which guests are requested not to lean too heavily.

There's many a housewife who basks in the admiration of her friends because she makes her own drapes—and in a pinch can even paint the kitchen cupboards.

In Thistle town, Ontario, a pleasantly rural village on Toronto's northwest outskirts, couples who show such versatility are almost self-conscious about the whole thing. The village is suffering from a mass inferiority complex induced by the young Metcalfes, a pair of Paul Bunyans in the home-owning field.

The Metcalfes, both charming, polite, well-educated, built their own home and almost all the furniture in it. The house has eight rooms and is paneled throughout—except for three of its four bedrooms—with cedar. The floors are mastic tile and the living room, master bedroom and kitchen have vast picture windows facing south. The living room, which will one day have a flagstone floor, is dominated by an eight-foot river stone fireplace.

The Metcalfes hired a man and a bulldozer to scoop out the excavation, another man to pour the concrete floor and back wall, an electrician and a plumber. Everything else they did themselves.

It's enough to cow an entire province; small wonder Thistle town, which speaks of them proudly, still finds the Metcalfes hard on its ego.

Jack and Joan Metcalfe—Jack is 32 now and Joan 29—have two small boys, Peter, six, and Paul, four. Jack's salary as a color film tester with a photographic company is between \$3,000 and \$4,000 a year and yet the family lives in a luxurious home, surrounded by fine paintings, record albums of the most beautiful symphonies and books which reflect their intelligence and taste. They also own a new car, a boat, a summer property on the Kawartha Lakes in Haliburton and a half-acre garden.

To acquire these things—possessions which people with twice their income would envy them—they had no assistance from well-heeled relatives or a lucky sweepstake ticket or an oil well. They buy their extras by renting themselves out as house painters, cement-mixers, shinglers and stonemasons. It also helps that they are professional photographers, pottery-makers, market gardeners and singers and occasionally turn their hand to running a soft-drink stand.

To keep from getting stale the Metcalfes have also tackled



Strange interlude at the Metcalfes'—but even here they're working, posing for a picture with the cliffside home they built together.

PHOTOS BY KEN BELL

portrait painting in oils, square-dancing, piano boogie-woogie, playing a trumpet, Thistle town government, plant life study, the cultivation of currant bushes and ping-pong. They have a horror of being bored.

In Thistle town husbands have been known to remark casually to their wives, "I hear Joan Metcalfe ran up a coffee table this afternoon. Swedish modern, I understand."

To which the wife retorts, "And how is Jack coming with the boat he's building in the garage?"

Such exchanges would be less bitter if the Metcalfes had a background of construction camps, furniture factories or even an uncle who was a bricklayer, but neighbors have no such consolation. Jack's father is a music teacher in Weston schools, Joan's a white-collar worker in the civil service. Both received high-school education and Joan spent two years training as a nurse. Joan had always been a tomboy type, anxious to try anything, and Jack had picked up a bit of woodworking

through watching his father who made a hobby of the art. Parents of both were astonished to discover they had been raising a pair of foundation diggers.

It began when the Metcalfes had been married almost two years. Jack was in the RCAF with the rank of aircraftsman, a position the government does not reward with hundred dollar bills on payday, and Joan had to give up her job in a war plant when she discovered she was pregnant. It's a common enough beginning—she went home to Thistle town to live with Jack's parents and on his leaves they wrestled with the problem of how to have a home of their own by some means short of armed robbery.

Jack's mother, whose family had once owned more than half of Thistle town, gave them a pretty piece of property on the flats beside the Humber River. The only drawback to the property was that occasionally, in the spring, it disappeared under the river. The young + Continued on next page

Don't take chances when you buy floor covering!

Inferior floor coverings are no bargain! Buy the enamel-surface floor covering that takes heavy traffic, resists harmful effects of soap and grease.

Buy Safely!

Get the one-and-only **GOLD SEAL**

CONGOLEUM

with the **8-COAT THICKNESS WEAR LAYER!**

How beautiful your floors are going to be when you choose from the array of new Congoleum colors and patterns! And the little price you pay for Congoleum buys not only sparkling beauty but quick-and-slick cleaning and long wear. For Congoleum's wear-layer of heat-toughened paint and baked enamel is as thick as 8—eight—coats of the best floor paint applied by hand. Insist on Gold Seal Congoleum—the Gold Seal guarantees satisfaction or your money back.

CONGOLEUM CANADA
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ALSO MAKERS OF CONGOWALL
—the amazing tile-like wall covering that you can apply yourself

1951
Pattern Parade
Florals!
Sculptures!
Tiles!
Textures!
Marbles!





The cliffside house Jack and Joan Metcalfe built looks across the Humber Valley, north of Toronto.

Metcalfes discarded this piece of information as being irrelevant and spent two weeks digging a foundation and clearing a half mile of road for their future home. They finished in time for the flood that June and saw their efforts wiped out.

One Piano—\$8

By the following spring, 1944, they had sold the land along the flats and using this money along with Joan's savings from her war work they bought a magnificent acre a few blocks from the heart of Thistletown (the white service station on the right as you drive in off the highway). Their acre was covered with pine trees, some of them close to two centuries old and 50 feet high, and came equipped with a sweet-smelling blanket of pine needles and a babbling brook that was so picturesque it seemed unlikely.

The property's only drawback was that it was a nearly vertical piece of real estate, tipping down a cliff to the concession road at an angle of approximately 70 degrees. It looked like an ideal place for a ski run, once the trees were removed.

The Metcalfes planned to try again to build on this toboggan slide, a project which residents of the village found as foolhardy as defying the Humber. Since Jack and Joan, as usual, had no funds they decided it would be more reasonable to build a garage first—a big one Joan could live in for the duration.

Jack was home on leave from Gander in Newfoundland that summer and helped Joan start. They began gaily by stacking concrete blocks in four neat piles and laying a floor on this base.

This platform was situated on the very crest of their property and the Metcalfes had to contend with neighborly suggestions that sled runners would be a more appropriate foundation. After getting the framework started, Jack returned to Gander and Joan continued with her father-in-law's help.

Lumber was scarce, almost as scarce as money, so Joan found a chicken coop which the chickens had abandoned, cleared off their heritage with a hoe and used the boards for her new home. Her sister-in-law helped hoe the lumber, her mother-in-law took care of the baby Peter, and Joan and her father-in-law nailed the structure together summer evenings.

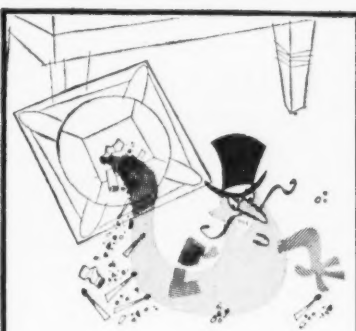
That winter she lived with the older Metcalfes and amused herself by building furniture for her new home—a cabinet for her sewing machine, for example. In the spring she painted the interior and exterior green, covered the floor with cocoa matting and moved in a piano which was painted green (it never could be tuned, possibly because the Metcalfes had paid \$8 for it). Her greatest pride was a sectional piece—bookshelves on the living room side and cupboards on the kitchen side—and dyed some of her nurse's aprons for curtains.

Cliff Dwellers

In addition to being an exceptionally restful and comfortable garage—"It looked like a magazine illustration" a friend recalled recently—it was also a garage with a wing. Joan wanted Peter to have a room of his own so she built an eight-foot-square cubicle on the side of the garage, installed a handsome big



Family scene at the Metcalfes'. "But we're not in character, just sitting around," objected Jack.



IM THE RUG-A-BOO!

I TELL BRIDES THAT ASHES ARE GOOD FOR THE RUG. HA! HA! THEN I GRIND 'EM IN UNTIL TIME TO VACUUM AGAIN!

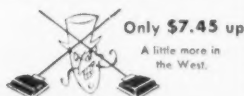


HORRORS! WHO GAVE HER THAT BISSELL SWEEPER FOR A WEDDING PRESENT? NOW THOSE ASHES AND BURNT MATCHES CAN'T WORK INTO HER NEW RUG AND SPOIL IT.



BRIDE: IT'S THE HANDIEST GIFT I GOT! WATCH THIS "BISCO-MATIC" BRUSH ACTION DO THE WORK, WITH NO PRESSURE ON THE HANDLE. YOU JUST GLIDE IT—ON THICK OR THIN RUGS, OR UNDER LOW FURNITURE!

DON'T LET THE RUG-A-BOO GET YOU!
GET A "BISCO-MATIC" BISSELL



BISSELL SWEEPERS

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Company
of Canada Limited
Grand Rapids 2, Michigan
(Factory at Niagara Falls, Canada)

*Registered Trade Mark

picture window and decorated it like a nursery.

An oil burner provided heat and the plumbing was pure afterthought. Joan discovered an outhouse which progress had cast aside, clapped it on the side of Peter's room, carved a door to connect them and installed a chemical closet. Her water she carried in buckets from a neighbor's. Total cost of the project was \$300, some of which Joan paid off by selling the eggs from the dozen chickens she kept. An oil burner kept the long room heated.

Jack was discharged from the Air Force in the fall of 1945 and returned home to the garage to find his wife surrounded by pamphlets describing the wonders of the Veterans' Land Act, which provided grants of \$5,500 for veterans to buy land and build homes. Joan and Jack had only a hazy idea of what their dream home would be like—big windows, huge living room, enormous fireplace—but they suspected that \$5,500 wouldn't be enough. The logical conclusion was that they save money by building the house themselves.

They wanted a cliff house, a common dwelling in districts that tend to have their home sites standing on end, like Vancouver, but rare in more level areas like Toronto. This type of home has two floors facing down the cliff but appears from the back—where the front door is located—to be a bungalow. The effect is achieved by cutting a giant step out of the incline and building the home into the side of the hill. The Metcalles tried several architects before they found Allan Deacon, who was anxious to help veterans. They worked six months on the plans before they evolved a home that the Metcalles could handle themselves, and Deacon charged only \$40, throwing in a good deal of priceless advice into the bargain.

Hoarding Cement

A bulldozer was hired the next spring to gouge out the side of the slope and Joan and Jack hacked away at the hard clay with picks to build a four-foot trench for the footings. Young Peter, not yet two, wandered around helpfully pushing dirt back into the holes. Joan removed his clothes and let him go ahead. To startled visitors she explained: "Peter's in his working clothes."

When the trench was ready the Metcalles mixed concrete and had a professional pour their lower-level floor and the wall that bites into the back of the hill. Jack spent the rest of the summer meticulously laying the concrete block walls of the lower floor, leveling each row as he went along.

"This is a house, not a fort," his wife snorted. "Silence, woman," Jack retorted calmly. Since Joan's customary pace has much in common with a cyphoon while Jack is the slow, careful type of worker, this sort of exchange accompanied the entire process of building the house.

That winter the Metcalles continued to live in the garage and in February Paul was born and shortly afterward joined Peter in the nursery wing. The living room of the garage, once the envy of all the amateur decorators in the neighborhood, began to look like a storage shed on a skyscraper project. Cement was hard to get, so the Metcalles bought it as they could find it and stored it against the living-room walls. By spring 60 or 70 bags had been



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collected and Joan felt as though she were living in a dike.

Jack built the studding of the house himself, a delicate operation since the studs are the framework on which a home depends. The upper floor of their home is frame, insulated of course, surfaced on the outside with cedar shakes or shingles which Joan stained and nailed up while Jack was at work.

The interior walls were paneled with cedar plywood, partly because this meant the Metcalfe could do it them-

selves and partly because plaster walls struck them both as a lot of foolishness—vulnerable to chipping, cracking and finger marks and requiring new paint every now and then. Hardwood floors seemed similarly impractical; so the Metcalfe home has green mastic tile throughout, except in the living room which is still concrete awaiting its coating of river stone.

As for the enormous fireplace the dream house required, a professional gave the Metcalfe a conservative esti-

mate of \$600. Jack started in the next day to build it himself, pulled the stone up from the river in a trailer hitched behind his car. It took him three months, during which he avoided all seven of the major mistakes most amateurs make in building a fireplace, and cost about \$30.

"At the end," Jack recalls dreamily, "my scaffold had gone as high as it was safe, what with no parachute, and I still had several feet of chimney. I hauled the stones up by a bucket, which Joan

filled down below, and reached over my head to put them in place. A marvelous performance."

Jack is now a stone expert, has covered the outside of his home up to the window level with river stone, has built a dry-stone retaining wall and a flagstone terrace and steps down to the lower lawn and picks up extra funds by building barbecue pits, patios and ornamental wells for other people's gardens. The ornamental wells, he learned, are used mainly to keep the beer cold. He swears he'll never build another fireplace.

Two years ago Jack and Joan decided to sell their home, which is now valued at \$14,000, and build a ranch-style bungalow in Streetsville. They bought the land, built a hut on the property in two weeks and then discovered that they couldn't get enough cash for their house to pay off the mortgage and completely finance the new home. Last summer they returned to Streetsville, knocked down the hut and brought the lumber back to Thistletown, where they used it to build a two-room wing on their home.

The finished house is entered from the street or upper level through a front hall, papered with green, yellow and grey plaid paper, off which open a boys' room painted green and filled with green built-in cupboards and probably the world's only master bedroom accommodating a vast picture window and a full-size ping-pong table which Jack and Joan threw together one quiet evening. Then there is a workshop where Jack has his tool table and where a cot is kept for visiting neighbors' children; off that a guest bedroom which also contains Joan's easel with a half-finished portrait of her husband and off that again a smaller room with a pottery wheel where Metcraft Pottery Company is breeding bowls and pitchers and ashtrays to be sold at a highway stand. At the foot of the stairs leading down to the ground floor is a fruit cupboard, furnace room, and a darkroom where Joan develops pictures of neighbors' children which she takes in the home and retails cheaply for Christmas gifts. Across the front of the lower floor facing the Humber valley stretch the big, bright kitchen lined with green cupboards, and the spacious living room. This houses a green piano (another one, in tune), Joan's Swedish modern furniture, Jack's bookcases and an eight-foot chesterfield which the lady of the house constructed in her spare time.

"Chesterfields are a cinch," Joan comments, dismissing this trifle. "I merely built a frame, got some springs from a chesterfield someone was throwing out, plopped them in the frame with some webbing and stuffed kapok here and there. I had an old mattress to make the cushions and I covered the works with some heavy green material. Nothing to it."

The Metcalfe have used ingenuity freely to make up for their lack of cash. The eight-foot long kitchen table under the picture window is a slab door which Joan varnished and mounted on legs. The 11-foot leather seat originated in a restaurant and was plucked from a dump by a friend who realized the Metcalfe would know just what to do with it. Joan covered the worn leather with flowered plastic, and dyed theatrical gauze green, yellow and rust for her kitchen curtains.



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Joan's thumb is exceedingly green. Her home is filled with plants achieving spectacular growth, like the 15-foot ivy which disguises the overhead hot-air duct in the kitchen ceiling and a five-foot geranium plant. "My geranium tree," corrected Joan gloomily "casts a dandy shade but never has a bloom."

Joan is the type of housekeeper who whisks through her work in an hour so she can get at something more interesting, like the garden or her terrariums of miniature plants or building a stool for the piano. The worst thing her neighbors can find to say about her is that she leaves the breakfast dishes on the table sometimes for an entire day. Since she is apt to spend such a day whipping up a set of cereal bowls on her pottery wheel or building her boys a new dresser for their clothes, this type of criticism withers fast.

Parties the Metcalfes give for their friends are as far from sedentary as the hosts. Guests get their own dinners from a buffet spread, find themselves whirled into action immediately afterward, playing games or joining in a singsong. Joan and her mother-in-law sing duets at Thistletown club meetings while Jack and his barbershop quartet are in demand by men's groups.

On account of the boys, Jack and Joan have decided they'll have to abandon their summer camping and canoe trips. "Youngsters need some kind of a cottage in the bush if you can manage it," says Joan, "so we've bought a piece of crown land on a lake." Any time after the 24th of May that'll be the Metcalfes shattering the northern silence with their sawing and hammering as they go to work on the three-room log cabin Joan spent odd moments sketching last winter while Jack was finishing off a 14-foot outboard skiff in the garage. +

BEAUTY SECRETS

Continued from page 7

continue her career almost without interruption even though she is a mother. She exercises at his gym regularly.

Jane Wyman believes posture to be extremely important, and her favorite relaxing and posture-aiding exercise is golf.

"When you carry yourself well there are no pinched nerves, no cramped organs, your circulation and breathing are right," she declares. "I'm always after my daughter to square off her shoulders and bring her chest up—and when she slouches I make her walk balancing a book on top of her head."

Jane has the smallest waist in the film colony—21 inches. Like most of the stars, she eats sensibly for weight control. If you would approximate glamour measurements for your figure, do as stars do and swerve your eating-lives toward salads and fruits and away from starches and sweets. The inevitable lunch in Hollywood is salad, bouillon or tea, and cottage cheese or yogurt. And beauty-disciplining to most of these clear-eyed and clear-skinned slender people means no late-evening eating. Snacks before bedtime are not indulged in since the body burns only 400 calories for each 100 pounds while you sleep, therefore whatever is eaten

at night is very likely to remain on the body as weight.

Curvy Joan Caulfield, when asked for her No. 1 beauty secret, replied without hesitation: "Getting enough rest. I've always needed eight hours sleep a night to look well, even when I was in school."

Despite extravagant publicity (like the item that Greer Garson uses champagne to rinse her hair), many stars have simple tastes and like to "do" for themselves. June Allyson shampoos her blond hair every day. Susan

Hayward keeps her wonderful auburn hair aglow with three vigorous brushings daily—morning, noon, and night.

Another feminine star stresses the importance that women not overlook the "male viewpoint." Since most men are taller than women, hair on the crown of the head should be smoothly brushed and the part neat and sharply defined. In other words, "Be Kind To Your Escort!" It's just such little things that count in the over-all picture of good grooming.

Whether you are a movie star or a housewife, your smile is constantly important. Do as the stars do and care for your teeth, therefore, as though they were real jewels. You will never see a screen star with a dingy smile—a handicap you cannot afford to have, either!

"It's important to brush the gums as you brush your teeth," says the possessor of a very nice smile, June Allyson. June, like most of the stars, keeps two good toothbrushes working and never

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neglects faithful use of dental floss and mouthwash.

Take an eye-cue from the stars, too, and make your orbs real windows of the soul. As Jane Russell answered when asked whether she'd pay less attention to appearance if she were not a star—"No, I don't care if I had 10 children and a 16-hour day, I'd put my mascara on. Eyes are supposed to be expressive and not one woman in a thousand has eyes dark enough or lashes long enough to go without darkening or curling them." She adds that a magnifying glass is a "must" for applying lipstick. Gertrude Lawrence always applies her mascara on the outer lashes only and recommends this for most women because she says it elongates the eye.

Ginger Rogers keeps her 105-pound figure whistleable with tennis. But Ginger's charm is not all on the outside, for like most clever women in Hollywood and elsewhere she is intelligent, well-read, and keenly interested in others and the world around her.

If you are short and dumpy, as Anne Baxter was, you can do something about it. She went on a rigid, supervised diet. Moreover, Anne added a full inch to her height by a year's workout on a chinning bar, which she admits was rugged but worth it.

Be Yourself

If you are tall like Patricia Neal, take her advice to all tall girls and "Be your height—don't be ashamed of it!" Often Patricia has to play love scenes without her shoes or she would tower above her leading man.

Don't fret if your face has not the sculptured outline you wish it had. A veteran photographer recently picked one favorite from thousands of star photos because, as he said, "Character stood right out in the camera." The subject? Luise Rainer, an actress not considered beautiful in the ordinary sense at all.

"Inner beauty counts far more than superficial charms," Italian artist Nino Falanga told reporters when he visited Hollywood recently. "Women believe too implicitly in the old adage that beauty is only skin deep. The sooner they begin to project their inner beauty, the sooner they have real and lasting beauty."

Someone complimented Claudette Colbert not long ago on her serenity, and always-lavish grooming.

"Thank you," she answered quietly. "I think happiness has a great deal to do with how you look, and happy people usually are healthy. But then grooming is so important, too!"

The beauty of the inner and outer You . . . in other words. As Emerson has so well put it: "Beauty without grace is the hook without the bait."

So help yourself to Hollywood's aids to allurements, but don't forget the "bait"—that inner self—is up to you!+

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KITCHEN MONSTER

Continued from page 4

depletion, you simply pointed one of the hands to pepper or cinnamon and were so reminded to include the item in your next grocery order. The only trouble was that nobody ever remembered to point the hands, so the years came and went with one hand pointing to sugar and all the rest indicating that we had no marjoram, which was true.

All this was interesting enough but trivial indeed compared with roll-back doors. They wouldn't roll back for just anybody. Quite often, for weeks on end, they wouldn't roll back for anybody but Mother. Never, never, would they roll back for the help. Annie or Katie would pull and struggle, muttering dark, Middle European imprecations, but all their efforts ended the same way. The cabinet would stand, dignified and impervious, with its doors shut, Lena or Bertha would go get Mother. "Missus. DOOR'S stuck."

Mother would come, looking irritated, and yank with the ladylike violence with which she did everything, and the doors would open. It was curious, the way the cabinet responded to her. We never for one moment, however, felt that it bowed to her as mistress. It was as though it accepted her as an equal.

When the doors did roll back, they revealed the cabinet's crowning feature. From the top of this section hung enormous funnel-shaped affairs with sifters in the bottom. Two of them. One for flour, one for sugar. You held a cup under the sifter, pushed a lever, and were rewarded by a sprinkling of flour or a deluge of sugar. Most of the time, that is. Occasionally, just to keep you from taking too much for granted, you got a sprinkling of sugar and a deluge of flour.

One of the most frightful moments of my childhood concerns these sifters. The girl next door and I were playing in our yard with some boys from up the street who said they were thirsty. We hustled importantly into the kitchen and gave everybody a drink of water. Our current Annie had solved the problem of the roll-back doors by leaving them open. On his way out one of the boys on a lunatic small-boy impulse—for which I was completely unprepared, having no brothers—flipped the levers on both sifters. Unfortunately I didn't see him do it.

An hour or so later I wandered back into the kitchen and was confronted by the cabinet, which wore a look of proud outrage and two white mountains, one flour, one sugar.

They say this dress is a runner

A fascinating look behind-scenes in the fashion business where you'll meet Jim and Anne Wilson, a high-tempo couple who gamble on dresses like track fans bet on the horses... By McKenzie Porter, in

CHATELAINE for June

It also had a pull-out pastry board which stuck. You pulled it gently and it didn't budge. Then you pulled it forcibly and it came right out of the cabinet and cracked you on the shin.

One part that never stuck was the section of the bread bin that held cookies. As long as we took no liberties, the cabinet was fond of children. Until we began to learn to cook. Then none of the doors would open and the little shakers clogged and refused to part with their contents. Even the dial looked

disapproving. In the cabinet's eyes from then on we were an even lower form of life than the domestics, its sworn enemies.

Its look of stolid scorn still cows me when I think of it. No domestic science teacher in my experience ever managed the "achieve or perish" atmosphere that the cabinet did. Nor gave the hapless student the feeling that each wasted spoonful was snatched from the mouths of the more deserving.

It would seem at first that women

of the kitchen cabinet era were made of sterner stuff than we are—but the cabinets are gone, and we're still here.

Thousands of unsung heroines, through the years, have won this undeclared war for us. One woman after another has said, "Either that thing goes or I do." And, along with Japanese lanterns, willow porch furniture and crocheted pincushions, the cabinets have gone.

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CANADIAN SHOWGIRL

Continued from page 15

tenderloin as she would living in the Waldorf. One time the boys had the romantic inspiration of showering her bedroom window with gravel from the back alley. She leaned out and yelled, "Beat it—you'll break the windows," and they suspended the idea.

She treats the big shots on Broadway the same way. She is the deputy, or representative, of the 18 "Guys and Dolls" "kids" for their union, Chorus Equity. Sometimes a producer or company manager suggests that the "kids" suspend their contract to work overtime without pay ("Nothing'll happen, Barbara."). When this occurs, mostly during rehearsals and out-of-town tryouts, the man with the cigar is confronted by the small intractable deputy who tells him to stop trying to break her windows. "One time a director wouldn't speak to me for two weeks," she says, laughing.

As for the wicked lures of the big city, Barbara can cope very nicely with them. She laughs at the Broadway wolves who try the heavy gambit, "Stick with me, kid, and you'll see your name in lights." For Barbara decided right away that you get your name in lights through hard work, and sticking up for your own. With polite understatement she says, "The Broadway types are not quite—eligible." Her field of boy friends includes some young actors, law students, musicians, and an occasional old friend from home. Her idea of a swell evening after the show is to take her escort to Lee Chumley's, a literary hangout in the Village, borrow a pencil from the waiter and play anagrams on the back of the menu. She also teaches her boy friends how to play chess and bridge.

She has visited a few night clubs out of curiosity, usually when a professional friend is appearing in the show. She does not own an evening dress, and could live in complete serenity if the Stork Club and Armando's did not exist.

Barbara describes herself as "a real

healthy kid with lots of energy. I don't get knocked out by working." This is fortunate because her work is hard and long. Just now she is sailing along nicely in a show that may run until she is a grandmother, but the usual routine of scuttling from one short-lived play to another makes hard work for the dancers. When "Guys and Dolls" was casting its players, Barbara was in the chorus of "Where's Charley?" with Ray Bolger and Allyn McLeerie, of Grand'Mere, Que. Barbara was selected for the eight-girl chorus of "Guys and Dolls" from a field of 300 applicants, and went into daytime rehearsals while still performing in the Bolger show. It worked out to 12 hours dancing a day for seven weeks, during which time she went down to 98 pounds. At that time she volunteered to donate blood for the Red Cross but "After they weighed me they wouldn't take me."

She plays eight shows a week with "Guys and Dolls" and is happy, not only because of the nightly audience excitement, but because "the dancing chorus comes on and does its dance and goes off. We don't have to sit around onstage, smiling in the background. Once I was in a show where we kids sat in the background doing nothing for half an hour but holding a smile. I smiled so much my teeth got cold."

In the second act of "Guys and Dolls" the dancers have one hour offstage. They sit around in the dressing room and knit, read, and write letters. Barbara endlessly knits woolen rehearsal tights, an indispensable garment for dance lessons or rehearsing in unheated theatres. "Ruth, my roommate, knits all our sweaters, over at the Music Hall," she says.

Barbara also likes the show itself. Members of a cast sometimes don't know what the show is all about, because they have never seen it from the audience. "Guys and Dolls" employs a "swing couple," a boy and girl dancer who understudy the 16 regular boys and girls of the chorus. The swing couple goes into the cast to give another couple a chance to watch from out front.

Barbara admires Abe Burrows, the waggish author of the libretto, and Sam



Good night kiss for Barbara in the hall of her Manhattan flat. She says she'd scrap dancing for the right man.

Levene, the leading hoodlum. The two big guys are regular, and treat the "kids" fine. Barbara says, "The most exciting night of all was the benefit for the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund when everybody in the world was there. Afterward they all came backstage to see Sam and Abe, Bob Alda and Vivian Blaine and Isobel Bigley. We kids leaned down the stairs half-dressed to see Danny Kaye and Lena Horne and Jack Benny. We yelled hello. Abe Burrows grabbed Danny Kaye and said, 'Go up there and see the kids,' and Sam Levene sent Jack Benny and Lena Horne. They're darlings."

The opening night of "Guys and Dolls" last November was the biggest excitement in Barbara's life, or a "real camp," as she puts it. A "camp" in backstage jargon is a superlative to describe a very jolly occasion, or a big joke, accompanied by pandemonium. "The company thought the show was pretty good from its reception in the Philadelphia tryouts, but you never know," says Barbara. "Then we opened in New York and the applause was fantastic. The next morning there were reviews such as you never read before. Even the sourpuss critics like Wolcott Gibbs of the New Yorker were raving."

"One night we kids couldn't help noticing a big sad face in the front row. It was Oscar Levant. He never cracked a smile through one big gag after another. It worried us: the man seemed in pain. Offstage I told Abe Burrows that Oscar Levant sure didn't like the show. Abe saw Oscar during the intermission and came back and told me, 'Set your mind at rest, Ferg. Oscar says it's the funniest show he ever saw.'"

Barbara's proud mother, Mrs. Ethel Ferguson, an ex-school teacher, came down from Toronto for the opening last November. "Mother was limp when she came backstage afterward. She said, 'Now, dear, you are going out on your party with your friends and there will be drinking, and I don't think I should go. I'll go home and go to bed.'" Barbara insisted that her mother would like the party, but her parent was obdurate.

Mrs. Ferguson said good-by firmly, and left. Barbara says, "I took a half hour to get out of my make-up, shower and dress, and when I came out the stage door there was an enormous crowd that filled the whole street—autograph hounds and such—waiting for the stars to come out. Standing right in the front of the crowd was my mother."

Barbara gets a pair of tickets for the show every two months. They are pledged a year ahead. The principals of the company get two tickets a week and have been reached by thousands of old friends who confess they wouldn't mind seeing "Guys and Dolls." Robert Alda, the leading man, avoids charges of discriminating against waves of old pals by raffling off his tickets to the company and giving the proceeds to charity.

The Big Farewell

The people of the "Guys and Dolls" company, surprised with the biggest success in musical comedy history, have got as cosy as a bunch of college freshmen, looking forward to four years together. The 46th Street Theatre is a homey place backstage as the cast

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basks in its promise of economic longevity. Barbara takes her nightly shower there; Ruth Carse comes over from the Music Hall to bathe, or invites Barbara to shower at Mr. Rockefeller's baths. The dancers have no bathtub at home. Ruth packs her own lunch for the theatre.

Barbara was born in Toronto 26 years ago. Her father, Stanley Ferguson, is an English instructor at Jarvis Collegiate. The Ferguson clan runs strongly to pedagogy and the clergy. Barbara

says, "I went through Runnymede public school and entered Humber College under the impression that I was going to be a schoolteacher, like the rest. When I was 15 I was in the stage of reading everything in the library, particularly biography. I was interested in everybody's life story. One day I took out a life of Nijinsky, the great dancer. Then I grabbed every ballet book I could find. I got the big fat idea that I could do it. I decided to be a dancer. I thought every dancer,

especially ballet, was wonderful.

"I needed the family into letting me take dancing lessons. At the time I had been taking piano for seven years—every kid in Toronto takes piano lessons—and pestered my father to let me study dancing. He said he would pay for six months of lessons under Boris Volkoff. The six months stretched out. I went on paying for my training by dancing with Volkoff's semi-professional ballet. My father gave me bed and board.

"People told me I was 'pioneering in Canada.' They told me how wonderful it was that I did not go off to the big city but stayed home to make a contribution to Canadian culture. Well, I pioneered for eight years, which seemed like long enough. I worked on the side modeling for artists and photographers. I did a lot of posing for feature layouts in the Toronto Star. They could figure out some picture story and run me all around, posing for it. You never knew what the job would be. One time the photographers said, 'Be ready first thing in the morning,' so I was ready in time, all gussied up in my best dress and high heels. We jumped into the car and drove miles to a frozen lake. 'Okay, Barbara,' they said, 'the story is on ice fishing. Come out here. You be fishing through the ice like this.'

"I was getting no place. Teaching loomed. I didn't want to teach until I broke my leg, or something. There's a theatre by-word when a dancer accidentally kicks another, 'Look out, don't break my leg; I'll have to teach.' I told the family I wanted to go to New York to study. I think they were appalled at the idea, but they gave in. There was a big scene at the airport as local girl went off to make good. I came to New York and the miracle happened right away. I answered a call for seven replacements in the Ballet Russe. The Ballet Russe is the last word to all young dancers who don't know the score. I was selected out of 150 girls.

"It turned out to be awful. Nobody in the company spoke to me. They sat around cold in their cliques. The

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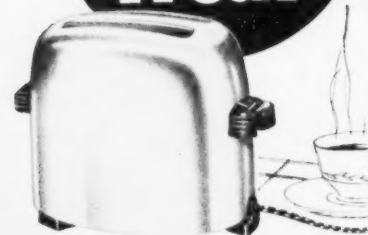
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true ballet dancer is like a nun. I cried for three weeks, and was terribly homesick. But I couldn't go home, after that farewell at the airport.

"I'm glad now that the disillusion happened to me right away and right in the holy of holies, the Ballet Russe. I was with them for two months. It helped me to decide things for myself and not take any of the success legends as reality. There just isn't that much 'art' lying around as you might think from reading about it. But I love to dance. I'm very happy now."

Hits and Busts

When she left the Ballet Russe, Barbara promptly landed in "Allegro," a Theatre Guild musical play, with which she toured for seven months. "Allegro" had a corny wedding scene which we kids hated because we had to stand around onstage for a long time," says Barbara. "A lot of people in the audience cried over the wedding. We would count the handkerchiefs coming out in the audience and say, 'Good show today, 15 hankies.'"

"I was skimping and saving for the awful layoffs between engagements. When we went on the road with 'Allegro,' I remember asking some people for a good cheap hotel I could stay in in St. Paul, Minnesota. They said 'The Claud Hotel.' When the company manager asked the kids where they wanted their stuff sent they said the St. Paul Hotel and the Lowry, the two biggest hotels. I said 'The Claud,' and the company manager said he never heard of it. Well, it was a \$2 a day number and they sure weren't used to having dancers stay there. Lumberjacks, traveling men and farmers. I was treated fine.

"One time to save money seven of us girls stayed in one \$7-a-week room at the YWCA."

Returning from the road she was engaged by Valerie Bettis' Modern Dance Company for a summer season at the Connecticut College for Women. Her luck held the next fall. She was picked for Marc Blitzstein's opera, "Regina," adapted from Lillian Hellman's "The Little Foxes." Barbara loved the show, but the audience didn't. The kids cried on the last night of the seven-week run. Barbara bustled out to the chorus calls again and landed in the musical, "Arms and the Girl," which was not able to get through the first season. It folded in April, 1950, at a bad time to be out of work. Almost no shows are produced that late in the year and it is too early for chorus calls for summer work.

Barbara felt her phenomenal luck had ended. She joined hundreds of other chorus people who answered the few calls available. She heard nothing but that ominous sentence the director gives the rejected aspirant, a low, tired murmur of, "Thank you." It means, "Take your gear and be gone." She thanked her frugal habits for she had saved enough for a six-month siege. She had several "private auditions," the theatre's most trying type of job application in which the candidate must do his tricks alone on a bare stage to the weary improvisations of the rehearsal pianist. Far out in the house sits the dance director, chatting with designers, producers and the company manager; dictating to secretaries, answering a special phone, and never looking at the

miserable wight onstage—or so it seems to the job-seeker. "The cruelest thing of all," says Barbara, "is when the kids who have already been hired are sitting out front watching you."

It was a bad time, but it ended happily after a month when she was picked as a replacement in the musical, "Where's Charley?" with Ray Bolger. She liked the Bolger show but prepared for its closing by answering chorus calls. Actors must give a two-week notice of quitting a show and their union con-

tracts say producers must give them two-week notice of closing and post a cash bond to pay the cast two weeks' salary. Sometimes a show which gets bad reviews will post the closing notice the second day. Some of these productions limp along for months with the closing notice on the backstage bulletin board, while the management tries to lure the citizenry to the box office.

Barbara says, "You watch the bulletin board closely on Thursday, because if the closing notice is still up, it means

the show is going to fold immediately. If the notice is missing, you know you are running another week, even if the notice reappears Friday."

It is a harshly insecure world, the great glamorous Broadway theatre, as one young lady from Toronto has discovered. "There is an attitude around the theatre that they are doing you a favor to employ you," says the realistic Miss Ferguson. "In one of my shows the costume dame kept making me put

Continued on page 40

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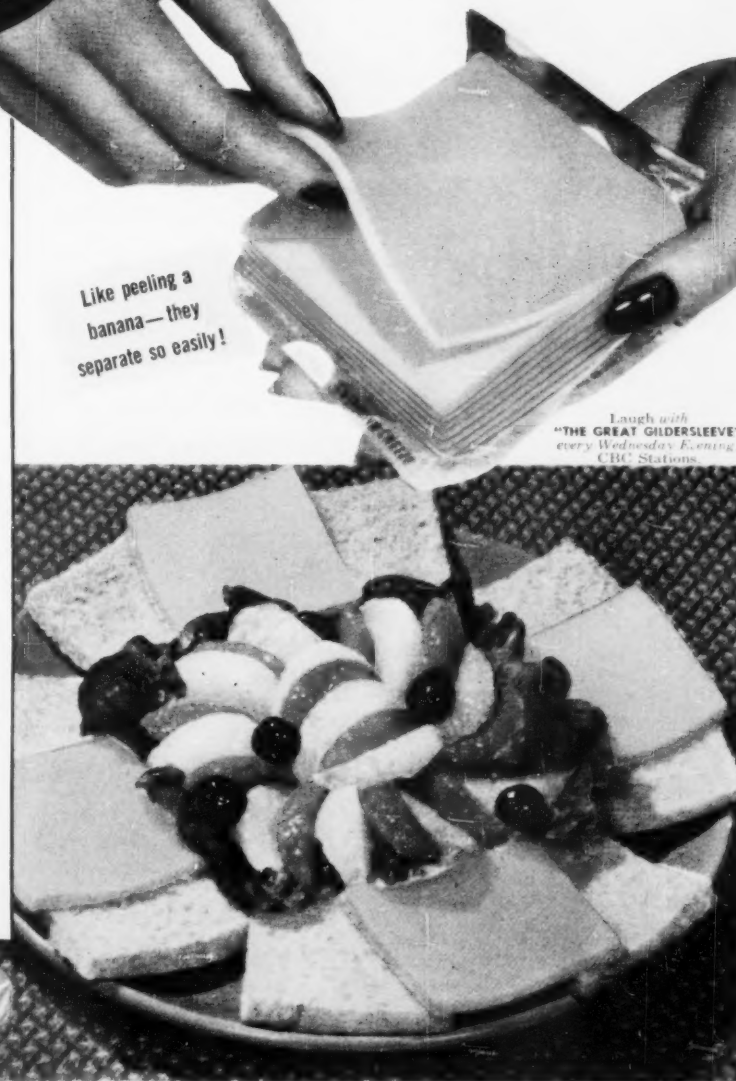
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Femininity is stressed in the full scalloped collar, the pocket trim of this interesting cotton print. By Gordon Mackay, \$3.



This trim cotton coat dress in a pastel flower print has two handy pockets, elasticized side panels. By Helen Morgan, \$3.

THESE WILL KEEP YOU LOOKING PRETTY

Step into a backwrap, fasten one button and tie the sash. This prism dot design is sparked with white. By Jiffy Coat, \$4.

A navy and green dark plaid is brightened with white touches, tiny gold buttons. The skirt has gentle flare. By Frances Fay, \$5.

Leave this petal collar flat, or push it up to frame your face. The dress is in waffle piqué, has a cord tie. By Leo Danal, \$10.



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wear proudly any time of day,
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the change with six dresses—
all low in price, high in
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ALL DAY THROUGH

By EILEEN MORRIS *Fashion and Beauty*

Your day dress is an important item in your wardrobe. It must look fresh and neat at breakfast, feel comfortable as you work, be smart enough for the market or a neighborly call.

In shopping for a day dress, pay particular attention to labels and tags, for this garment must stand up to a weekly session in the suds, to plenty of ironing and stiff wear. From the label you learn the name and contents of the fabric, whether it's preshrunk, wrinkle resistant, colorfast. A tag gives you the manufacturer's instructions on washing, drying and ironing, too.

Watch for such signs of good quality as washable, sturdy buttons sewn on separately, a tubbale belt, a good smooth zipper, generous seams that have been pinked or otherwise finished, well-made shoulder pads.

Try the dress on. Most manufacturers allow for reasonable shrinkage (under three per cent) in their sizing. Check that you have sufficient room to reach and bend with ease, without straining the side seams.

When you remove the tag, file it for easy reference where you store your laundry supplies. When washday comes round read it over. Hand washing is recommended for some day dresses, machine washing for others. Generally, instructions suggest you wash and rinse the dress and hang it evenly to dry. Iron it while slightly damp on the wrong side with a moderately hot iron. *Do not* wash your day dresses along with hubby's socks, or add strong bleach to the water.



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Make of washer you have now.....

How long have you had it?.....

Continued from page 37
up my hair seven different ways to see the effect. Finally I said, 'It'll come out by the handful.' She looked at me coldly and said, 'But, honey, you wanted to be in the theatre.' That's the attitude.

"But I love it," she says. "I have my days mostly to myself, for singing and dancing lessons, cleaning my house, looking after the cats, and cooking." She finds cooking very easy and has had

a fine time learning the cosmopolitan cuisine of New York.

"I never knew what a steak was until I came here and saw that the inside could be red," she declares. "And seafood! I never knew what shrimps and lobsters were, either. Lobsters are the best thing that ever happened."

Living in Little Italy, Barbara plunged in to learn some Latin dishes. She had never seen an eggplant. She went into a fragrant Italian grocery, asked for one,

and asked the grocer how to cook it. She said, "A bunch of Italian ladies surrounded me and began telling me how to cook eggplant. They gave me a dozen different recipes and each one sounded like it took all day. I thanked them and went home and cooked it the way I thought it would be good, in a casserole with cheese and tomato sauce, and it came out just grand."

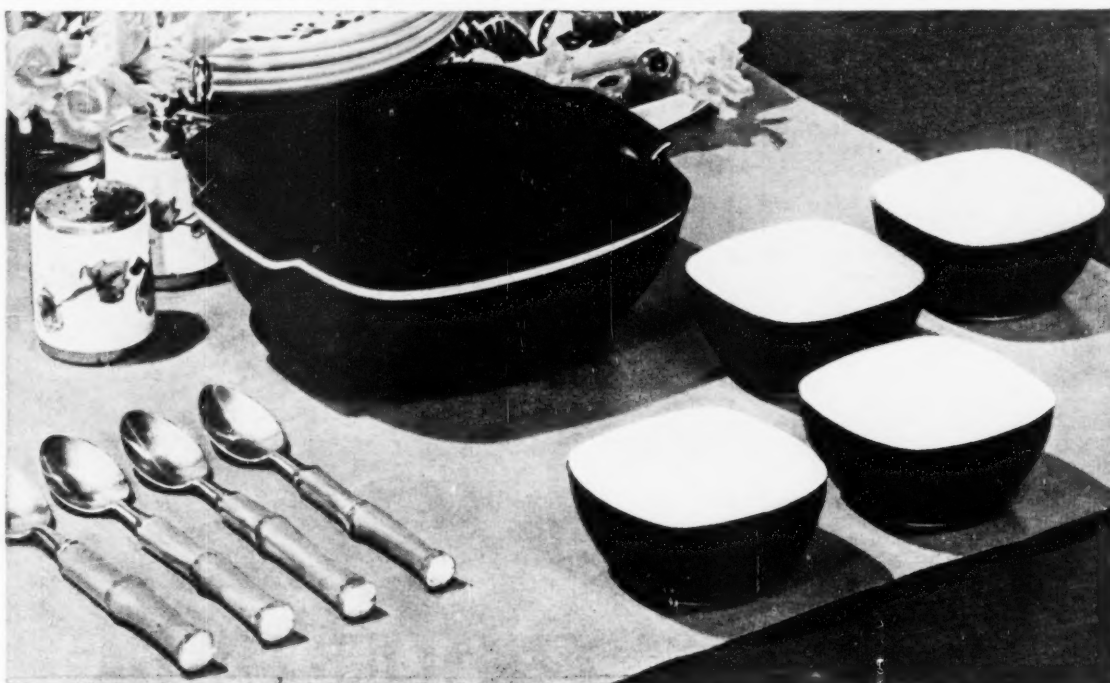
Barbara has seen practically none of the tourist sights of New York. There

isn't time. She has had no vacation in her professional career—the month layoff was no holiday. She has managed to see the Metropolitan Museum and the Bronx zoo, but Grant's tomb, Chinatown, the Planetarium, Brooklyn and the tourist façades of Radio City are unknown to her. She knows the shower baths backstage in the Music Hall, but not the skaters on the sunken pond. She saw the Statue of Liberty once from a taxicab window. A boy friend was paying for the hack—Barbara rides the subway. She goes back to her apartment by subway after a matinee to rest for an hour and a half before returning for the evening show.

Her wardrobe is modest and leans to Toronto-favored woolen suits, skirts, blouses and sweaters. She has a half-dozen dress-up frocks shrewdly shopped in sales, and four cloth coats. "I usually look like a schlump," she says.

Her footwear is almost entirely comfortable low heels, because her feet see enough service without cramping them in Cuban effects. She is an under-the-table shoe remover when she wears high heels. The metatarsals of Barbara's feet have fallen for her art—they correspond to the knuckles of the hand. Her arches are fine.

After her first engagement with the Ballet Russe, Barbara made a quick return to Toronto to get a working visa for the U. S. "I've let a couple of years go by before I was sure of myself here," she says. "Now, I don't think I could



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IMAGINE THESE beautiful dishes on *your* table . . . they're strikingly designed, vibrant with color, real "show-off" pieces when you're entertaining.

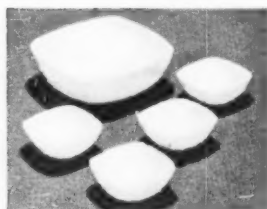
And think of what a joy they are to own . . . for they're honest-to-goodness *Pyrex Ware!*

All of these sturdy beauties go in the oven, then right to the table! Any leftovers? Put your Pyrex Ware dish in the refrigerator, ready to heat up again.

Illustrated above: the new Pyrex Color Ware Casserole Set . . . a 48-ounce casserole complete with cover and four individual dishes (7-ounce size). In gay red or sunny yellow.

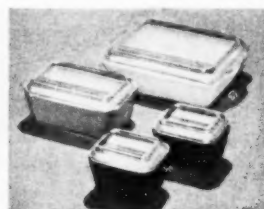
Pyrex Color Ware Casserole Set, complete **\$3.95**

Extra 7-ounce individual dishes **39¢ each**



80-ounce bowl with four 12-ounce dishes. Red or yellow.

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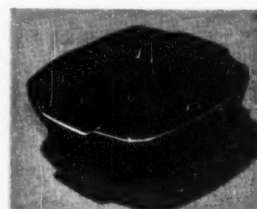
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Further Advice Needed

By IVAN COLLINS

They tell me that an octopus
Will never, never make a fuss
If I do not disturb him;
But should I, quite without intent,
Incite one to envelopment,
Just how am I to curb him?

go back to Toronto to live, but I would sure like to get some safe time off to have vacations at home and go up to Lake of Bays, and see if all the Fergusons are still scandalized by what I did.

"I don't have a career drive," she says. "I'm not eaten by it. I would be happy to settle down. I would like to get married, but I wouldn't want a bum marriage on my hands. That you see plenty of, and I want to play for keeps. I would be perfectly happy to have a houseful of kids, cats and dogs and things, and give up the theatre."

While she's already making good progress up the Broadway ladder to stardom our Barbara knows very well that a dancer's professional life is short. She is working hard at singing lessons. ("The cat howls when I sing") and says "I think I could be an actress."

"The trouble is that you have to get a job at the Copacabana, and prance around, waiting for some wolf to put your name in lights. So you sign a seven-year starlet contract and go out to Hollywood and are never heard of again. I guess I'll have to do it the hard way."

This will require no radical change in tactics for that's how Barbara made it this far—the hard way, with an occasional lift from the Ferguson luck.

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At left: Carousel stripes for a brief blouse and skirt . . . a new U neckline, waistcoat points over unpressed pleats. Pattern No. 3411.

Centre: Sunset shades for a button-proud, cap-sleeved jacket, No. 3411, worn with a candy-pink gathered skirt, No. 2466. Right: Pretty pastel cardigan blouse, button high, button low. No. 3334.

For Simplicity patterns and prices, see page 73

QUEEN MARY

Continued from page 24

London hospitals. At such times as Princess Elizabeth's wedding and the birth and christening of Prince Charles and Princess Anne, hundreds of beautiful cards arrive at Buckingham Palace from home and overseas. All go into "Queen Mary's Box."

With Queen Mary tidiness of habit reveals tidiness of mind. Her desk itself shows how businesslike her mind is. Everything is to hand so that no energy is wasted in searching for anything that has got out of place.

Engagement book, address book, writing paper, envelopes, cards, memo-pads—everything is there, laid out with meticulous neatness, and there are little enamel boxes for smaller articles. Her pen tray is silver. Also on her desk are many small photographs in gilt frames—a portrait gallery of her family and their children. One I shall always remember is a small snapshot of His Majesty King George V riding his dear old white pony in the grounds of Sandringham.

Playmate—and a Wife

I cherish a letter that Queen Mary wrote to me from that desk three years ago, when Princess Margaret was 17. In it Queen Mary looks back to the time when she herself was 17, and writes of her realization then of how much there is to learn in life.

Isn't it good to see a woman in her eighties recalling vividly and happily how she felt when she was 17? Now, at 84, she is as eager as ever for new and useful knowledge, and as ready to enjoy the freshness of it. We saw her at the British Industries Fair recently, untired after hours of walking, questioning, learning; and at the Chelsea Flower Show, carrying out with relish a tour that would have sent home, tired out, many a woman half her age.

Now people may say that it is only natural that Queen Mary, "with all her advantages," should be well informed. But let us examine those advantages and see what they really amounted to.

True, she was born in a palace. But few great things, in a material sense, came the way of Queen Mary in her early years as Princess May. The large,

not too comfortable suite of rooms that her mother, Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, had to live in at Kensington Palace was expensive to run, and no allowance went with it.

My own home, Nottingham Cottage, granted to me on my marriage and for my lifetime by the grace and favor of His Majesty King George VI, is in the grounds of Kensington Palace, and reached by way of a private road. Queen Mary, visiting me here, has often spoken to me of her childhood days when she came here to see an old retainer who occupied the cottage at the time.

There was great popular rejoicing when she was born on May 26, 1867, but not altogether because, as a great-granddaughter of George III, she stood in the line of succession to the throne. Some commentators pointed out that she had arrived just in time to be a future friend and playmate of her young relations, the sons of the Prince and Princess of Wales; but few can then have thought of her as marrying one of them to become the future Queen of England.

She must have been a beautiful child. Queen Victoria, who was no indiscriminate admirer of Royal babies' looks, wrote enthusiastically of "the deepest blue eyes imaginable, a tiny rosebud of a mouth, a lovely complexion (pink and white), and a most perfect figure."

The baby was one year old then, but even when she was only one month old she had delighted the Queen's eyes. "The baby is to be called Agnes Augusta Victoria Mary Louise Olga Pauline Claudine . . . I am to be one of the godmothers."

The last remark explains why, at the christening, the name Victoria was, at first. The little Princess was soon called Victoria Mary for short, then it became known that her mother called her May, and soon she was Princess May to everyone.

To the people May was "the English Princess," the daughter of the truly English Duchess of Teck whom everyone loved, whose wit, charm, and happy spirits glowed like sunshine in a court which, in the opinion of many, was unbearably dull.

The Duchess of Teck was impulsive, warm-hearted, generous, and often unpredictable. She took frank and simple

Are you in the know?



When you and your squire attend a wedding, should you—

- ☐ Breeze up the aisle together ☐ Take the usher's arm ☐ Make it a threesome

Bewitched—and bewildered—by weddings? All that formality needn't panic you. For instance, when the usher offers his arm—take it, even if you're an escort. Your beau boy will follow you up the aisle. And if calendar "trials" menace your poise, you can dismiss them with Kotex. No need to quail

at each casual glance, for as surely as those flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines—Kotex can keep you blush-proof. Why not try all 3 absorbencies (different sizes, for different days)? With Regular, Junior, Super to choose from—you'll find one so-o-o right for you!



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- ☐ Slinky black
☐ Canary yellow
☐ Soft, cool colors

"Smagic—how a color can fool the eye. The right hue can pare down plumpness, help deflate a "spare tire." But don't think slinky black's the answer—('taint for teens). Also, avoid dazzling shades. Wear soft, cool colors like blue, green, violet, preferably in darker tones. And never let calendar-time discomfort deflate your poise. Choose Kotex for softness that holds its shape—because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it.



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☐ More upholstery
☐ A library card

Got a lean-and-hollow look around the collar? To add "upholstery," eat hearty. Swim like crazy. And do this: Sit very straight, with a book in each hand, shoulder-height. Keeping elbows back, slowly boost books toward ceiling, then slowly lower them—20 times daily. Even on "those" days, you can boost your confidence, if you let Kotex help. For Kotex has a special safety center; gives you extra protection.



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Here's a lotion so rich in protection you can apply it even **BEFORE** starting your chores—it guards your hands right in hot, sudsy water. Actually helps *prevent* drying, chapping damage. Keeps your hands soft and smooth *while you work!*

Use Trushay as you would any ordinary lotion—as a skin softener, a body rub, a powder base. Creamy Trushay makes your skin softer—guards against chapping. But remember, Trushay is the lotion specially designed to use "beforehand"—to stop hand damage before it starts!

**Begin to-day
to use**

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pleasure in the popularity she enjoyed, and she loved to be surrounded by entertaining, but not too clever, friends.

For several years the Duke and Duchess had been forced to spend more money than was coming in. Some people have said that the Duchess was extravagant, but I think it would be fairer to call her overgenerous. She had most generous notions of hospitality and she had to have carriages and horses, had to subscribe to many charities and had to entertain largely. All that came to an end when a Royal hint was dropped that it would be better for everyone if the Teck family went abroad for a while. So Princess May and her brothers soon found themselves whisked from the royal state of Kensington and Richmond to the second floor of a private hotel at Florence, Italy.

To the Princess May's parents that must have been something like exile. Certainly the change was a shock at first to the shy, sensitive girl herself, for she was homesick. But then Princess May discovered what a treasure house of art and beauty Florence really was. She threw off her homesickness and began to explore the art galleries, churches and palaces, finding something new every day and taking careful note of all she saw.

So already she was beginning to prepare herself to play the great part in history to which, although she did not know it yet, she was to be called.

The Diary Habit

But before too long she returned to England, where a round of entertainments had been arranged, including the first dinner and dance in Princess May's honor. And a little later, in a pale blue gauze dress that set off her young charms to perfection, she was presented at court.

And then the public life of Princess May began, with a constant round of engagements. At dances, although she was junior of all the princesses, she could not be asked to dance but had to "send for" her partners, according to the rigid etiquette of the court.

She had to sit through stiff formal dinners and listen to long speeches; and there was hardly a day without a bazaar to open, a parish hall to inspect, or a charity concert to attend. At first her shyness made it an ordeal for her to appear before an audience and talk with officials, but even then she was taking note of all she saw and heard, and recording it in her diary.

For through her long life Queen Mary has set down each day's events in her diary. To this day, when she comes back to Marlborough House from a public function or a private visit her hat is hardly off before she is making notes and memoranda, to be transcribed just before she goes to bed in the book of hand-tooled leather, with a lock and key, which she keeps in her bedroom.

"Keep up your diary, my dear," said Queen Mary to Princess Elizabeth as soon as the princess could read and write. "Write in it every day. You will never regret it."

And she gave both Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret diaries bound in leather like her own. These diaries were kept on their bedside tables, and every night at bedtime I asked them whether they had written down the day's events.

Sometimes, when they were very young, the task took them a long time, and so it often did later, when they had a lot to write about. I have told in the story of "The Little Princesses" of Princess Elizabeth's long ordeal on the day of the funeral of her grandfather, King George V—how she and I reached Paddington station an hour too soon; how she waited, white-faced, among the silent, often weeping people; how she watched the procession, with the gun-carriage covered with the Union Jack and heard the bands playing the Dead March; and how, when it was all over, she joined her parents on the platform and went with them to Windsor.

That night before Princess Elizabeth went to bed I asked her whether she had written up her diary. She had, she said, and I wondered how she had set down the story of that long sad day in so short a time.

In silence she let me glance at what she had written. Two words only—"Grandpapa's funeral." That was all she had been able to bring herself to write.

One of the last sad duties that Queen Mary was able to do for her husband when he lay dying at Sandringham was to make the final entry in his own diary.

He had tried to do it himself, but some of the words were barely decipherable. References to snow and wind could be made out, and the name of his physician-in-ordinary, Lord Dawson of Penn, but no more. Then, in Queen Mary's handwriting, this note was added:

"My dearest husband, King Geo. V. was much distressed at the bad handwriting above and begged me to write his diary for him the next day. He passed away on January 20 at 5 minutes before midnight."
 "Mary R."

When I learned of that I remembered the first words King George V ever spoke to me, when I met him with Queen Mary on the lawn at the Royal Lodge, Windsor, at the very beginning of my service as governess to the Little Princesses: "For goodness sake, teach Margaret and Lilibet to write a decent hand."

Shocking Curiosity

Queen Mary, as Princess May, was 20 years old at the time of Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee in 1887. It was in connection with the jubilee functions that Princess May began to show that close interest in the life and welfare of ordinary people, and especially working people, that she was to show all her life. Just at that time the House of Lords had appointed a select committee to enquire into the sweatshops of the East End of London.

Princess May, who then had set herself a course of reading that took up six hours every day on top of her social engagements, staggered court circles by asking where she could learn the whole truth about the way the poor people lived and worked.

It was something new and it even seemed rather shocking for a Princess to be interested in such things except in a lofty charitable way. She sent for the Blue Book on sweated labor, then for other official publications, and she set herself to work at them with the same energy that she had given to art and literature.

Continued on page 46

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Three smart girls! They know how easy it is to be well dressed when they make their own clothes from "Tex-made" cotton prints. These inexpensive fabrics, with their sun and tubfast colours, stay fresh and new looking even after repeated washings — and their wide range of patterns offers a design for every type of dress.

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That means it has been checked to see that Styron (Dow's famous polystyrene plastic) is the right material for that particular article.

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Remember the Evaluated Label!

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DOW CHEMICAL OF CANADA, LIMITED
TORONTO MONTREAL REGINA



Continued from page 44

She learned from official reports of the low wages that were then being paid to women workers in the needle trades, and she was horrified by what she read. In turn, she horrified court dressmakers by asking them questions about conditions under which the embroidery was done. A princess was not supposed to bother her head with such things, but this princess did.

In the two years following Victoria's Jubilee, Princess May went to Oberammergau to see the Passion Play, to the Italian lakes, and she shared in the festivities that marked the silver wedding of her parents. A brilliant season was crowned in the following winter by the announcement that Princess May was to be married to the Duke of Clarence, "Prince Eddy," eldest son of Prince Edward and Princess Alexandra and heir-presumptive to the throne.

By this time the British people had taken Princess May so much to their hearts that they welcomed the news with joy. Prince Eddy, although an amiable, gifted and popular figure, was quiet and reserved. He and his brother George were inseparable and had served together as naval cadets in the training ship Britannia.

But late in 1891, at the end of a spell ashore, Prince George came down with an attack of typhoid fever, which caused great anxiety and kept him in bed for six weeks. It was while he was still very ill that he learned that Prince Eddy and Princess May had become engaged during a house party at Luton Hoo, given by the Danish Minister and Mme. de Falbe.

Princess in Mourning

Prince George had hardly recovered from his illness when influenza broke out in the family. His younger sister, Princess Victoria, was the first to fall ill, and next Prince Eddy. Within a few days Eddy died—less than six weeks after his engagement to Princess May—and was buried in the Memorial Chapel at Windsor. Prince George was still too weak to walk in the sad procession.

For more than a year Princess May removed herself from the public eye. Meanwhile, Prince George's health improved rapidly, after a setback caused by the shock of his brother's death.

"To me," wrote Prince George to a

shipmate, "his loss is irreparable . . . The whole of my life is changed."

Indeed it was, in a double sense, for now he was the heir-presumptive, with a new line of duties and responsibilities before him. At Christmas time that same year he went to Windsor to visit Queen Victoria, who had recently created him Duke of York. Here she spoke to him long and earnestly about his future. He was nearly 28 years old. Had he thought of marriage? He had.

We know from the old Queen's letters and diaries what a warm place Prince George held in her heart. It is known now that she had set her heart on his marriage to the Princess May. That was what she spoke to him about at Windsor, and returned to in her letters which he received at Sandringham, in the Royal Yacht Osborne during a Mediterranean cruise in the spring of 1892 and in Rome, where he represented the Queen at the silver wedding celebrations of the King and Queen of Italy.

It was during the Prince's absence abroad that Mr. Gladstone, the Prime Minister, sought an audience of Queen Victoria and expressed the popular—he might almost have said clamorous—desire that the Duke of York should marry Princess May. If such a marriage could be arranged, said Mr. Gladstone, it would give great and lasting satisfaction.

Queen Victoria's reply is not recorded, but that could easily have been one of the occasions when she was amused. She was never very fond of Mr. Gladstone, so perhaps she said to him, "Too late, as usual, Mr. Prime Minister."

For on Prince George's return to London at the end of April he had gone straight to East Sheen Lodge, to stay with his sister, the Duchess of Fife. Another guest at the Lodge was Princess May. On the afternoon of Wednesday, May 3, he walked with her in the garden, told her what was in his heart, and heard the words he had longed to hear.

He wrote: "The darling girl consented to be my wife. I am so happy."

Next month "Craufie" tells of the pomp and beauty of royal weddings; of Queen Mary's unsuccessful efforts to interest Princess Elizabeth in needlework; of the Queen Mother's love of gardening—and her one-woman war against ivy! Another delightful chapter in this intimate story of our Royal Family—in *Chateleine* for June.

INTERIOR DECORATOR

Continued from page 21

to go out of his own country for these experts. Who do you want to decorate your room—Lawren Harris, A. Y. Jackson, a Lismer or MacDonald, a Johnston, a Varley or a Carmichael? Would you like Tom Thomson to be your guide or J. W. Beattie? What's being painted today, this minute? How is color being used now? Go to any gallery in Canada to find the answers. If you are not near a city that has a gallery, write the nearest one and ask them to send you colored prints of their Canadian collections. Study them, get to know them and when you find the one that suits you best you have met your guide to the coloring of your own room.

What proportion of coloring has the

artist used to produce the effect you like so much? What shades, what tones? How does he achieve his effect? You like the effect because it is soft? All right then, find colors that are as soft and grey as his and use them next to each other in your room as the artist uses them in his painting. You like the gay sunny brightness of that picture? If you would get that effect in that dark room of yours, you'd like it. You can. Keep your colors as clear and bright as the artist and see how the blue becomes vibrant with the white behind it. Let the large areas of your room correspond with his large areas, let lamps and art objects and dishes re-echo the colors that he uses to achieve his effect.

There are Canadian paintings, which will give you the color scheme for any room you wish. Any furniture can look attractive (from the Victorian sofa you

The name that has always stood for the finest in electric cooking



RD 41

The last word in speed and economy. Check its outstanding features illustrated below. Versatile Tripl-Unit, jewel pilot lights, timed appliance receptacle, spacious warmer and storage drawers, new simplified automatic oven timer and minute minder. \$384.



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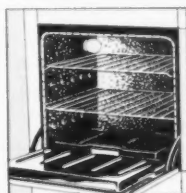
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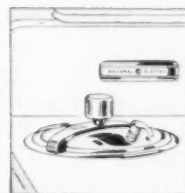
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inherited from Aunt Minnie, to the piece of driftwood you picked up on the beach last summer and have converted into a lamp fixture) if you use the right colors in the right proportions. The old adage, "North, south, east, west, Home's best," is a good one to remember. Your Canadian artist is not only a color expert, but he is a specialist in the coloring of your own country and your way of life. Put his talent to work.

We have taken three paintings to prove our point to you and try to give you guidance so you may go ahead for yourself. The autumn scene, with our apologies to the "Beechwoods" by the late J. W. Beattie. The winter scene of Canada's north with apologies to "Above Lake Superior" by Lawren Harris. The third, nonobjective sketch we don't apologize to at all. This is Walt Coucill's sketch. He did the art work for this story and we know the fun he had with the nonobjective one!

The Conventional Room

In the first room, the colors of which are taken from the "Beechwoods," we have presumed that the owner possesses a patterned rug that must be used. Also a Victorian sofa and chair and other pieces of furniture familiar to Canadian households. We find in Mr. Beattie's painting a foreground of fallen autumn leaves that suggest the colors of the rug. The dark tree trunks echo to the walnut and rosewood of the furniture. That's enough to work on, so here we go.

Your walls become the pine green of the darker foliage and rise from the floor of copper colors as they do in the picture. Filtering into your room by way of the curtains and furniture coverings comes the lovely saffron of the yellowed beech leaves. It's as simple as that. Warm and glowing as a Canadian autumn day by courtesy of the interior decorator on your wall.

Cool Serenity

In the second room, and our favorite, we have used the "Above Lake Superior" print. A print, by the way, which the Toronto Art Gallery (which owns the original) gave to all members as a Christmas present. (Seems silly not to join when you think the membership only costs you \$10 and you get prints like this free.)

In this print you have the cool dignified beauty of Northern Canada. Colors that create a serenity for living by the subtly blended shades.

The soft blue of the walls comes from the sky. The amethyst of the rug from the sunlit parts of the mountain top, the deep purple of the sofa from the mountain shades and depths. The green corduroy of the chair and pouf which is repeated in the lamp shade were suggested by the velvety green depth of the wooded slopes. The grey of the curtains from the snow in shadow and the beiges of the lamp bases and cushions and picture frames from the birch trees themselves.

Bow to Picasso

In the nonobjective and third sketch of Walt Coucill's we thought of all those young Canadians whose thinking is as contemporary as the minute. Whose budgets, due to the costs of living, make them decorate their homes from the ingenuity of their minds. Younger than springtime, this room . . . and cheaper than dirt! Gay and courageous as all the young people who have them. White, their walls, as they make their bow to Mr. Picasso before they dye their fishnet curtains green to match the square in their painting . . . cover their bed-couches with coral canvas, throw the other colors from their guide onto the sofa in a profusion of cushions, paint their piece of snow fencing (cut long) beige and call it a screen and on one wall reproduce the yellow from their work of art which makes even their garret look sunlit.

Look at the way they have taken the black line drawings from the picture and run them into their room with the wrought iron table. See the way the light crossing of the green in the painting has been duplicated in the weave of the fish net.

In any room you are doing, from any picture, remember your artist uses texture as well as color to achieve his effect. You do it too and your room will be more interesting.

Smooth shien of water, still skies. These allow for flat wall surfaces and the use of glass and mirror and waxed woods. Rough tree bark and rock suggest rugs and upholstering materials of rough texture. Soft rich foliage and grass remind one of velvets and corduroys.

You, too, with experts guiding you, may reproduce the beauty and coloring of the nature and life around you in a manner that allows you to live within a room that has added a little of your personal experience to God-given form and color. +

Second Sunday in May

By R. H. GRENVILLE



You're to have breakfast in bed, they beam.
And eager slaves to attend your wishes:

No cakes to bake.

No beds to make.

No fooling around with the breakfast dishes.

Enscathed in an armchair you take your ease.

Robed and relaxed like an Eastern queen,

While offspring and spouse

Pervade the house.

Determined to better your old routine.

Comes lunch, comes supper, and spirits flag;

On father's fare they have glumly fasted—

The cue for you

To buckle to,

But wasn't it fun while it lasted?



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As the sun turns a fountain to rainbow brilliance so can Sanderson fabrics transform your home



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sea-winds nor laundering will dim
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Attractive Luncheon Setting

For the table-proud hostess Birks suggests, as illustrated: Sterling Flatware in Chantilly pattern, six-piece place-setting—25.25. English bone China in Virginia pattern, by Royal Worcester, seven-piece place-setting—23.70. Cut crystal Water Goblet in Lyric pattern—3.35. Sterling silver Salt and Pepper Shakers—the pair—5.75. Muffin Dish in Regency plate, with hot water compartment—16.00. Fighting Cocks in colourful Italian china—the pair—90.00.

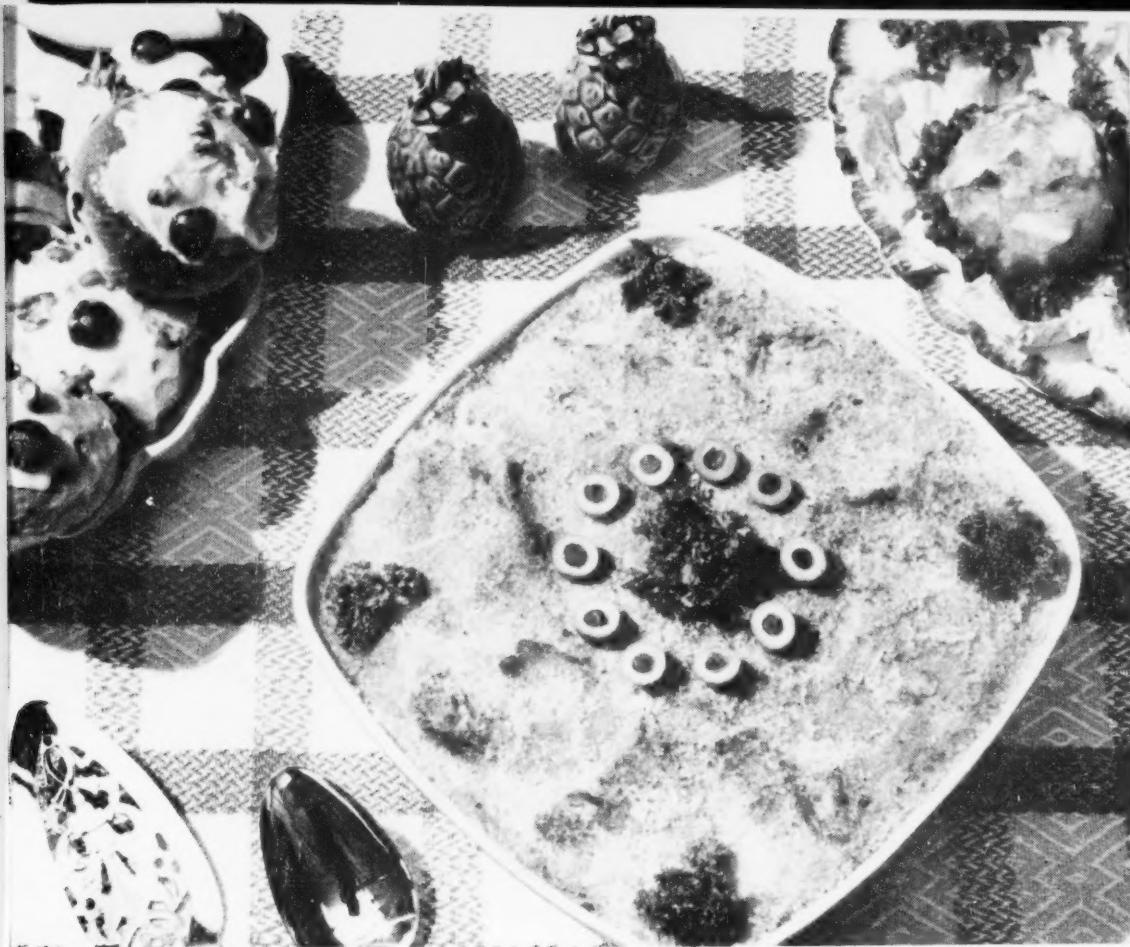
FOR *Your* TABLE... IT'S FROM  **BIRKS**



For the Semi-Formal Dinner

Also available at Birks, as illustrated: Sterling Flatware in George II pattern, six-piece place-setting—32.10. English bone China in Gold Rose pattern, by Minton's, seven-piece place-setting—23.15. Cut crystal Water Goblet in Georgian pattern—3.00. Sherry Glass—1.30. Vase, height 7 1/4 inches—10.55. Sterling silver Condiment Set with spoons; three pieces shown—43.00. Sterling silver Nut Dish—3.75. Sterling silver Candlesticks, height 6 inches—the pair 35.00.

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*Quick and easy to make is the curried veal casserole.
For a supper suggestion serve with iced fruited buns and a jellied fruit salad.*

BASIC CASSEROLE

This recipe is the basis for the following 7 variations:

- 4 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 3 tablespoons chopped onion
- 4 tablespoons bread flour
- $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper
- 2 cups milk
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups cooked rice ($\frac{1}{2}$ cup raw rice)
- OR
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups cooked macaroni
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup dry bread crumbs
- OR
- 1 cup soft bread crumbs

Melt butter or margarine in saucepan, add chopped onion and cook slowly for 2 to 3 minutes. Add flour and seasonings and blend well. Add milk gradually. Cook, stirring constantly over low heat or over boiling water until thickened. Remove from heat. Add rice or macaroni and combine. Pour into a greased $1\frac{1}{2}$ quart size baking dish. Top with bread crumbs and small pieces of butter or margarine. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375 deg. F.) for 30 minutes. Serves 4 to 6.

Approved by Chateleine Institute.

VARIATIONS

1. Creamy Egg Casserole

Approximate cost—40c

Make basic casserole. Before turning mixture into baking dish add 3 chopped, hard-cooked eggs. For a supper suggestion serve this casserole with a carrot and cabbage salad, and citrus fruit cup for dessert.

2. Curried Veal Casserole

Approximate cost—\$1.05

Make basic casserole using 1 extra tablespoon chopped onion. Before turning mixture into baking dish add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups chopped cooked veal (left-over) and 1 teaspoon curry powder. Delicious when served with iced fruited buns and a jellied fruit salad.

3. De Luxe Chicken Casserole

Approximate cost—\$1.10

Make basic casserole. Before turning mixture into baking dish add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups chopped, cooked or canned chicken and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced, cooked mushrooms. For a complete supper serve this de luxe chicken casserole with assorted relishes and hot mulins. For dessert, sliced oranges, apples and bananas.

4. Salmon and Vegetable Casserole

Approximate cost—78c

Make basic casserole. Before turning mixture into baking dish add $\frac{1}{2}$ pound tin of salmon, flaked, and 1 cup cooked or canned green vegetable (peas, beans or asparagus). Good for a supper menu with tossed salad, baked stuffed apple and gingersnaps or lemon meringue pie.

BASIC SUPPER CASSEROLE WITH 7 VARIATIONS

BY MARION GRAHAM
Chateleine Institute

5. Combination Casserole

Approximate cost—97c

Make basic casserole, omitting 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, 2 tablespoons flour and 1 cup milk. Before turning mixture into baking dish add 1 can condensed cream of tomato soup, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped, cooked bacon or sausage and 2 cups partially cooked cabbage or celery. (Shred the cabbage and place in a small amount of boiling water in a saucepan. Bring just to the boil, then remove from heat. If using celery, chop, then place in boiling water and boil 8 to 10 minutes or until just tender.) Nice for supper, if accompanied with pineapple and cottage cheese salad and cinnamon doughnuts.

6. Spiced Onion-Nut Casserole

Approximate cost—52c

Make basic casserole, omitting the 3 tablespoons chopped onion. Before turning mixture into baking dish add 3 cups cooked onions, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped peanuts, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon Worcestershire Sauce and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon paprika. (When cooking the onions, peel and slice 3 large onions and boil for 7 minutes or until just tender.) Delicious when served with chili sauce and coleslaw. Cherry tarts for dessert.

7. Nippy Cheese Casserole

Approximate cost—53c

Make basic casserole. Before turning mixture into baking dish add 1 cup grated nippy cheese and 2 tablespoons chopped parsley. For a complete supper serve this casserole with tomato slices on lettuce, and pineapple upside-down cake for dessert.

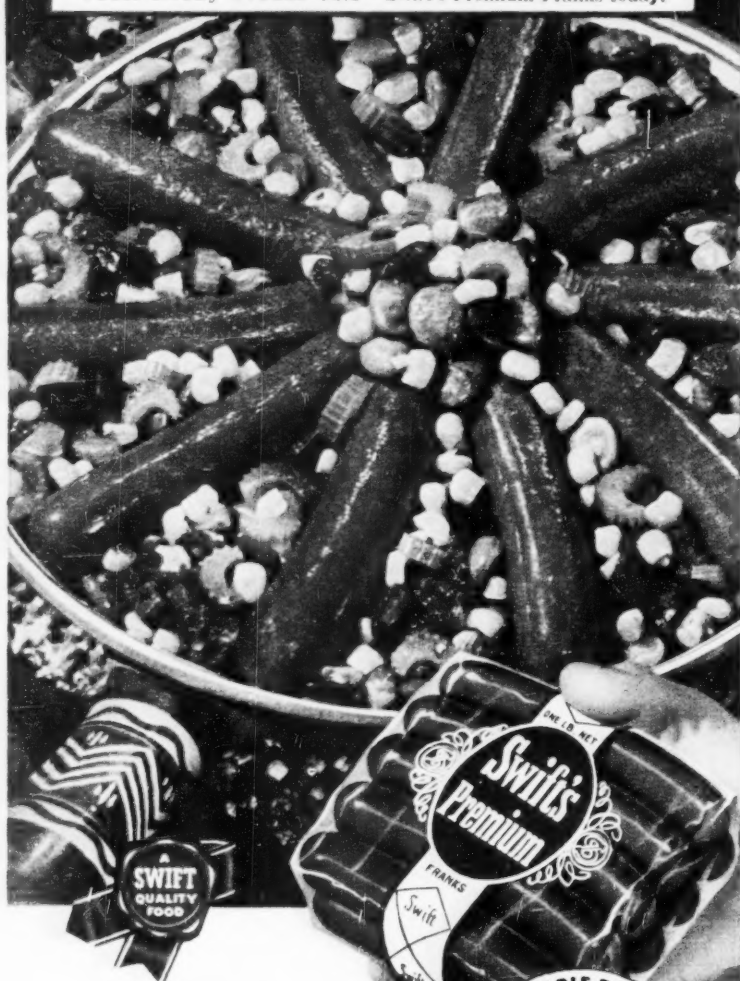
Costs are based on prices effective March 7, 1951



*The meat
inside makes
the difference!*

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delicious way: Pan-brown Franks in 2 tbsps. shortening with 1 tbsp. chopped onion, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped green pepper and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup minced celery. Add 4 cups canned peas, 2 cups corn kernels, 1 cup cooked tomatoes and 2 tbsps. salt. Heat. You'll enjoy a tasty, nourishing meal at budget price! Order Swift's Premium Franks today.



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and be sure!*

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Bologna, Mac & Cheese Loaf, Luncheon Meat, Braunschweiger Liver Sausage, and Swift's Premium Franks. Ask for Swift's Brookfield Sausage too—the pure pork sausage with the 'just right' seasoning. You'll serve each or all of these fine meats with complete confidence!

SWIFT CANADIAN CO. LIMITED

BUDGET

FOR A WEEK IN MAY

The Institute has planned, shopped for and tested recipes for these economical menus, suitable for the month of May

Costs are based on prices effective March 7, 1951.

SUNDAY

Stuffed Flank Steak*
Parsley Potatoes Mashed Turnips
Shredded Lettuce and Cabbage Salad
Banana Cream Pie
Tea Milk
Approximate Cost — \$2.40

MONDAY

Baked Sausage
Corn and Potato Casserole*
Pickled Beets
Carrot, Peanut and Raisin Salad
Rhubarb Shortcake*
Tea Milk
Approximate Cost — \$1.58

TUESDAY

Hamburger Pie*
Beets in Orange Sauce
Fluffy Potatoes
Carrot Curls
Raspberry Cottage Pudding*
Lemon Sauce
Tea Milk
Approximate Cost — \$1.92

WEDNESDAY

Lamb Stew with Onion Ring Biscuits*
Celery and Carrot Strips
Peach Upside Down Cake*
Milk Tea
Approximate Cost — \$2.63

THURSDAY

Old-fashioned Boiled Dinner
(Corned Beef with Vegetables)
Prune Pudding* Raisin Drop Cookies
Tea Milk
Approximate Cost — \$2.16

FRIDAY

Poached Finnan Haddie*
Mustard Sauce*
Green Peas Paprika Potatoes
Coleslaw
Boston Lemon Cream Pie
Tea Milk
Approximate Cost — \$2.05

SATURDAY

Corned Beef Hash Creamed Onions
Peas
Jellied Vegetable Salad
Coconut Floating Island*
Ginger Cup Cakes
Tea Milk
Approximate Cost — \$1.49

STUFFED FLANK STEAK

Approximate cost—\$1.52

$1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 pounds flank steak (cut thin)	1 small onion, finely chopped
Salt and pepper	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
2 cups dry bread crumbs	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sage
2 tablespoons melted dripping	1 tablespoon chopped parsley
1 cup grated carrot	1 cup tomato juice
	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup water

Pound flank steak to make it as flat and thin as possible. Sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper. To bread crumbs add melted dripping, carrot, onion, seasonings and parsley. Mix together well. Put on top of steak, spreading evenly almost to edges. Roll up steak tightly and tie with pieces of string so meat and dressing will hold together well. Brown steak roll in melted dripping in heavy frying pan. Remove steak and place in large casserole or small roasting pan. Pour tomato juice and water into frying pan and bring to boiling point, then pour over steak. Cover pan and place in preheated oven (300 deg. F.). Bake for 2 to 2½ hours or until meat is tender. Serves 6.

Note: If desired, meat may be cut in two for convenience in handling.

Pressure Cooker Method

Prepare and stuff steak as directed above. Brown in melted dripping in pressure cooker. Place meat on rack in pressure cooker. Add $\frac{3}{4}$ cup tomato juice (no water). Cover, bring up pressure and cook for 1 hour. Bring down pressure. Lift meat onto hot platter. Thicken gravy with 1 tablespoon flour blended with 2 tablespoons cold water. Remove string from meat and pour gravy over.

Approved by Chateleine Institute

CORN AND POTATO CASSEROLE

Approximate cost—28c

4 medium potatoes, cooked	1 can creamy style corn
1 cup thin white sauce	Salt and pepper
2 tablespoons finely chopped onion	1 tablespoon chopped parsley
	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup buttered bread crumbs

DINNERS



Attractive and tasty is this hamburger dish. Pastry garnishes take only a minute, but add the final touch to a perfect pie.

Cut potatoes in cubes or slices, combine with white sauce, onion, corn, seasonings and parsley. Turn into greased casserole dish. Sprinkle with bread crumbs. Bake at 375 deg. F. (moderately hot oven) for 20 to 30 minutes or until lightly browned on top. Delicious with baked sausages and pickled beets. Both sausages and casserole can be baked in oven at same temperature. Serves 4 to 6 persons.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

HAMBURGER PIE

Approximate cost—\$1.00

- | | |
|---|---|
| $\frac{1}{4}$ cup minced onion | $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon celery salt |
| 3 tablespoons minced green pepper or celery | $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper |
| 1 tablespoon butter or margarine | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon liquid gravy maker |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds ground beef | 3 medium carrots, sliced and cooked |
| 1 cup condensed tomato soup | 1 cup cooked peas |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt | 1 (9-inch) pie crust |

Sauté onion and green pepper in butter or margarine until clear. Add meat and cook, stirring frequently, until lightly browned. Combine tomato soup, salts, pepper, and gravy maker. Add to meat. Place carrot slices on bottom of pie crust. Add half the meat mixture. Bake in moderately hot oven (375 deg. F.) for 1 hour. Serve with tomato sauce. Serves 6.

Notes: 1. Six diamonds (or other fancy shapes) may be cut from pastry and placed on top of pie before baking. Just before serving, top of pie may be

garnished with some extra carrot slices and peas (see illustration).

2. If desired, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon powdered sage and few drops Worcestershire sauce may be added to meat mixture for extra flavor.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

RASPBERRY COTTAGE PUDDING

Approximate cost—38c

In bottom of greased bake dish spread $\frac{1}{2}$ (20-ounce) can raspberry pie filling. Sprinkle with 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Cover with cake batter made from $\frac{1}{2}$ package any plain white cake mix. Bake in moderately hot oven (375 deg. F.) for 30 to 40 minutes. Serve warm with lemon sauce. (Remaining pie filling can be used for making raspberry tarts; remaining cake mix for another pudding later in the week.) Serves 4 persons.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

LEMON SAUCE

Approximate cost—6c

- | | |
|------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup granulated sugar | 1 cup boiling water |
| 1 tablespoon cornstarch | 1 tablespoon butter or margarine |
| $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt | 1 tablespoon lemon juice |
| 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind | |

Combine sugar, cornstarch, salt and lemon rind in saucepan. Gradually add boiling water, stirring constantly. Cook slowly over low heat for 5 minutes, stirring constantly. The sauce should be clear and thickened. Remove from heat and stir in butter or margarine and lemon juice. Yield: approximately $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups sauce. Sufficient for 4 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

a family favorite hard to beat spicy rich, piping hot CINNAMON BUNS



If you bake at home—
these are easy to make

It's bound to be a "Good Morning"—when you serve delicious, hot-and-fragrant Cinnamon Buns for breakfast. They'll win you plenty of praise... made with Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast!

Full Strength—Goes Right to Work

Modern Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast keeps for weeks and weeks right on your pantry shelf. It's fast—it's ACTIVE. All you do is:

1. In a small amount (usually specified) of lukewarm water, dissolve

thoroughly 1 teaspoon sugar for each envelope of yeast.

2. Sprinkle with dry yeast. Let stand 10 minutes.
3. THEN stir well. (The water used with the yeast counts as part of the total liquid called for in your recipe.)

Next time you bake, insist on Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast. Keep several weeks' supply on hand. There's nothing like it for delicious soft-textured breads, rolls, dessert breads—such as all the family loves!

CINNAMON BUNS

Makes $2\frac{1}{2}$ dozen

- Measure into large bowl
- 1 cup lukewarm water
 - 2 teaspoons granulated sugar and stir until sugar is dissolved.
- Sprinkle with contents of
- 2 envelopes Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast
- Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well.
- In the meantime, scald
- 1 cup milk
- Remove from heat and stir in
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup granulated sugar
 - $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoons salt
 - 6 tablespoons shortening
- Cool to lukewarm and add to yeast mixture.
- Stir in 2 well-beaten eggs
- Stir in 3 cups once-sifted bread flour and beat until smooth; work in
- 3 cups more once-sifted bread flour
- Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in greased bowl, brush top with melted butter or shortening. Cover and set dough in warm place, free from draught. Let rise until doubled in bulk. While dough is rising, combine
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups brown sugar (lightly pressed down)
 - 3 teaspoons ground cinnamon
 - 1 cup washed and dried seedless raisins

Punch down dough and divide into 2 equal portions; form into smooth balls. Roll each piece into an oblong $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch thick and 16 inches long; loosen dough. Brush with melted butter or margarine. Sprinkle with raisin mixture. Beginning at a long edge, roll up each piece loosely, like a jelly roll. Cut into 1-inch slices. Place just touching each other, a cut-side up, in greased 7-inch round layer-cake pans (or other shallow pans). Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in moderate oven 350°, 20-25 minutes. Serve hot, or reheated.



THE SEAL OF PERFECT BAKING . . .

There is a
Christie
biscuit for every taste!

Christie's
1855

ASSORTED ICE WAFERS
LEMON PUFFS
FIG NEWTONS
OREO SANDWICH
ASSORTED SANDWICH
BOURBON
CHEESE RITZ
Christie's DAINTY SODAS
GOLD MEDAL SALTINES
Christie's ARROWROOT BISCUIT
Christie's CHOCOLATE BISCUITS
RITZ
PREMIUM CRACKERS
Graham Wafers
Cheese Tid-Bits

**Fresh Always
at your Grocers**

CHRISTIE, BROWN AND COMPANY, LIMITED

RHUBARB SHORTCAKE

Approximate cost—29c

Prepare strawberry rhubarb as follows: For 4 servings: Wipe stalks ($\frac{1}{2}$ pound bundle). Cut in $\frac{1}{2}$ inch pieces, discarding leaf tops. Cook with $\frac{2}{3}$ cup sugar in double boiler or over very low heat until soft but not mushy. Let cool.

Split fresh hot, slightly sweetened tea biscuits. Put rhubarb sauce between and on top. Serve with top milk.

Or if desired, use plain sponge cake squares in place of tea biscuits.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

LAMB STEW WITH ONION RING BISCUITS

Approximate cost—\$1.76

2 pounds stewing lamb	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup celery, chopped
2 tablespoons shortening	1 onion, chopped
1 teaspoon salt	1 cup tomato juice
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper	Water
1 teaspoon celery salt	3 medium potatoes, quartered
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce	3 carrots, diced
	1 10-ounce can peas (drained)

Cut lamb in $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch cubes and brown on all sides in melted shortening. Add seasonings, celery and onion. Cover with tomato juice and water. Cover and cook slowly for one hour. Add potatoes and carrots and continue cooking until vegetables are tender (about 1 hour). About 10 minutes before serving, add peas.

Pressure Cooker Method

Melt shortening in pressure cooker and brown the lamb on all sides. Add seasonings, celery, onion, and tomato juice (no water). Cover and cook at pressure for 20 minutes. Allow pressure to drop, then add potatoes and carrots—cover and cook at pressure for 8 minutes. Allow pressure to drop again. Add peas and reheat without pressure.

Note: If desired, the stew may be thickened by adding 3 tablespoons bread flour mixed with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water. Also liquid gravy maker may be used to give the gravy a rich brown color.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

ONION RING BISCUITS

Approximate cost—19c

Make up your favorite biscuit dough. Roll and then cut with a $2\frac{1}{2}$ -inch cutter. Peel onions and cut in thin slices; place one slice on top of each biscuit. Brush the top with melted butter or margarine. Bake on an ungreased bake sheet in a very hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 15 minutes. Serve hot around the lamb stew.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

COCONUT FLOATING ISLAND

Approximate cost—23c

2 cups milk	$\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons cornstarch	3 eggs, separated
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup granulated sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla

Scald the milk in top of double boiler. Combine the cornstarch, sugar and salt and mix well. Gradually pour over this mixture the scalded milk, stirring constantly. Return to double boiler and cook, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Beat egg yolks slightly and pour some of the hot mixture over them,

mixing well together. Return to double boiler and cook for a few minutes longer. Add vanilla. Cool. Pour into large serving dish or individual dishes, top with coconut meringues made as follows: Beat the 3 remaining egg whites until almost stiff, then gradually add 4 tablespoons granulated sugar, beating constantly. Drop from tip of spoon in small mounds (6 to 8) onto gently boiling water. Cover and cook slowly for 4 to 5 minutes. Carefully lift the meringues, preferably with large slotted spoon, one by one, and arrange on top of custard. Sprinkle each with shredded coconut and garnish with a piece of cherry.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

PRUNE AND NUT PUDDING

Approximate cost—42c

1 cup cooked, pitted prunes	$\frac{1}{3}$ cup cornstarch
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup prune juice	$\frac{1}{3}$ cup cold water
1 cup boiling water	1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 cup sugar	$\frac{1}{3}$ cup chopped nuts
$\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt	
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon	

Add prunes to prune juice and boiling water. Combine sugar, salt and cinnamon and add to prunes; bring to boiling point. Mix cornstarch with cold water until smooth and add to prune mixture, stirring constantly. Continue to stir and cook until thickened. Place over boiling water and allow to cook for 10 minutes longer. Remove from heat, add lemon juice and nuts. Pile into serving dishes and chill thoroughly. Serve with cream. Serves 6.

Note: The prunes used in this pudding could be ones left over from breakfast the day before.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

POACHED FINNAN HADDIE

Approximate cost—85c

Select a piece of finnan haddie of about $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. Place in deep roasting pan and add enough cold water to cover. Bring just to boiling point, then drain off water. Add 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon butter or margarine and a few grains pepper. Bake for 25 minutes in moderate oven (350 deg. F.). Remove fish to platter. Serve with mustard sauce.

To make mustard sauce: Blend 2 tablespoons flour with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dry mustard. Slowly stir in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold milk. Add the warm milk in which the fish was cooked. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly until thickened. Pour over finnan haddie. Serves 6.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

PEACH UPSIDE-DOWN CAKE

Approximate cost—42c

2 tablespoons butter or margarine	1 small can peaches (10-oz. can)
$\frac{1}{3}$ cup brown sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ package white cake mix

Melt the butter or margarine in a 4 x 8 inch loaf cake pan. Sprinkle with brown sugar and heat until bubbly. Remove from heat. Arrange drained peaches in butterscotch mixture. Pour cake batter over fruit. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 30 to 40 minutes. Turn out on plate with peach side up.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute



Isn't it Grand! Two Soups that are Homemade-Good!

Everybody's favorite LIPTON CHICKEN NOODLE!

Golden-rich, old-fashioned chicken broth—brimming over with old-style noodles, tender, nourishing egg noodles! Mm—mm—it's so good, folks declare this soup just *must* have been home-simmered for hours! But actually it takes you only 7 minutes to fix this family favorite!



Delicious New LIPTON TOMATO VEGETABLE!

Ruby-Red, plump tomatoes make the hearty stock. Then come the garden vegetables! Six of 'em—potatoes, carrots, onions, bell peppers, cabbage and celery! And noodles, too! Golden egg noodles—tender as butter. Yet all this old-time goodness takes only *minutes* to fix with Lipton Tomato Vegetable Soup Mix!

*Get Lipton and get 50% more soup!
and it costs you less to begin with*

Just one envelope of Lipton Soup Mix makes 50% more—yet costs less—than most canned soups. Each envelope serves 4 to 6—makes nearly a quart of delicious soup. Stock up today! Serve Lipton Soups and save!

Lipton Soups



A ROUTINE FOR EASIER WASH DAYS

A well-planned routine can be a short cut to better, easier and cheaper home laundering. Here the Institute outlines a plan which can be followed on any wash day regardless of the kind of laundry equipment you may have

Prewashing Jobs

1. Sort clothes, arranging in piles, putting those of like material together. Fine table linens, bed linen and towels, white and colorfast clothing (cotton, linen and flannelette).

Colored articles which may not be color-fast.

Delicate lingerie (silk, rayon, nylon, etc.).

White woollens.

Colored woollens, sweaters, socks.

2. Go over the sorted articles and remove those which are very soiled.

3. Examine the articles as you sort them to see if any require mending and look for stains.

4. Mend rips before articles are washed. (The washing action in tub or machine would tend to increase the size of the tear.)

5. Attend to stains before articles are

washed. Hot water and soap may set the stains.

Keep on hand a small kit for stain removal. It should contain: Carbon tetrachloride (for greasy stains); Turpentine (for paint); Glycerine (for fruit, coffee and tea stains); household bleach (follow manufacturer's directions).

6. Be sure pockets are emptied, pins and clips removed.

7. Set aside fine lingerie to be washed separately. If a machine is used for general washing, lingerie may be washed by hand while machine is operating. If entire wash is done by hand, leave lingerie until the last.

This applies to small delicate woolen items such as socks, mitts, scarves, etc.

8. Handkerchiefs should be set aside, particularly if they have been used by anyone suffering from a cold. (See section on soaking.)

Soaking

There is some advantage in soaking very soiled clothes for a short period before putting them into general washing. This can be done in the laundry tub even if your washing is done later in the machine. It is best to use clear lukewarm water which softens the deep soil and removes surface soil. After soaking for not more than 20 minutes, wring out

soiled water thoroughly before putting articles in wash water.

Handkerchiefs will be easier to wash if soaked in cool salted water (3 tablespoons salt to 1 quart water) for 1/2 to 1 hour. Rinse in cool water and wring before putting into wash water.

Very soiled dusters and greasy polishing cloths should be soaked in a warm water and washing soda solution or in a detergent solution, then rinsed before putting into wash water.

Washing

The procedure for washing by machine or by hand is much the same. If using a machine follow manufacturer's directions.

1. Plenty of hot water is a necessity. If washing by machine fill to the water line—in a laundry tub fill about two thirds full, depending on the size of your wash. Always have enough water to cover clothes.

2. Use water of the correct temperature. Water of 140 deg. F. is ideal for white and color-fast linens and cottons. A general rule is to have the water as hot as the hands can stand. Warm water (110-120 deg. F.) is right for rayons, silks, nylons and nonfast colors, while tepid water should be used for woollens. A thermometer (not clinical) is handy to test water temperature.

3. Add the water softener if necessary. Soft water should be used throughout the laundering process. Dissolve softener thoroughly before adding soap. The amount depends on the type used and the hardness of the water. Follow directions on package.

4. Add a suitable soap or detergent in the correct amount. "Mild" soaps are best for silks and woollens; an "all-purpose" soap should be used on soiled garments. Soap jelly and bar soaps are excellent for rubbing extra dirty spots on collars, cuffs and other heavily soiled parts. (See illustration.)

Soap jelly is made by dissolving bar soap pieces in a quart of hot water. Cool and set aside for jelling. Apply soap jelly with a brush.

A soap in the granular, chip, flake or powder form, or shaved bar soap should be used for washing.

The amount of soap needed depends upon the hardness of water and amount of soil. A firm, standing suds 2 to 3 inches deep is recommended. Use a measuring cup (see illustration).

tion), and add small amounts until this depth of suds is obtained.

Detergents are similar to soaps in their action. Detergents eliminate the need of a softener and dissolve quickly. They may be added all at once in a definite quantity.

5. If washing by machine operate the washer until the soap is completely dissolved. In a laundry tub add the soap when tub is 1/3 full, then finish filling and churn water until soap has dissolved.

6. Add the correct load of clothes. Do not overload your machine or tub. In general, a safe average load is 6 to 8 pounds dry clothing. A mixed load, consisting of large and small articles, makes for a cleaner washing. An average load consists of 2 double sheets, 3 pillowcases, 1 tablecloth, 8 napkins, 2 towels and 1 dress.

7. The washing sequence is the same as the sorting of clothes—leaving the lingerie and woollens as special washing problems. Wash lightly soiled white articles first, then more heavily soiled pieces.

8. Wash clothes long enough to get the clothes clean. Too long a period washes the dirt back in. The average period in a machine is 5 to 10 minutes—heavily soiled clothes needing 15 minutes. Hand washing takes longer.

9. If clothes remain soiled at the end of this period, wash an extra 5 minutes in clean, fresh suds.

10. Frequent water changes make for a cleaner wash. If water supply is limited, and several loads must be washed in one water, keep replacing hot water and adding extra soap.

11. Wring out wash water before rinsing.

12. If using an automatic washing machine follow the special instruction booklet. For an added time saver, put your soiled clothes in the washer the night before, and start the cycle before bedtime. In the morning the clothes are clean and ready for drying. It's easy on the hot water, too.

Rinsing

Rinsing is just as important as washing. You can't get clothes clean unless you rinse thoroughly.

1. Three rinses are recommended. The first rinse water should be as hot as the wash water. The second and third rinses slightly cooler.

2. Add a water softener to first rinse if necessary.

3. There should be sufficient rinse water to allow water circulation through the clothes.

4. The clothes should be agitated thoroughly to prevent soap from remaining in fibres. Washers are excellent for this purpose.



It's economical to measure soap accurately. Use only enough for a 2- to 3-inch standing suds.



Before putting clothes in washer, rub the extra dirty spots with a bar of good laundry soap.

BY MARIE HOLMES, DIRECTOR, ASSISTED BY MARION GRAHAM AND MARGARET MEADOWS OF CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

5. Rinse waters should be changed as soon as the water is covered with a soap scum.

6. In a washing machine the first rinsing period takes 5 minutes, and the second and third rinses, 3 to 4 minutes. When washing by hand, clothes should be rinsed until the water is clear.

7. There are 3 methods of wringing water from clothes:

(a) **Hand wringing or squeezing** in the case of woollens, water

should be squeezed gently from the articles.

(b) **Spin drying method**—be sure to load the clothes evenly in the basket to distribute the weight.

(c) **Mechanical wringer**—some wringers have adjustable pressures—"heavy" for cottons and linens, or "light" for woollens, etc. Fold the large pieces flat and support them as they run through. Articles with flat buttons and fasteners should be folded so that they are on the inside.



Always fold and wring clothes neatly after the last rinse—it saves ironing time.

Bleaching

Bleaches are used to retain whiteness of fibres which have a tendency to revert to their natural yellowish tone. They also help to remove stains left after washing.

1. Use the type of bleach recommended for the fibre. Chlorine bleaches may be used on white cottons and linens, but are not to be used on silks or woolls.

2. Use the amount of bleach recommended by the manufacturer.

3. Mix the bleach thoroughly with the first rinse water. Then immerse the articles and soak for 20 minutes, or until the desired effect has been obtained.

4. Rinse at least twice after the bleach is used.

5. Bleach only occasionally, once every month or so.

6. Sunshine is a natural bleach.

Bluing

Bluing does not whiten clothes, it just gives them a bluish cast which makes them appear white.

1. Bluing may be used on white lingerie and woollens that have yellowed with age.

2. **Bluing can be done in 2 ways.**

(a) Bluing soap flakes are added to the wash water.

(b) Liquid bluing is added to the final rinse. Mix the bluing thoroughly with the water before adding clothes to prevent streaking.

Starching

Clothes are starched to give them a neater and smoother appearance—and to help them repel soil and stains.

1. Starch should be applied after the last rinse, as starch penetrates better when the articles are wet.

2. Add water softener, if necessary.

3. Wring clothes as dry as possible, then turn inside out before immersing in starch mixture. Shake.

4. **Main types of starch**—(follow package directions).

(a) Cold-water starch—cream starch with small amount of cold water, and dilute with cold water. In applying this starch, squeeze the solution through the fabric with hands. Cold-water starch makes articles very stiff.

(b) Cooked starch—the basic recipe is to mix $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lumped starch and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water until smooth. Gradually stir into this paste 1 quart of boiling water. Cook, stirring until clear (3 to 5 minutes). Strain. Dilute starch to stiffness desired.

Light starch—1 part solution to 7 parts water.

Medium starch—1 part solution to 5 parts water.

Heavy starch—1 part solution to 2 parts water.

Immerse articles and press between hands.

5. Use enough starch mixture to cover garments.

6. Starch should penetrate evenly, otherwise the starch will be blotchy.

7. Hang starched clothes immediately to prevent mold.

8. To prevent starch showing on dark, colored garments:

(a) Tint the starch with bluing, clear tea or coffee—depending on the color of the garment.

(b) Iron on the wrong side.

9. To starch a shirt, gather the collar, cuffs and front in your hand, and dip all parts to be starched at the same time. An extra heavy starch is usually required.

10. Articles that need to be starched—uniforms, shirts, glass curtains and ruffles, aprons, cotton dresses and blouses, cotton slacks, and some children's clothes.

Hanging Up The Clothes

As you wring them after the last rinse see that clothes are folded evenly and smooth and not pulled cornerwise.

Put into the basket in sorted piles (sheets at one end, towels at the other, small items in centre).

Avoid carrying a heavy load of wet clothes. You'll find a child's wagon is very convenient outdoors.

Be sure clotheslines are of a good quality and nonrustable. If possible have them adjustable.

Wipe clean with a damp cloth. If extra dirty, clean with soap and water or coal oil. Then wipe dry. Take rope lines indoors after each washday. When dirty they may be washed with soap and water.

To prevent unsightly line marks on clean clothes put small pieces of brown paper over the line under each peg.

In general, hang by heaviest, firmest portion and like articles together. Fold sheets and tablecloths hem to

hem. Place over the line so hemmed edges hang over about 4 to 6 inches. This prevents tearing and is much easier on hemstitched edges.

Use four pins for sheets and tablecloths. Pillowslips, bath towels, hand towels and tea towels are best hung over the line at least 1 inch. This prevents corners from tearing.

Shirts hang by the tails; dresses by the hem unless they are made of fine material. These are best hung on a rustproof hanger to keep their shape. Pyjama pants hang by the waist; coats by the hem; nightgowns (as for dresses, depending on material). Slips are best hung by the hem—not by lace edging.

Small pieces including handkerchiefs, serviettes, washcloths, etc., are best hung over the line several together. Never by one corner.

Colored clothes are best turned wrong side out, hung in the shade (with a breeze if possible), and dried as quickly as possible.

Always hang clothes so the prevailing wind will billow out sleeves and pyjama legs.

Drying

The ideal method of drying is outside in the clean fresh air, depending of course on fine weather.

If possible have part of your line in the sun (excellent natural bleach for white clothes) and part in the shade (for colored clothes).

A short rope line put up in the shade is better than risking fading in the sun.

For inside drying, if basement lines are not available, an overhead dryer is convenient. It can be pushed up to the ceiling and out of the way.

(continued on following page)



Yes, you can be
floor-happy
like Mrs. Susan Etches!

She saves hours of messy scrubbing every month by letting water-repellent Glo-Coat keep her kitchen floor clean and bright!

Mrs. Etches can wash her kitchen floor in less than 10 minutes with just one coat of **Glo-Coat**.

And because **Glo-Coat** is brilliant white, she can keep her floor sparkling in a half hour with one sweep of a broom.

Best of all, **Glo-Coat** is a brilliant white, so she can keep her floor sparkling in a half hour with one sweep of a broom.

Once you have a floor like this, you'll never want to scrub again. The **Glo-Coat** is so brilliant white, it's like having a new floor. It's so brilliant white, it's like having a new floor. It's so brilliant white, it's like having a new floor.



Mrs. Etches can wash her kitchen floor in less than 10 minutes with just one coat of **Glo-Coat**.

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A ROUTINE FOR EASIER WASH DAYS

Continued from page 10

Removing Clothes From the Line

A good rule is to get the clothes off the line as soon as they are dry.

Don't get the clothes off the line until they are dry. If you get them off too soon, they will be damp and will not dry properly.

The clothes should be dampened at least 1 to 2 hours before being put on the line.

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a floor by parents

who understand boys

THIS LUCKY BOY'S floor is of Marboleum (M-R) with "Indian Head" motif of Marboleum and Dominion Battleship (Plain) Linoleum. A swish of the mop cleans it, and all the attention it requires is an occasional light waxing and polishing.



BOBBY SEES — and loves — his room as a wigwam... With linoleum you can make floors *speak*... in any language... baby-talk for nurseries, teen-age talk for young people... gay talk for rumpus rooms... They can say "Welcome" in hallways... be dignified in dining rooms... and set the base note for the colour and spirit of every room in the house, upstairs and down... Linoleum floors are a constant boon to the housekeeper, too, for nothing can mar them... not even years and years of wear. Ask your architect or dealer to show you how to take full advantage of linoleum for every room in *your* home.



Time-tested *linoleum*

For more than forty years, Dominion linoleum floors have been time-tested for resilience, quietness and durability in countless Canadian homes, hospitals, institutions and public buildings.

A product of
DOMINION OILCLOTH & LINOLEUM COMPANY LIMITED • Montreal

Established 1872

Marboleum
FLOORS

Beautiful... Resilient... TIME-TESTED



Yes, you can be
floor-happy
like Mrs. Susan Etches!

She saves hours of messy scrubbing every month by letting water-repellent Glo-Coat keep her kitchen floor clean and bright!

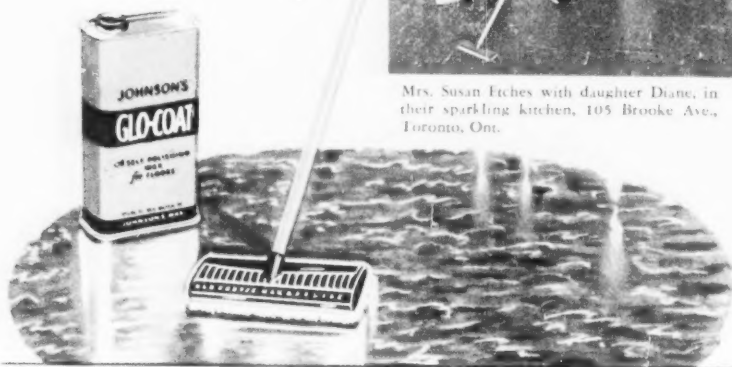
Mrs. Etches can wax her kitchen floor in less than 5 minutes with Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat!

And because Glo-Coat's brilliant shine keeps dirt from grinding in, a daily brooming sweeps it clean!



Spilled things wipe up in a jiffy—don't soak in—because of the bright wax protection Glo-Coat gives!

Once or twice a week she whips over the floor with a dampened mop. Stains disappear, but the sparkling wax shine stays on. Johnson's Glo-Coat is water-repellent. Tests show it can be damp-mopped again and again without washing the shine away!



Mrs. Susan Etches with daughter Diane, in their sparkling kitchen, 105 Brooke Ave., Toronto, Ont.

When you buy Johnson's Glo-Coat at your dealer's, be sure to buy the Glo-Coater, too! This wonderful new applicator lets you wax your floors standing up. A \$1.29 value (complete with two fluffy chenille pads that click out for easy washing) is specially priced at .69¢ when purchased with Glo-Coat.

"Johnson's" and "Glo-Coat" are registered trademarks. S. C. Johnson & Son, Ltd., Brantford, Ontario.

A ROUTINE FOR EASIER WASH DAYS

Continued from preceding page

Removing Clothes From the Line

A card table set up near the line makes it easy to fold clothes neatly as you take them down.

Sheets, pillowcases, linen and cotton hand towels and tea towels may be taken from the line while still slightly damp. Roll up and put in basket ready to iron.

This applies to any other articles which have not been starched.

Bath towels, face towels and washcloths (of terry cloth) are soft and fluffy and ready to put away if folded neatly, as taken from the line.

Dampening

Clothes should be dampened at least 2 to 3 hours before ironing or better still, overnight. It requires this length of time for even distribution of moisture.

Warm water is preferable to cold as it penetrates the fabrics more quickly. A bottle with a perforated top or a corn whisk does a good job. The most important thing is to get the water on evenly. Heavy parts should be dampened generously.

Roll like articles together, smoothing out creases. Several bundles may then be wrapped tightly in heavy bath towels and put in basket. Cover with rubber or plastic sheet to prevent drying out.

Note: Rayon and silk blouses or garments are best taken from the line damp and rolled in a turkish towel, or they may be dried, then rolled in a damp turkish towel and left overnight.

Nylon does not require dampening but should be thoroughly dried. (Requires only light pressing with cool iron.)

Any "left-over" dampened items may be put in refrigerator until next day to prevent mildew.

The new plastic bag for dampening clothes is very handy. It keeps the clothes clean and prevents drying out. When using this bag you may choose one of two methods for dampening:

(a) Dampen clothes in the usual way, roll up and put in the bag ready for ironing.

(b) Put dry clothes in the bag. Sprinkle generously with water and shake the bag vigorously. Leave overnight before ironing.

Special Washing Jobs

Colored or Printed Cottons

Unless labeled as color-fast do not wash with other clothes. Test any uncertain colored garment by immersing an end of a belt or an unimportant part of the garment in clear hot water. Let it stand for a few minutes, then squeeze out. If water is tinted, then garment should be washed with special care (see below). All colored articles should be washed in lukewarm water and

pure mild soap. Do not rub soap on material. Preferably use pure granulated soap, or soap flakes to make a suds solution. Wash articles quickly and avoid rubbing.

To remove water, squeeze rather than wring.

To rinse, lift up and down in lukewarm water, using 2 waters. Squeeze out the water.

Uncertain colors require very special care and even then you can't be sure of the results. Be sure to wash each article separately. Use cool mild suds. Wash and rinse as quickly as possible. Use final rinse of cold water. Rapidly place an old turkish towel inside garment, then roll up in another towel. This absorbs excess water quickly. Unroll, then hang garment away from sunlight.

Woolen Socks

Always wash separately in lukewarm water with mild pure soap flakes or detergent.

Squeeze suds through socks, then turn socks inside out.

Rinse thoroughly in several waters, always lukewarm. Temperature of wash water and rinse water should be the same. Squeeze out the water.

Turn socks right side out and pull over sock stretchers. Good wire and plastic ones are available and should be used when possible. Buy them according to the size of the socks or in the case of the plastic stretchers you may buy the adjustable kind.

Woolen Sweaters

Before washing, outline with pencil size and shape of sweater on large piece of light-colored wrapping paper.

Wash as for woolen socks, using lukewarm water always and the mildest of granular or flaked soaps or good detergent.

When rinsed spread on turkish towel. Roll up gently and knead to remove as much moisture as possible.

Spread out flat, easing the sweater gently out to its original measurements. Hold in place with rustproof pins.

Delicate Lingerie

(Rayon, Silk and Nylon)

When possible wash delicate lingerie before it is very soiled. Usually these garments can be washed by hand either while other wash is drying or while the machine is operating.

Use lukewarm water and make a suds with mild soap. Squeeze garments in the suds, then squeeze out suds.

Rinse in lukewarm water at least three times, squeezing out water each time. If you have sufficient lingerie for a small load in your machine wash it as recommended in the manufacturer's directions, watching the temperature of the water and timing carefully.

See section on Dampening.

a floor by parents

who understand boys

THIS LUCKY BOY'S floor is of Marboleum (M43) with "Indian Head" motif of Marboleum and Dominion Battleship (Plain) Linoleum. A swish of the mop cleans it, and all the attention it requires is an occasional light waxing and polishing.



BOBBY SEES — and loves — his room as a wigwam... With linoleum you can make floors *speak*... in any language... baby-talk for nurseries, teen-age talk for young people... gay talk for rumpus rooms... They can say "Welcome" in hallways... be dignified in dining rooms... and set the base note for the colour and spirit of every room in the house, upstairs and down... Linoleum floors are a constant boon to the housekeeper, too, for nothing can mar them... not even years and years of wear. Ask your architect or dealer to show you how to take full advantage of linoleum for every room in *your* home.



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quality lingerie is
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Nylon Stockings
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YORK KNITTING MILLS LIMITED

HONOR YOUR PARTNER

Continued from page 11

have jeopardized everything. "Darling, of course I wanted to. I mean, I would much rather have stayed with you. But I wanted to help you."

"That's just what I mean," he said cryptically.

Her sizzling exultation was not going to be dampened. "Oh sweetie, I'm so happy. You're so wonderful. You pulled it off just as I always knew you could. In this world it doesn't hurt to put yourself forward a tiny bit, you know . . ." The contraction of Tom's lips warned her that she had said all that before, too many times. Quickly, she poured herself a cup of coffee to sip on the hoof while she got the rest of the breakfast.

"But I didn't put myself forward," Tom was saying stubbornly. "When I wrote those petitions and went before the Board of Education I had no idea of pushing myself with Ogden, or anybody. Remember how the town was split about getting rid of Preston? Ogden could just as easily have been on the other side and had his knife out for me for the rest of his life."

"But he wasn't," said Bridgie logically. But she remembered,

It had been quite a revelation that Tom, who could take the battle for business success with such splendid detachment, had become the leader in a knock-down, drag-out fight to oust the Superintendent of Schools. The school management was important—true enough. But what about the peeling paint on the house, the sagging springs of the sofa? And Bridgie still couldn't see what was the matter with the bright ideas she had laid before Tom only to have him walk all over them.

He could have followed up that wealthy classmate in the next town, for instance. The man had even said, "Look me up sometime."

"He pays well," Tom had conceded. "But you go in as an engineer and wind up a flunkey. Not for me, thanks."

"What do you mean—flunkey?"

"Plane tickets, train tickets, theatre tickets, parking tickets."

"Is that all?" Bridgie had cried. "You'd turn down an elegant job for that? But I suppose it's all right for me to be the family flunkey. That doesn't bother you."

Even in his own office there were people who might have warmed up to Tom. But, "Why should we invite them to dinner when we wouldn't enjoy them?" he'd said.

"I'd enjoy it more than scrubbing the kitchen floor," Bridgie had told him rebelliously.

Oh yes, Tom had a touching faith that if he just plugged along the rewards would finally come. To Tom a weather report of "mostly cloudy" meant "partly sunny." If Bridgie's rose-colored spectacles slipped for a second he always leaped to straighten them on her nose. But now it looked as if they'd both been right this happy, rose-colored day. The question was what was Tom doing with that measuring look on his face? He couldn't, wouldn't, mustn't let her down. The right strategy was to give him no quarter.

She set Tom's eggs before him with a deliberate flourish and alighted to drink her coffee, her blue eyes filmed with pagan dreams. "The first thing we should buy is a sofa. And the first person I'm going to invite is that kid brother of mine and rub his nose in it."

"Don't tell me he gets in your hair."

"Of course he gets in my hair."

Bridgie's coffee cup quivered. "How do you suppose I feel? A few years ago he was just a kid. Now he makes more than you do. And that perfectly maddening attitude that goes with it. Really, Bridgie, you should do something about that sofa. It gives the whole room a black eye." And 'Just between you and me, Bridgie, couldn't you get Tom to look more successful? Cut down on something else and have his suits made for him—the way I do.' How do you suppose I feel?"

Tom's face darkened. "I didn't know."

Hastily, Bridgie said, "Darling, forget it. Just think, we can get a new piano and break the old one into little pieces and stamp on them."

"Not so fast," Tom said, with a small grin. "I won't know what the job entails until I see Ogden again today. It looks as if his brother's death caught him completely unprepared. With his bad heart he'd been letting his brother take over more and more responsibility for the business. Now he's got nobody who's qualified and he can't do it himself. I guess I can do it all right. But I'm wondering," he added slowly, "how much I like living so close to them."

"But that's what he liked," cried Bridgie. Her uneasiness returned in full force. "So it would be easy for him to consult with you. Tom, you're not going to let that make any difference?" She didn't dare let him answer. "I haven't even told you how gorgeous her house is inside. But I was very blasé. And I didn't let on that I knew what was in the wind."

"And how was Bridgie's bridge?"

The dangerous moment past, Bridgie said gaily. "Well, it was a little hard to keep my mind on that. I'll just have to make it a point to work on my bridge a little harder, that's all. Mrs. Ogden was really wonderful to put up with me."

Tom put down his cup, his grey eyes thoughtful. "Bridgie, how do you feel about the Lanwell Literary Club?"

Bridgie giggled. She pinched imaginary glasses to her nose and intoned, "This month we spent 21 cents for postcards and 39 cents for teaballs, leaving us with a balance of \$1.17. That what you mean?"

Tom said solemnly, "I'll have you know that Mrs. Ogden is president of the Lanwell Literary Club. And didn't I hear you say that when you wanted book reviews you'd manage to string along with the Times?"

"Even hammy book reviews I'll take so long as it's for money. Oh money, beautiful money! How I've missed you."

Silently, Tom rose and took his necktie from the doorknob. "I'm only thinking of you," he said softly. "Maybe you don't realize what a carefree life you lead."

The blind male obtuseness of it stung her. "Carefree . . . carefree! Let me tell you, Thomas Curtis . . ."

Doggedly, he went on. "But you really do have things pretty much your own way. Did you ever care anything for appearances or having the house

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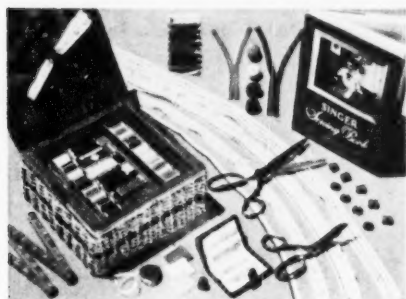
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ready for nine o'clock inspection, or
four o'clock either . . ."

Clutching at the golden dream that
seemed to be dangerously slipping, there
were so many things to say she could
only lash out with the first of them.
"All right, so Mrs. Ogden's fireplace
tongs are clean enough for baby bottles
and no Christmas tree needle would be
found dead under her living room rug.
She has help. And I will, too. I'll have
minions. Millions of minions . . ."

"Even servants need supervision."
Bridgie's heart went down the chute,
and caution with it. "So," she
challenged. "You're afraid I'll let you
down. Hah. That's very funny.
Because that is just what I was afraid
you'd do to me. Or maybe," she went
on in a voice she hardly recognized,
"maybe you're just making me your
excuse."

"I'm just trying to point out . . ."
That voice went on coldly, cuttingly.
"If you don't go through with this I'll
never forgive you. Never."

The silence was long and loud as the
words hung heavy in the air. Tom put
on his hat, his coat, was going toward
the door.

Suddenly her eyes stung.
She fled after him, put her arms around
him, pulling him to face her. "Darling,
let's not spoil this beautiful day.
Everything's going to be wonderful.
I'll show you. I swear I will."

He patted her shoulder clumsily.
"Okay. Okay."

She had to have more assurance.
"You really want the job, don't you?"
she pleaded.

"Want it? Sure I want it. I don't

like scraping along any more than you
do, I just . . ." Suddenly he gave her
a forgiving grin, knocked her chin with
his fist. "Trouble with you, you need
your face pushed in." He kissed her
hard and her heart melted. "Don't
forget to order some beer if it's not too
plebeian for your new position in the
community."

"And a steak!" Bridgie called after
him, as the screen door slammed.

Oh joy! No more hamburger and
spaghetti, hamburger and rice, ham-
burger and lima beans. Good-by to
Three Tasty Ways to Cook a Lamb
Shank. And now she could banish
forever her lurking guilt about not being
the type who counted her change,
watched the scales at the butcher's and
weighed the meat when she got home.
Had Tom thought for a moment she
wouldn't do all she could? Well, he
would see.

The front stairs shuddered and Ned,
cowboy hat on uncombed head, landed
at her feet. "Mom, where's my two-gun
holster?"

The banister trembled as the younger
cowboy slid swiftly down, put his left
foot on the radiator beside the stairs,
swung his right leg over and expertly
dismounted. "Mummy," he bellowed,
"where are my shoes?" The day had
begun but this time Bridgie forgave it.

She fed the children, then spun into
the living room and stuck out her
tongue at the piano. With half the
ivories missing it looked like a toothless
crone. Her glance passed through the
window to the Ogden house directly
opposite, a glistening white colonial
with apple-green shutters, polished
windows and shining brass knocker.

They discovered Aluminum!

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1900—It wasn't only
Grandma's cooking that
drew the crowds. She had the
first aluminum saucepan in
town! In many other Cana-
dian homes, too, this was the
beginning of a bright, new
era of better cooking utensils.



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married, she already knew
how to enjoy life with
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1950—Today, daughter's
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utensils. This "food-friendly"
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Whenever you see aluminum on the outside
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Aluminum utensils clean easily. To remove
natural deposit left by foods and water, use a
tablespoon of vinegar in boiling water.

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*Aluminum has been friendly to
food for 50 years!*

Two lavish sprinklers on the green velvet lawn were throwing diamonds into the air. And next door was Polly Cavanaugh's weather-beaten brown shingle with a big old barn in back.

The barn was where Polly made the delightful puppets with which she entertained school and church groups, and added to the Cavanaugh income. How Bridgie had admired and envied her. In that dim and distant time two days ago, when money was a problem, Bridgie had hoped to get a part-time job herself, but Joe Baron, owner of the *Lanwell Weekly*, had said he really couldn't use her.

A restless desire seized her to run over to Polly's that minute. It was frustrating to be fizzing all over by herself. But Bridgie couldn't confide in Polly yet, so better not. Polly will take the kids while I do the shopping, she told herself. But again she thought with a sudden sobering, better not.

What was it Mrs. Ogden had said in passing last night? "Those Cavanaugh children seem to be a handful . . . but of course, Mrs. Cavanaugh's so busy. A friend of yours?" she'd added, looking at Bridgie.

"Why yes," Bridgie had said a little foolishly.

"Perhaps you can tell me, then, does she have some sort of business there?"

"She's an artist." What had made Bridgie's voice flat instead of proud? "She makes puppets."

"Oh," said Mrs. Ogden. "I believe it's your bid."

Well, Mrs. Ogden was right, Bridgie told herself defensively. Polly didn't always know where Don and Susie were. Sometimes she didn't even know when it was raining. She was always delighted to take Jimmy and Ned when Bridgie went shopping, but was it really very smart to trust Polly to keep all four children out of the Ogdens' yard?

That left Mrs. Crane in back of them, then, and the beauty of Mrs. Crane was that Ned and Jimmy wouldn't even be on the same street with Mrs. Ogden. There was no reason whatever, Bridgie told herself firmly, that she should feel this funny thing about Mrs. Crane. Mrs. Crane was new and naturally wanted to be friendly. It was really kind of her to keep offering to watch the children and do the shopping and lend Bridgie things. Taking her up just once need not be fatal.

You know she'll expect something in return, an inner voice warned her. She wears negligees all day and puts nail polish on her baby. Are you sure you want her running in and out? Are you sure you won't regret this?

The door of the Ogden house opened and Mrs. Ogden, in a beige shantung shirtwaist frock, her greying hair carefully coiffed, came down the walk and crossed the street. Heart suddenly hammering, conscious of her bare knees, Bridgie ducked behind the curtains. Relief washed over her as she saw Mrs. Ogden pass their walk. Then near their property line she saw Mrs. Ogden put out a well-shod foot and delicately move some object from the middle of the sidewalk to the hedge. Bridgie peered, her mouth dry. It was Jimmy's old doll, stark naked, its horrible sightless cavities turned to the sky.

Will those children ever learn to pick things up? Bridgie asked herself fiercely. It's a wonder we're not sued.

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Still sets the pace . . . still the only wringer washer tailored to fit compactly into the most modern kitchen or utility room . . . still the only wringer washer to give you "square styling" so favoured by the modern homemaker because of its beauty and practical design.

Yes . . . the Thor Superflex is *still* the only *completely new* wringer washer!

Your Best Choice Because It Has These EXTRA FEATURES:

SUPERFLEX WASHING ACTION — Thor Super-Agitator and new square style Superflex tub combine to give faster, cleaner washing.

EXCLUSIVE SUPER-SAFETY WRINGER — "Silent Sentinel" releases pressure automatically if clothes wrap around roll. Equalized pressure ensures uniform water extraction from every item.

LARGE FAMILY-SIZE TUB — Takes less space because it's square . . . holds more than 9 lbs. dry-weight of clothes.

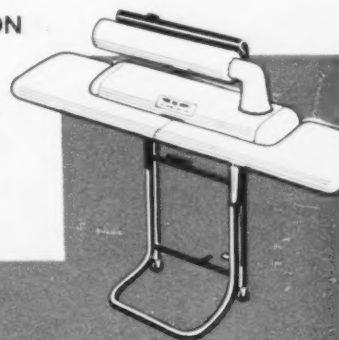
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bathroom tissue?*

**absorbent
softness
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**most housewives
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Canada's best selling tissue

AN E. B. EDDY PRODUCT

With fresh eyes she made a rapid survey of what Mrs. Ogden must see from her front windows besides the Curtises' finger-marked front door. A rusty tricycle lay on its side, kicking its wheels in the air. Her eyes traveled on to the baseball bat, the house made of crates, the scattering of popsicle papers. How patient Mrs. Ogden had been to put up with a view like this. Those kids are going to pick up the yard, vowed Bridgie, the minute I get back from the store.

She grabbed her purse and then paused. Maybe it wasn't, well, quite dignified, to go marketing in a skimpy playsuit. Flying upstairs she peered hopefully into her closet. Not a thing clean after their trip but a linen suit that was much too hot. Looking at the ancient array, Bridgie realized with a start that at some point along the way she had completely lost interest in clothes. Unbelievable! The young, the pretty Bridgie Curtis had actually been pleased to come across a retired maternity dress that could pinch-hit for a new outfit. How much lower could you sink?

But soon, oh very soon, she'd have a different costume for every hour of the day. Pulling on the linen suit, she ran a finger over her beaded lip, and hurried downstairs and out.

The garden was ablaze with marigolds and zinnias and choked with weeds. They could have a gardener now, thought Bridgie jubilantly. Have those lovely outdoor parties again. Or should they?

Would it be considerate in view of Mr. Ogden's health? And hadn't Mrs. Ogden made a laughing comment last night about how quiet the neighborhood had formerly been? Might she have been referring to the noise of the

children, the outdoor parties, perhaps both? More likely Bridgie was leaning over backward to find hidden meanings in the most innocent remarks.

"Come on, boys," she called to the two shadows under the blanket tent, "you're going to Mrs. Crane's while I do my shopping."

Ned's head came out. "Aw, why can't we go to Polly's? Mrs. Crane always vaps at other kids but her own kids never do anything wrong. Oh, no."

"Get in the car," said Bridgie shortly. "It's convenient for me to leave you with Mrs. Crane and that's where you're going." The gears ground and she shot up the driveway.

"Sure I'm glad to take them," Mrs. Crane, her blond hair in wire curlers, assured her. "We ought to do this all the time . . . give us more chance to get into the city, you know."

"You bet," Bridgie said uneasily. "Seems to me I'm always getting stuck on my Canasta afternoons, too. Same with you?"

Bridgie hedged. "I usually get a sitter if I'm going to be gone long."

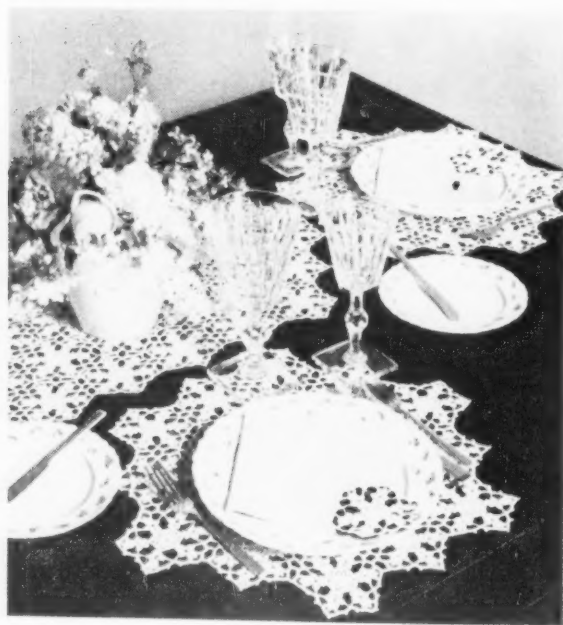
Mrs. Crane had a thought. "Going anywhere near the cleaner's?"

"Well . . . I could." "You wouldn't mind leaving this skirt?"

"Not at all."

Bridgie got in the car and drove downtown. There was no parking space near the cleaner's and the wait inside seemed endless. But she got to the market at last, feasted her eyes on the fattest steak in the meat counter and lovely warm feeling rose up and flowed over her in wave after delicious wave.

"Can you cut me a thicker one?" she asked the butcher grandly.



It's pretty as a spring bouquet—and as frankly fancy. A perfect setting for gala entertaining, whether it's luncheon for a bride-to-be, or a bride's first dinner party. If you're a hostess who likes her table set with a delicate air, you'll find this exquisite star-shaped design rewarding work. No. S. 257.

Order from Chatelaine Handicraft Dept., 481 University Ave., Toronto, Ont. Pattern page 5 or 6.

Little Plumbing Ideas

that pay
big dividends!

A little thought and planning can often make a world of difference in bathroom convenience and efficiency. It's a good idea first to figure out your family's requirements—and thereby determine the facilities you need. In planning layouts, you must of course consider such factors as the location of door and windows, placing of the radiator—and the placing of the piping to assure rapid, efficient draining. So it's wise to consult your Architect or Plumbing and Heating Contractor early. They can show you how your fixtures can be arranged for maximum efficiency and minimum expense.

LAYOUTS—There are six basic bathroom plans. These are shown in the 48-page full-colour booklet "A Guide to Practical Planning of the Bathroom, Powder Room, Kitchen and Home Laundry". This also contains much helpful information on many other aspects of home plumbing. Another useful book you'll want is ADM-4607-A "How to Select the Right Heating System for Your Home". You can get copies from your Plumbing and Heating Contractor—from the Crane Branch nearest you—or by writing to Crane's General Office: 1170 Beaver Hall Square, Montreal.

SPOUT—One of the most ingenious of Crane fittings, which has been widely acclaimed, is the *Deviator Spout* for showers. It assures that there will be no surprise shower. When the water is turned on, it runs from the bathtub spout. Once the water is tempered, by hand or toe, to suit the bather, the little knob on the spout is raised and the water gushes from the shower head. Then when the water is shut off, the knob automatically drops back. Ask your Plumbing and Heating Contractor about this clever device. Ask him, too, about the now readily available *thermostatic valve*. It controls the temperature of the tub's water supply, is a valuable safeguard against scalding.

LIGHTING—Adequate lighting is important—shaving lights, make-up light, etc. Then you want, too, plenty of mirrors—on doors, in front of windows or in other convenient places.

STORAGE—If possible you'll want to keep a reserve supply of bathroom linens, soap, toilet paper, etc. right in the bathroom. You may be able to provide for a linen closet—behind a door (perhaps a sliding door) with a full-length mirror. There is often unused space beneath a window which can be boxed in for storage—or space at the end of the bathtub for a cabinet of drawers. Up high is a good place to store such items as hot water bottles which aren't used every day. The toilet tank provides a convenient shelf; all in the Crane line are designed to serve this purpose.

WARNING—Electric fixtures, pull chains, switches and appliance plugs should never be located where it is possible for anyone to reach them while standing in the bath. Your electrical contractor will advise you on this important precaution.

COLOUR—The opportunity to create desired colour effects in the bathroom is greater than ever today, since all Crane plumbing fixtures—bathtubs, wash basins and toilets—are now available in a range of charming colours and white. The general colour scheme is of course a matter of individual taste. If the room gets the dull north light, bright sunny colours are suggested. If it faces south, you'll probably prefer cool greens or blues.

ACCESSORIES—Attractive appearance can be enhanced by smart accessories that harmonize with modern fixtures and fittings. A complete line of lasting, gleaming soap containers, towel racks (you'll want plenty of them), grab rails, etc. is available in Gerity-ware, designed in "Lifetime Chrome".

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Also—don't allow anyone who is doing the renovating to stand on the fixtures, or to place wash bucket, paint can or plastering tools on them. Serious damage can be done by their sharp edges and by grit embedded in the soles of shoes or exposed nails in the heels. On the other hand, reasonable care will insure that your plumbing fixtures will stay bright and gleaming as new indefinitely.



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Never let doubt, inhibitions create another you!*

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"Lysol" cleanses the vaginal canal even in the presence of mucous matter. No makeshift like soap, salt or soda can possibly act the same way!

"Lysol" is the famous disinfectant with amazing, proved power to kill germ-life quickly on contact!

Yet, gentle, non-caustic "Lysol" will not harm delicate tissue. Correct douching solution in the simple direc-

tions on every bottle. Many doctors advise patients to douche regularly with "Lysol", just to insure daintiness alone, and to use it as often as needed. No greasy aftereffect.

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Every time



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"Mrs. Curtis . . ."

Bridgie turned her head and gave thanks that she had not worn the playsuit. It was Mrs. Fitch, a pillar of propriety.

"How lucky I bumped into you," Mrs. Fitch was saying warmly. "I have a job for you."

Bridgie's smile was noncommittal. Why, she wondered, did all the club women of Lanwell say, "I have a job for you," as if they expected you to drop on all fours and wag your tail? "Jobs" meant volunteer jobs, of course. She said with the ease of long practice, "My time is pretty well taken up at present."

"But this is something you'll love. You were on a newspaper once, weren't you? It's right down your alley."

Here we go again, thought Bridgie. Publicity, she said.

"Publicity!" cried Mrs. Fitch, pulling the nice red plum out of her sleeve. "Just a few mornings . . ."

"I need my mornings," Bridgie said stubbornly. "I'm awfully sorry, Mrs. Fitch."

There was a small but meaningful silence. Then Mrs. Fitch said in a motherly tone: "Mrs. Ogden was so sure you'd love it . . . that you'd like to get out more. She sees you all the time, she says, sitting in the yard and looking rather . . . lonely. So when we were making Literary Club plans for the fall she suggested you."

Lonely! Sitting in the yard, and in her bathing suit too, no doubt. With all the innocence she could muster, Bridgie achieved an expression of polite interest.

"Only two mornings," Mrs. Fitch went on with confidence. "The board meeting and the regular meeting. We have weekly book reviews, you know. So stimulating."

"I know," said Bridgie bravely. "Perhaps I could fit it in if you really want me. It was nice of you—and Mrs. Ogden—to think of me. Very nice," she added in a gust of overdue enthusiasm.

Now what on earth was the matter with a few book reviews, she thought, finding herself in a vacant stance before a shelf of dog biscuits? Tom was right, after all. She'd been getting lazy, automatically turning down anything that was the least inconvenient. How lucky he would never know that her bold resolutions of the morning had nearly weakened at the first test!

As she drove up to the house the din on the street made her ears ring. There in front of the Ogden house were her own two brats and sundry additions playing stoop tag, every man jack screeching at the top of his lungs. Jimmy's it, had a fit, don't know how to get over it. Susie's it . . .

Her voice shrilling, she raced across the street. "Quiet, you hear, quiet!" She grabbed Ned's arm, wheeling him to face her. "Why did you come home with no one here?"

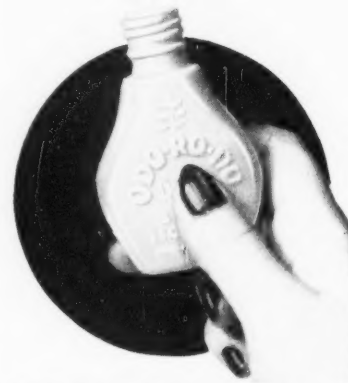
"I don't need anyone to take care of me," he wailed. "I'm too big."

At that moment Jimmy romped around the corner of the house with a grand disregard of the Ogden flower bed. She seized his ear and Ned's elbow and marched them across the street. "What were you doing in Mrs. Ogden's yard?"

"Jimmy was jumping on her steps," Ned revealed smugly.

Outraged, Jimmy roared. "He was

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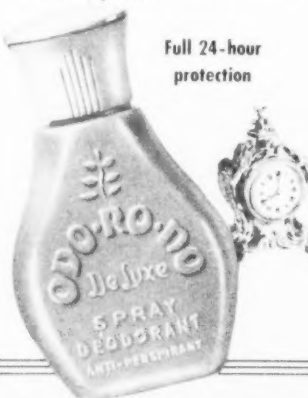
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going down the driveway—in my wagon."

"He asked Mrs. Ogden when she was going to die," yelled Ned.

"Oh, no," gulped Bridgie, her head swimming. "He didn't . . ."

Jimmy's round eyes looked at her without remorse. "She rapped her thimble on the window at us. That's what old ladies do. So that's why I asked her was she going to die."

"Boys," Bridgie said tensely, "you are to stay—out—of that yard, do you hear? Both of you. Mrs. Ogden is a very nice lady and she's not old, but nobody wants little boys jumping on their steps and yelling in their yard. And don't talk about dying to anyone but your father and me. It might hurt people's feelings. Do you hear?"

"I want my lunch," said Ned.

Oh, dear, she thought, closing her eyes, what am I going to do with them? It was too hot to settle it now. It was too blasted hot to do anything.

She opened the screen door and Jimmy streaked in, stumbling over a knobby parcel. Bridgie picked it up and read the note that was pinned to it. "Thought you might enjoy some jelly from my very special crab apples—Della Ogden."

"What's that?" Ned asked.

"Why Mrs. Ogden has sent us some crab apples," murmured Bridgie, opening the bag and peering at the wizened marbles inside.

The house didn't seem a bit cooler than outdoors, and as Bridgie glanced in the living room the bags and beach robes and blankets seemed to have multiplied by 10. She started toward the kitchen and with each step a sudden peculiar prickle that had started at the back of her neck branched out to run along her spine and up into her scalp.

Jehovah, she found herself thinking, so now I'm supposed to make crab apple jelly! I don't like crab apple jelly, I don't know how to make crab apple jelly. I haven't time to make crab apple jelly. If she wanted to be nice why couldn't she have brought over a jar of jelly all made? The next thing Bridgie knew the bag of crab apples had found its way right to the garbage can.

Peanut butter sandwiches on the table, Bridgie marched out onto the porch, sank into a deck chair and pulled her skirt above her knees. She lit a cigarette and picked up a magazine, glaring at the printed page while her heart thudded. I suppose, she told

herself, if I have time to loiter around and read magazines I have time to make crab apple jelly, dammit. She got up and yanked the crab apples out of the garbage can.

I haven't anything else to do, she continued wildly to herself as she attacked the crab apples with the paring knife. Only the dishes, the bags, the wash, the . . . The bag plopped definitely back into the garbage can.

She sat on the porch and lit another cigarette. But I have to thank her for them, she thought. Suppose she asks me how the jelly turned out? Suppose she wants to see it? Bridgie got up, weaved into the kitchen, pulled the bag of crab apples out of the garbage can.

"Mummy," Jimmy asked. "Why are you doing that for?"

"Mind your own business!" Well really, it wasn't the children's fault. Bridgie put a hand to her aching head. "Listen, I'm going to run over and see Polly for a minute. Make any messes and you'll be sorry."

It was obvious where the trouble lay. With nobody to talk to, no one to bubble at, she was emotionally exhausted and so nervous the cat's sneeze made her jump. Even if she didn't tell Polly all, it would be a blessed relief to get away from herself.

Bridgie's yoo-hoos were answered by a cheerful, "Come in." Polly appeared from her side porch in butcher boy shorts and halter, her hair in short braids, her dark eyes bright. "Come out on the porch and put your feet up. I'm facing a crisis."

"A crisis, huh?" Bridgie leaned back in a wicker chair. The Curtises and the Cavanaugh's hadn't had half the fun together they might have had, she thought, with a rush of affection.

Polly sat cross-legged on the glider. "You know that no matter what you do there's always someone who's not going to like it?"

"And how." They'd make a night of it in town, that's what. The most exclusive restaurant, the best movie, a supper club. The Curtises' treat, of course. Looking at Polly it was all she could do not to burst out with it.

"The only reason we bought this old ark was on account of the barn. Keeps my puppet mess out of the house. And it's so soothing to have a hideout away from the door and the telephone."

Bridgie made an effort to concentrate. "Thank goodness you did buy it. We



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like you much better than a funeral home."

"Ah," said Polly. "You warm my heart. Would you say I was less of a nuisance than a funeral home. Honest?"

"I might go so far."

"Good." Polly reached over to a wicker table and snatched up a piece of paper. "Would you be willing to sign this paper saying that you do not consider my puppets, which I keep carefully hidden in the barn, a nuisance?"

"Ye gods." Bridgie sat up straight. "Of course I will. But what on earth is this, anyway?"

"Believe it or not, the police have been here. Someone from the fire department. An inspector to see if I've been violating the zoning ordinance. Since it isn't a business, only a studio, I don't see how I could be . . ."

Bridgie bristled in sympathy. "I never heard anything so ridiculous in my life. How did the whole thing start?"

Polly cocked her head significantly.

"Good old suburbia. My neighbor, Mrs. Ogden. So." She passed the paper over to Bridgie. "If you sign this I'll love you forever."

"Oh." Bridgie took the paper in shaking fingers and looked at it blindly. A searing flush mounted to her face, seemed to eat right through her cheekbones.

"Why, what's the matter?" she heard Polly say from outer space.

"Nothing. Nothing at all." Bridgie's voice sounded like a cigar-box banjo,

jangling on falsely and endlessly. "But could I just think it over? Show this to Tom? After all, we're not your *next-door* neighbors." Worse and worse. "And well, perhaps we're not in a position to . . . well, confidentially Polly, there's a very important reason why I wouldn't want to antagonize Mrs. Ogden right now. I—" Under Polly's calm and knowing look she stumbled into miserable silence.

"Forget it," Polly said in a voice that was a shade too hearty. "Let's have ourselves a coke, shall we?"

"No thanks." Bridgie stood up on undecided knees. "I've got a million things to do. I just wonder, well, if you're working or anything, could I take the kids?"

"Thanks a lot," said Polly. "But they're at the barber's."

"Well, let me know . . . anytime . . . if I can do anything . . ."

You should cut your tongue out, Bridgie told herself as the steps came up to smack her feet.

"Mummy," Ned greeted her. "Can we go under the sprinkler?"

"Only if you clean up this yard."

Jimmy said, "Can you come under, too, Mummy?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Will you leave me alone," she said between clenched teeth. "You kids have been after me all day, picking, picking, *picking* on me. I can't wear a bathing suit in the yard. I'm too old to make a spectacle of myself. Now leave me alone."

"You weren't too old last week," Ned said reasonably.

Bridgie rushed into the house. Migosh, she thought, did I have to be such a fool? I should have told Polly the whole story. She would have understood. She doesn't know how charming the Ogdens are. When I get to know Mrs. Ogden better I'm sure I can straighten it out.

She turned and went to the door, seeing uncomfortably. Should she go right back to Polly's? Or would that only make it worse? Tom would know what to do, she thought. She'd wait for Tom.

Hearing the telephone she sat down at the telephone table, drew a deep breath and answered it.

"Bridgie? Joe Baron. Good news, genius. Maybe the Lanwell Weekly can find a place for you, after all."

Bridgie's heart leaped. It had been too much to hope for, working in that humming little office, doing what she loved to do, having something new to talk to Tom about when he got home. "Oh, Joe . . ."

"As soon as school starts you hop right down here first thing in the morning, five mornings a week."

It had to be mornings of course, because the children were home in the afternoon. "The Literary Club won't take much of your time, Mrs. Curtis. Only two mornings a week . . ."

"Fifteen bucks a week. How does that strike you?" Joe said.

Once it would have seemed a fortune, she could have told him. But now . . . Really Bridgie you should do something about that sofa . . . Tom should have his suits made for him . . . Bridgie are you doing anything to help Tom advance himself? It'll be tough after he's 40, you know . . .

The lift was gone from her voice.



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CELESTINE LEMON TAPIOCA

- 1/4 cup quick cooking tapioca
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 2 cups rapidly boiling water

Bring to a brisk boil in upper part of double boiler over direct heat, stirring constantly. Place over boiling water and cook 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. When slightly cool, add:

- 1/4 cup Sunkist lemon juice
- 1 teaspoon grated Sunkist lemon peel

Chill. Fold in:

- 1/2 cup cream, whipped

Serve with maraschino cherry garnish. (Series 6)



LEMON CRUNCH ICE CREAM

Combine 2 cups milk, 1 cup sugar, 1/2 cup fresh Sunkist lemon juice and 1 teaspoon grated lemon peel. Freeze until firm.

Beat 2 egg whites to a meringue with 2 tablespoons sugar. Whip 1 cup whipping cream. Remove frozen mixture to a chilled bowl. Beat until fluffy. Fold in meringue and whipped cream. Add 1/2 cup crushed lemon drops or peanut brittle. Return to tray. Freeze to ice cream consistency. Series 6.



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For scores of wonderful new recipes, and ideas that make good foods better and housekeeping easier—send for that famous Sunkist Lemon Recipe Book. Free. Just write to Sunkist, Sec. 5505, Box 49, Toronto, Ont.

"Oh dear, I'm afraid I won't have time for it now, Joe."

"Gosh, I thought you were crazy for this. I turned myself inside out arranging it."

"I was, but in the meantime I've made other commitments." The ache of disappointment made her voice harsh, defensive. "After all, you told me you couldn't use me."

"Okay. Okay."

"Thanks a lot, Joe."

"Don't mention it, I'm sure."

All right, so he was sore, thought Bridgie, hanging up, and she was disappointed. But what did that compare with standing beside Tom? "Want the job? Sure I want it," Tom had said. "It's just . . ." Just what, Tom? she asked him silently. Just that your wife is the world's best bedside warrior? Just that your wife thinks no sacrifices are too great for your success so long as all the sacrifices are yours?

Her head was splitting. What she needed was a shower. Then she'd make a cake for Tom. Three layers, chocolate, lots of frosting. It would be a wonderful dinner.

The children's supper dishes were cleared that night when she heard Tom's step. She peeked in the dining room mirror, fluffed up her hair, limbered up a dazzling smile. She sashayed into the hall and made a deep curtsy. "Honor your partner, you lug."

Tom swung her. "Right hand round, swing your partner right off the ground." He looked a little hot and travel-worn, but every inch of him solid gold.

She linked her arm in his. "Promen-ahhhde . . ." They slid to the kitchen and Bridgie waved at the steak, the three-layer cake, the chilled beer on the table. "Does it suit?"

Tom took off his coat. "Grand." He washed quickly at the sink.

Bridgie beamed brightly. "Hot today, wasn't it?" "What? Oh yes, very hot. Verree hot." He poured a glass of beer, regarded it absently, then began sipping it.

"Don't I get any?" Bridgie said archly.

"Oh sure . . . sorry." He poured another glass with clumsy haste. "Where will we sit?"

"I guess it had better be the living room, don't you?"

"Sure. The living room, of course." He passed her a glass and raised his. "Here's looking at you."

"Cheers," said Bridgie loudly. They filed into the living room. Bridgie went to the front door and closed it. She closed the front window and pulled down the shade. "There'll be a breeze from the porch, don't you think?"

"Sure," Tom said heartily. "Should be. Have a good day?"

"Fine," chirped Bridgie. "Wonderful. Sorry I didn't get this room picked up. Tomorrow, for sure . . ."

"Don't worry about it. Heck, who's going to know the diff—" His voice trailed off as their veering glances caught and held. "Bridgie . . ."

It was almost with relief that Bridgie heard the telephone ring. The speed with which she answered it was almost flight. A voice came over the wire, smooth and sure. "It's Delia Ogden, Mrs. Curtis . . ."

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SWANS DOWN ANGEL FOOD

- 3/4 cup sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
- 1 1/2 cups sifted granulated sugar
- 1 cup (8 to 10) egg whites, at room temperature
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon cream of tartar
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1/4 teaspoon almond extract

Sift flour once, measure, add 1/2 cup sugar, sift 4 times. Beat egg whites and salt with rotary egg beater or flat wire whisk. When foamy, add cream of tartar; continue beating until whites are stiff enough to hold up in soft peaks, but not dry. Add remaining sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls at a time, beating with beater or whisk after each addition until sugar is just blended. Fold in flavoring. Sift about 1/4 cup flour over mixture; fold in lightly, repeat until all is used. Turn into ungreased 9-inch angel food pan. Cut gently through batter with knife to remove air bubbles. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) about 30 minutes. Remove from oven and invert pan 1 hour, or until cake is cold. Loosen carefully from sides of pan with spatula, and shake out gently.

CAKE TALK

by

Frances Barton



Because good Angel Cake is so snowy and feathery and delicate, some women shy away from this "Queen of cakedom" as something beyond their baking skill.

But with explicit directions like those given here; with Swans Down as the fine, soft-gluten flour to assure tenderness; with an understanding of the little things that make angel cakes different from cakes made with shortening; every woman can bake Angel Food Cake that family and friends rave about.

Take eggs from the refrigerator several hours before you start to make the cake—they beat up lighter when at room temperature, giving more volume and delicacy. Remember that the whites should be beaten *only* until they stand up in moist, soft peaks.

Incorporate the flour with a light folding motion; stop folding immediately the last of the flour disappears.

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"Oh, thank you so much for the crab apples."

"I thought you might like them. And Mrs. Curtis, we need a fourth again already. You'll come to our rescue, won't you? In half an hour or so?"

Smoothly and surely, without pausing, without stumbling, an unidentified voice responded. "I'm awfully sorry, Mrs. Ogden. It was nice of you to think of me, but I'm afraid I can't make it tonight." The voice from nowhere

grew even more positive. "As a general rule I like to spend my evenings with my husband." Only when she'd hung up did Bridgie fully realize that the cool, the definite, the decisive voice had flowed from the lips of Mrs. Thomas Curtis.

Ye gods, she thought with dazed awe. That's the first time today I said just what was on my mind. That's the first time today I did exactly what I wanted to do. Then the implications of her rebellion hit her.

She flew into the living room. "Oh, Tom, I let you down. I turned down Mrs. Ogden." She looked at him helplessly. "Gosh, I'd better call her back right away. But what shall I say?"

"She wanted you to play bridge again?"

"I don't know what came over me. I just couldn't help it."

"Couldn't help what? What has she done?"

"It's not what she's done. It's . . . why, it's what I'm doing to myself,

giving up every shred of freedom without a fight. I didn't realize how hard . . . Oh Tom," she said wretchedly, "somehow or other I'll try harder to be the right kind of wife."

Tom looked at her searchingly. "Listen, what would you say if I told you that the reason Ogden offered me that job wasn't because of my fight for the schools but because he has a personal grudge against Preston? He's entitled to his opinions, sure, but I'm entitled to mine, too. Suppose he was set against someone else and I didn't happen to agree? How long do you think I could keep my own opinions . . . about people . . . about the color of our house . . . the succession of bloom in our garden . . . anything? Wouldn't it be ironic if an opportunity that came from an independent act should lead to the end of independence? But you wanted me to take the job, sweet. So I wanted to ask you. What do you think?"

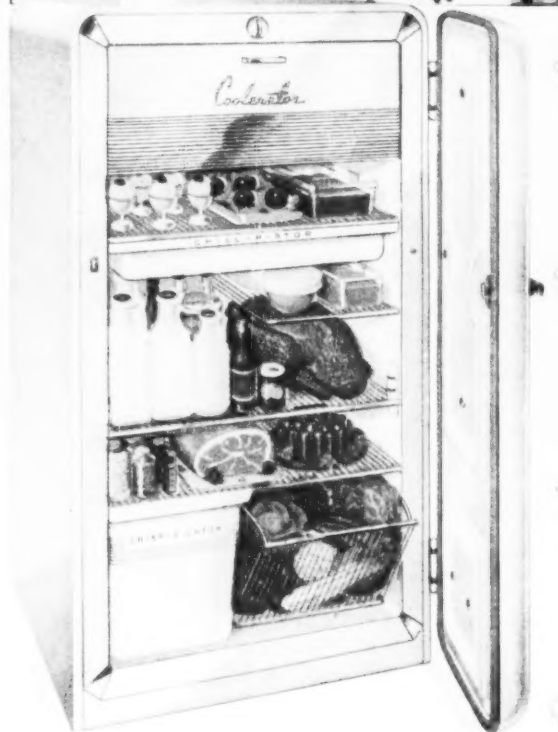
"What do I think?" All of a sudden Bridgie began to laugh. "Do you really want to know? I think just as you do—just exactly. Right down the line. Oh, Tom, if you only knew how I've been trying to kid myself today. If you only knew the glorious relief! You're, well, just wonderful," she said fervently.

"Could I have that in writing?" he said with a pleased smile. He added shyly, "I don't feel at all hopeless about the office."

Bridgie flung her arms around him. "You'll get there because . . . because I just know you will." She jumped up. "Open the door, open the windows, go on out to the porch! I'll be with you the minute I get through calling Polly and Joe Baron."

"Polly? Joe Baron?"

"Just wait till you hear. And darling, do me a favor? There's a bag of crab apples on the drainboard. Will you chuck them in the garbage can?"



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Coolerator

THE DARK HALL

Continued from page 19

with his teeth and spat the particle out the window. Four thousand six hundred and eight. His brain sagged beneath the weight.

Of course there were vacations. Two weeks out of every year. "You're looking great, old man. Swell tan you've got there!"

Well, there were lots of others in the same rut and their largest fear seemed to be that they'd be jolted out of it. Take the older men at the office, the look that scummed over their eyes whenever the boss came round. Kellogg with his 20-year pin and nervous throat sounds. Martin's eager cackle at the old man's corny jokes. He hoped to heaven he never got a 20-year pin. Twelve more years. He could hear Wellington's confident boom. "For your loyalty and service to the firm of Wellington and Sanders . . ."

He lurched forward as the bus jerked to a stop for a red light.

Funny about people and their lives. You zigged and you were pinned down to one drab spot—as securely as if stakes had been driven through your pants legs. You zagged and you were pinned down someplace else—a good spot maybe. It was simply a matter of

not being in the wrong place at the right time.

If he hadn't breezed back home that summer, if he hadn't been on the loose for a job, he wouldn't have been handy when his mother folded up the way she did. Sue and Bill would have moved in with her. It was more a daughter's duty anyway. Sure, they had all they could handle. But they'd have managed. People always did. He'd have sent his mother presents and those silly cards they put out for sick people.

"I'll only be here a year or two, son. I want to die in my own house." And that new black dress she had insisted on. It had been hanging in the closet eight years now. Hell! He didn't want his own mother to die. What kind of guy was he anyway?

He opened his eyes, blinked, yawned, worked his shoulders to a more comfortable fit against the seat, watched the broken feather dip and switch on the hat of the woman with the suitcase. Looked like a retired schoolteacher. Must have got in town on a late train. Lived alone maybe with no one to meet her. That girl with the red bandanna. The way she chewed her gum. You'd think it would make that boy sick to his stomach. She'd probably shift it to her cheek when he kissed her goodnight.

He glanced to the front door when the bus stopped to let on a passenger. She entered with all the aplomb of a tumbleweed — hair, skirts and green jacket flapping about her.

Libby! His first reaction was irritation. Why didn't she wear something on her head a night like this? She looked like a stray poodle. She'd spot him, come back and sit with him. He moved closer to the window, hoping the man with the newspaper would block him from sight.

He watched while she handed her transfer to the driver. She was a third of the way down the aisle when the driver called over his shoulder, "Transfer's no good, lady!"

She returned to the side of the man at the wheel and the man in back kept his eyes on her and listened. When she spoke he marked how high and thin her voice was, shrill almost.

"The transfer?" he heard her say. "Why, it should be good. I got off the other bus not more than 10 minutes ago."

The driver thrust the transfer toward her without turning his head. "Sorry, lady, that's not what it says here."

"Then the other man must have made a mistake."

"That's not my business," the driver said shortly. "I collect 'em—that's all."

The passengers in the bus looked from their windows and waited to see if she would stand her ground.

"Well, I suppose that's true," she said, and from the tone of her she might have been saying, "You drivers do have a time of it, don't you?" "And besides," she added, "you can't be sure I didn't stop for an ice cream soda or something."

Good lord, the man thought. She's been reading a book on how to handle people. He began to feel uncomfortable for her, the way he felt uncomfortable for the bad sopranos on amateur night.

Now the driver was glancing up. He swung the bus around a corner, looked up again. "No, I can't," he said.

"But I did get off that bus not more than 10 minutes ago."

Pay the man, dizzy, and sit down somewhere! The man in back was relieved when she leaned against the rail and searched through her handbag for the fare. His face relaxed into a hint of a tolerant grin when the compact rolled from her bulging bag and the boy of the bandanna girl pounced on it.

The man at the wheel flicked the transfer into place on the rack in front of him, waved aside the coin she held out, "Okay, so you didn't have the soda," he said.

She looked more than ever like a friendly poodle when she smiled at the driver, thanked the boy for her compact. She came down the aisle, intent on arranging the contents of her bag, sat down three seats ahead of him—across from him.

So she hadn't seen him after all. Good. He'd just sit there and watch her. It would be interesting to watch a woman who hadn't the remotest idea her husband wanted a divorce.

She was so safe in her busy unpledged

existence, bounded by the price of carrots, a weekly pamphlet on how to bring up her children and a yen for crackpot lectures. Scrambling little Libby. She seemed inexhaustible in her energy for the unimportant.

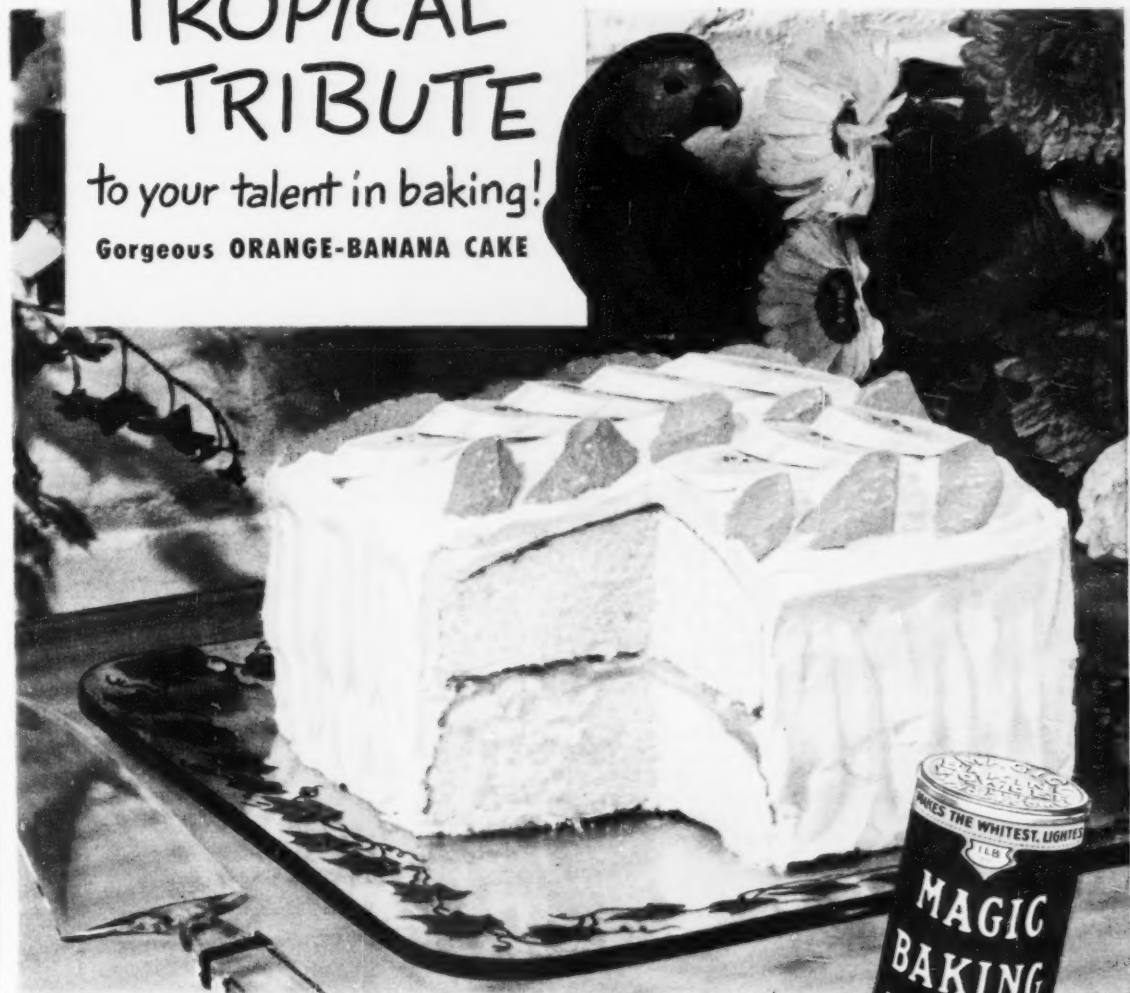
He observed the way she tested the stubbornness of the closed window, evidently debating whether to risk another situation. It was a small pleasure not to get up and open the window for her.

He saw her spring to her feet, hunch

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ORANGE-BANANA CAKE

- 2 1/2 cups sifted pastry flour
- or 2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 3 tps. Magic Baking Powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 11 tbsps. butter or margarine
- 1 cup fine granulated sugar
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 2 tps. grated orange rind
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla
- 1/4 tsp. almond extract
- 1/4 cup strained orange juice

Grease two 7-inch square or 8-inch round layer-cake pans and line bottoms with greased paper. Preheat oven to 375° (moderately hot). Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder and salt together three times. Cream butter or margarine; gradually blend in sugar; add well-beaten eggs part at a time, beating well after each addition; mix in orange rind. Measure milk and add vanilla and almond extract. Add flour

mixture to creamed mixture about a quarter at a time, alternating with two additions of milk and one addition of orange juice and combining lightly after each addition. Turn into prepared pans. Bake in preheated oven 25 to 30 minutes. Fill cold cake with orange cake filling; when filling is set, cover cake with the following Orange Butter Icing. Decorate with banana slices and orange segments.

ORANGE BUTTER ICING: Combine 1 1/2 tps. grated orange rind, 1 tps. orange juice and 1/4 tsp. lemon juice. Cream 4 tbsps. butter or margarine; beat in 1 egg yolk and a few grains salt. Work in 2 cups sifted icing sugar alternately with fruit rind and juices, using just enough liquid to make an icing of spreading consistency; beat in 1/4 tsp. vanilla.



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her shoulders, yank the window open and flop down again. Seems she'd have enough of that wind by now.

He shifted in his seat so he could see her better. The dangling feather on the hat of the woman behind her kept flicking into the line of his vision.

The bus skimmed along block after block and the man in back continued to study the woman in the green jacket. When she looked up to read the sign above her head, he looked up to see what she was reading. *One Dollar Will Start a Savings Account.* He began to wonder what went on in her mind when she read the sign—if her mind reacted to signs the same as his did.

She was not as well dressed as she might have been. But she had never cared much about clothes anyway. That jacket was the top to her old green suit. Skirt was too long now. Maybe she wasn't even seeing the sign.

He found himself wishing he could know for sure what she was thinking. He considered for awhile the hermitage of the mind, how of all the human beings in the world, no one person could be absolutely certain what the other was thinking. He wondered what she would think if she knew about the \$700 in the bank—knew he'd been working an extra job all winter instead of overtime at the office without pay.

"They're in a spot and I've got to help out." That was what he had told her. She had called Wellington a cheap skate and believed him. He hadn't really been conscious of the reason for his secretiveness when he decided to take the night job. It was after the dollars had begun to stack up that he realized he was struggling to get out. The money began to be a pin point of light at the far end of a dark tunnel.

It would be a big thing to do—especially for a man with two boys and a sick mother. Sue and Bill could take care of his mother. It was the thought of giving up the boys that hurt.

"I told Harry—I said—Harry put a lot of store by him, you know—I said, 'You can never tell how rotten some people really are.' Here we thought he was such a nice neighbor, a good steady family man. Imagine him picking up and leaving those two fine boys! He'll get his, you just watch! They always do!" That would be Mrs. Beasley, spinning it over the back yard fence.

After all, his life was half gone. In 15 years the boys would be in the thick of it, thinking only of what they wanted and how they could get it—including the women they chanced to bump into. They'd settle down, have homes of their own and the whole thing would start all over again. It wouldn't make a bit of difference to them then whether their dad had taken it on the chin or on the lam.

Stevie would be sort of a roughneck. Lloyd was the sensitive type. He'd be elbowed around. It would be easier with two Stevies. If he did go, he could send her money for them from wherever he went. He could keep a notebook so he'd remember when they would be graduating and things like that.

"Oh this—it's a snapshot of my two boys. They should be around 13 and 15 now." Maybe he would be someplace where they could come and see him now and then . . .

He stared out the window, saw a man chase a hat down the street. It was

simply a matter of having to lose to win.

"Thirty-ninth St.," the driver called. Most of the passengers got off at this point. The woman with the suitcase was among them. With the woman gone, he could see Libby's profile distinctly when she turned her head to look out his side of the bus. He tried to view her as a stranger would.

She had an interesting face, but you certainly couldn't call her pretty. There was something about her though. He attempted to analyze what it was that had caught his attention in the first place. There was a certain charm about the slant of her cheek—and the way her chin came to a point. It gave her a pixie quality, a look of childlike sharpness that at the same time was provocatively helpless. Once he had thought she would be all fire and sweetness, undisciplined, a creature of erratic surrenders. Yes, that must have been what had got him—the enigmatic challenge of her, the restless aliveness combined with that soft, almost helpless look.

He had gone to the soda fountain for coffee one day, in the drugstore of the building where he worked. He had been reading a pocket book and had glanced up when she asked, "What'll it be?" in that brisk high voice of her. She had been leaning on the counter, her eyes on a level with his, and he had kept looking into her eyes because of their different kind of blueness—a pale shiny blueness like rare china. And he had noticed the droop of her mouth, a natural pout bordering on the sensuous. She had aroused him at first sight and he had thought: she will be easy. She had been—to get a date with.

He had found out she was working at the soda fountain only because the hours were short and she was going to night school, taking art. She had shown him startling little sketches of birds with people on their hats and dogs taking tiny men out for an airing.

One evening he had said to her, "I thought artists were all Bohemian—you act like a Puritan." And she had looked at him with her strange blue eyes and said, "Maybe. I rather like the Puritan's idea of a home and children." And she had added, "Besides, this isn't art. I'm going to be a cartoonist."

At the onset he had only wanted her, then he had fallen completely, crazily in love. What an idiot he'd been! Nervous even about asking her to marry him.

She was a good homemaker, he supposed. She could make a dollar go far. And she'd done a lot with that scarecrow house of his mother's.

He wondered what the man ahead of him thought when the man rolled up his paper and glanced at her casually. If she would only do something with that awful straw hair!

Now she was reading a sign across the aisle. He moved along the seat to the edge, twisting his head so he could read the sign. It had begun to be a game. Let Continental Fly You To The Land of Romance. There was a young couple in evening dress, silhouetted against a moonlit sea. The man had his arm around the girl's waist, her head was on his shoulder and they were watching a half-naked hula girl. Honey-mooners probably. He had always liked what one of the professors at college

had said about honeymoons. Old Eckle had hit the nail right on the head when he quipped, "Boys, honeymoons are like beautiful big cages. You put the captured birds into a big cage and keep making their confines smaller so they won't mind the little cage so much."

Take that man who had rolled up the paper. You could almost see the imprint of the cage bars on his back. They got a certain look about them—tamed.

He glanced at her face and his attention was held by the sudden change of expression. She was still staring at the sign and all the sharpness had gone from her. It was a little girl's face, now, worshipping an expensive doll in a store window. Again he was obsessed with the desire to know exactly what she was thinking. Of far-off places, maybe . . . of all the beautiful vague things she had always wanted. Well, she'd never get them—because she was Libby. He wondered what she had been like as a child. He tried to picture her in pigtails with a fairy tale book on her lap. No, she probably had steel wool hair even then.

Here they were on a bus, two people out of the great milling herd on earth. Of no more consequence than a couple of cards in a pack. Slapped together by chance. And he wanted a reshuffling.

He felt boxed in, suddenly, by the seats, intolerably restless. His legs ached to walk.

Suppose he did go through with it—suppose he told her tonight, when they were in their room. She'd have on that ridiculous high-necked nightgown that made her look as if she should

have a candle in her hand. She'd reach for the light switch and say, "Did you remember to open the boys' window from the top?" And he'd say, "Just a minute, Libby." She'd turn, looking puzzled by the queerness in his voice, and he'd say, "Sit down. There's something I want to talk over with you. I'd like a divorce." She'd think he was crazy—not quite sure he wasn't joking. He wondered where she had been this time of night.

There was an upstairs dance hall at the corner of Grand Street, alive with youth and music. The lost-world sound of it drifted through the windows of the bus as the driver waited for the light to change. The tune they were playing was an old one—Valencia.

"You play a mean trumpet, buddy. Bet you could hook up with a band someday."

Ted Mahoney had said that. You never forgot people who built you up. Ted, the student body president of Northern High, condescending to chat with a fresher. Maybe he could have gone with a band—even had his own band maybe. Drive, that's what a fellow needed. Drive and the right zigs. Wonder what had happened to Ted.

Pattern Descriptions

No. 3441, Blouse and skirt, sizes 11-18, 35 cents. No. 3411, jackette, sizes 11-18, 35 cents. No. 2466, skirt, waist sizes 24-32, 25 cents. No. 3334, blouse, sizes 11-18, 25 cents.

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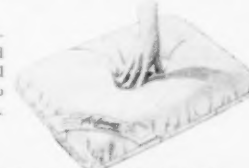


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The association with his high-school days linked onto the other memory—the girl with eyes like blue ice and a too-full underlip. Esther. Esther . . . what the devil was her last name anyway. Odd, how he couldn't think of it when he remembered her so clearly.

As it had often in his life, his mind peeled off the years and he was with Esther again in the darkness of her front hall after the high-school Valentine dance. He was kissing her awkwardly, timidly, afraid she might slap his face. And he was saying, "Thanks, awfully." And she was gripping his arms and whispering strangely, "No! Don't go—kiss me this way! No—This way!"

She'd been wearing something silky with puffed sleeves and she had reached up and slipped them from her shoulders, had allowed his hands to slip under the silk there in the blackness, backed against the wall. The puppy had trotted into the hall, whimpering a greeting and nuzzling their legs. He had heard the rush of air from its throat as she had thrust out a foot and kicked it in the ribs. She had leaned over and whispered to it fiercely, "Get out, you little beast! Get out! Lie down!" And, whirling her face to him, in the same fierceness with which she had spoken to the dog, she had whispered, "Don't you ever tell anyone! Promise you won't tell!" And later she had forced his head up and said, "Say things. Tell me what you're thinking." He had blurted out, "Oh, Esther—Esther! I love you so." She had reached up and dug her fingers into his hair, pulling with all her strength. And she had said, "Now do you love me? Say it now!"

The episode might have been erotically pleasant to look back on now were it not for the other that had followed next day. He had overheard her talking with another girl between classes. "Him! Honest, I'd never have gone with him if I hadn't waited till the last minute hoping Jerry'd ask me. I was desperate."

How green he'd been trying to puzzle it out—how shocked to realize she would never have permitted the intimacies had he been important to her—that there were girls who held out the best for guys who didn't rate.

A long long time ago that had been. You floundered and observed and learned. There were lots of women like Esther—afraid to take what they wanted from the men who counted most in their lives. A stranger could know them better.

The bus was on the bridge now, crossing the river. Libby had her head

turned away from him and was watching the reflection of lights in the water. He wondered if she had ever taken excitement from someone whose identity was lost in a darkened hall.

He dropped his lids to slits and tried to create the illusion of not knowing Libby. See that girl over there? All you have to do is follow her down the street . . .

He closed his eyes for several blocks. Randomly . . . no that wasn't it. Rawlinson—Esther Rawlinson. No, that wasn't it either. It began with an R and had three syllables. Funny how names ducked your mind when you knew them so well. Rathington. Remington—it had been an important-sounding name. He tried thinking into other channels and sneaking back on the name when it least suspected. Oh well, what did it matter?

He looked at Libby again. She was studying a sign toward the front of the bus—on his side. He leaned over, craned his neck. It was a bathing suit ad, a girl with long brown legs and beautiful ripe curves. He had gone with a girl on the coast who had long sleek legs like that. He had always liked to see her in a bathing suit. Maxine. He had called her Max.

"May I always be around you." That was what he had ordered engraved inside the bracelet he had given her. A whole week's salary had gone into that bracelet. Wonder if she ever wore the thing. Probably tossed it into a drawer with a lot of other knickknacks.

You zipped and you married a long-legged girl named Max. You zagged and you were on a bus 2,000 miles distant watching a woman with straw-colored hair that flounced in the wind.

"I think I'll go home for a few weeks, Max. Write me every day." But he hadn't gone back. Funny. If he had stayed he'd be waking up mornings with her long legs beside his, with her black hair on his pillow.

"Come on in for a few minutes, darling. I'll take down my hair for you and we'll dance in our stocking feet."

He always thought of her whenever he heard "Dancing in the Dark."

He found himself comparing Libby with Max. Max wouldn't have acted that way about the transfer. She'd have said, "Oh?" soft and absent-minded like. And she'd have said, "So sorry," and dropped in the fare casually. Max had been liquid, languorous, indifferent to trivialities—and to him sometimes. Libby was like a tightly wound spring.

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As soon as last month's *Chatelaine* appeared with Kenneth Forbes' striking cover portrait of Queen Mary, readers began asking how they could obtain copies suitable for framing. Immediately arrangements were made to reproduce the portrait as a full-page presentation plate in *next month's* issue, ready to cut out, frame and hang on your wall.

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"So you see, dear, I'll not say forget me. Let's keep it a beautiful memory we can turn back to sometimes..." That had been Max's last letter. She might have been the mother of your children; because of a zag she was just a memory—a girl you used to dance with in your stocking feet.

The bus passed their shopping centre, the Strand Theatre. The marquee lights were out. Last show must be over.

His attention strayed to Libby. She was sitting erect in her seat, looking straight ahead, her shoulders back—Libby never slumped. The way her hair blew seemed to magnify the stillness of her. She was like a marionette. Waiting for someone to pull the strings.

I don't know you, he thought. I don't know you at all. The longer he held the thought, the more it seemed to be so. It was the same as repeating a familiar word until the word became no more than sound, as significant as a clearing of the throat.

One more block to Cherry Street. He saw her reach up to pull the bell cord. Now she would turn, see him. No. She was going to use the front door. He watched her walk to the front of the bus, catching hold of the seats to steady herself, saw her stand facing the driver's window, heard her say, "Some wind, isn't it?" heard the driver say, "Better watch out you don't blow away."

She stepped out the front door without turning and he stepped out the back.

The wind swatted his hat and he caught it just in time, hesitated a moment, testing the springiness of the brim. Oh well, it was an old one anyway. He thrust it into his pocket.

She walked quickly, her heels making

light little pings on the pavement, her skirt shallowed to her form, her hair blowing out and forward.

He knew for a block and a half she was not aware that he followed. He could tell almost to the second when she was. The staccato rhythm of her steps was broken slightly—as she listened. And he called to her without speaking, "Yes, there's a man behind you. You can tell by the heavy-footed sound that it's a man. Late and dark for you to be out alone, isn't it?"

Two blocks they went, and three. The houses, most of them big and old-fashioned, thinned out, retreated from the sidewalks. There was the vacant lot with lopped-off trees, with papers that leaped in the wind. He could hear the limbs creak overhead and see the bushes bowed down in the yards.

An overhanging branch hit him in the face and the tingling sensation was pleasant. He was surprised to discover he was enjoying himself. Every time he put his foot down, she listened. She felt. The heart inside that little green jacket was beginning to thump. And he was doing it. She was not thinking of anything in the world but him. He was adventure, a stranger in the night, bringing excitement to Libby.

When they were not more than two arms' length apart, he whistled to her softly. She broke into a run. With the swiftness of fright, with both hands out, she pushed at the gate of the iron fence, swung it open.

And he wheeled her around against the open gate and imprisoned her in his arms.

He thrust his hand through her hair

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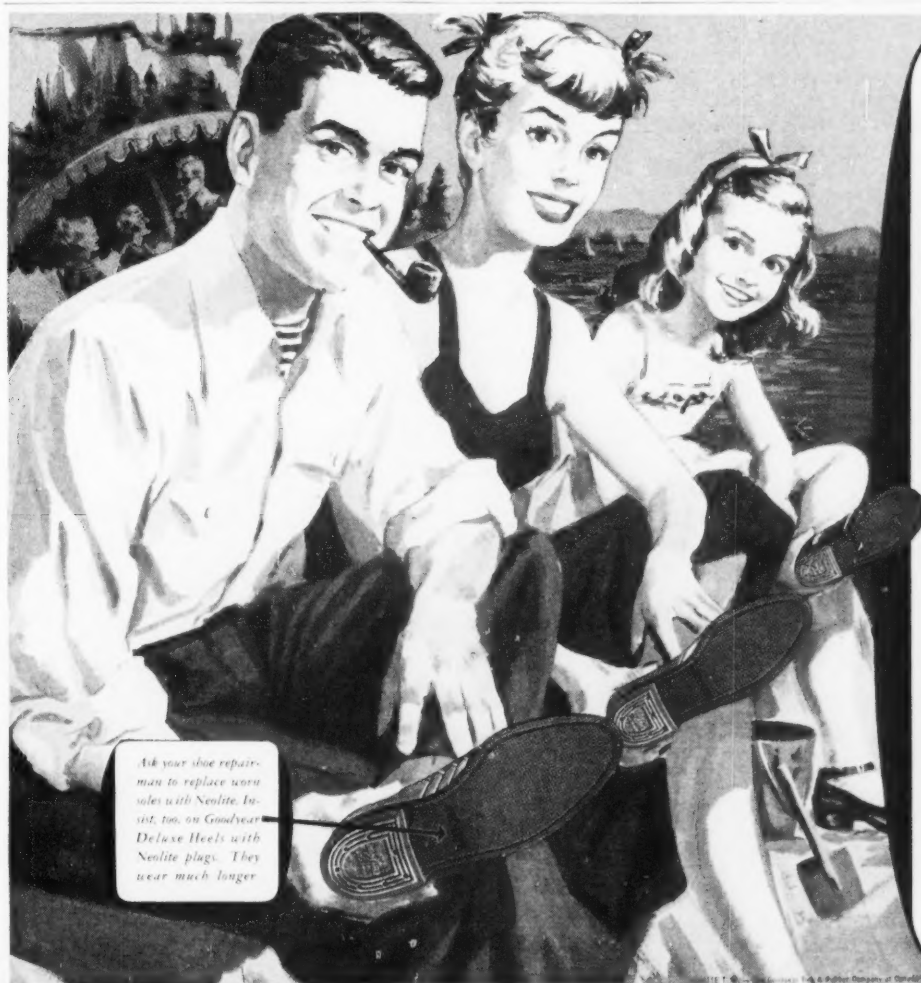
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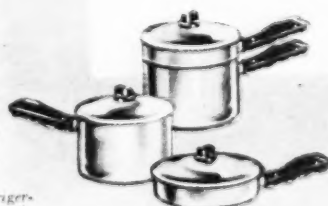
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and jerked her head back. He could see her face, flung up to him, a pale blur in the night, her mouth rounded to scream, her eyes big with shock. And he saw the shock leap to fury when her eyes met his. She lashed out at him with her fist. He laughed, brought his mouth down hard on hers and held her close while the wind blew her hair against his cheek.

Abruptly her struggling ceased. He was troubled vaguely by her sudden limpness. She was so little—so frail, and he had frightened her half to death. Then he felt her arms creep around his waist, felt them tighten him to her with astonishing strength.

For one sweet racing moment the sounds of the night were hushed—the quietness, a darkened hall. And he was hearing the whisper, *Kiss me this way! No—wait. This way! You're like Esther Rockerman, he thought. Libby, you're just like Esther!* He was only fleetingly aware that he had recalled the name.

Through the clamor within him he heard the rush of the wind again, and a shouting. And then he released her. He saw they were standing in a splash of light that poured through the open door. A tiny pyjama-clad figure was jumping up and down in the doorway. "It's them, Gramma! They're home—both of 'em!"

The figure was shouldered aside by another that joined in the bouncing and shouting. "Hi, Daddy! Hi, Mommy! We waited up for you!"

Now they were in the house and the boys were hopping around the room and his mother in her wheelchair was looking at them with sharp disapproval. She was saying, "They're the sassiest children I ever saw! No children in the city are up this time of night!"

And Lloyd was trying to catch his eye and saying, "I wasn't either sassy, Daddy. I just said we were goin' to wait till you came to have our chocolate."

Libby was taking off her jacket, talking in a low hurried voice, her head down, avoiding his eyes. She was apologizing to his mother for staying out so late. She'd been over to Sue's. She was saying, "I thought their father said he'd be home early tonight."

Now Stevie was walking the arm of the overstuffed chair and screeching,

"Do we get chocolate, Mommy?"

Kiss me this way! No wait—this way!

His foot stubbed against Stevie's red fire engine and he stooped to pick it up. He laid the engine on top the battered piano that had come from the secondhand store two months ago. He noticed the music sheet, penciled for Lloyd's lesson.

His mother was saying, "Someone's got to take them in hand!" And Libby was saying, "You're tired. I'll help you to bed," and wheeling his mother out of the room.

The boys were clinging to his legs, Stevie hanging to his belt. "Timmy caught a rat today—under the house, and Gramma won't let us let 'im in—says he stinks. That's mean to treat Timmy like that, isn't it, Daddy?" And he was answering, "Umhum" and "No" and "Yes."

They were telling him about the clothesline blowing down and what Grandma had said to the man who was selling books.

Libby was entering the room again and his chest was tight with the nearness of her. He was wondering if he dared meet her eyes.

She was marshaling the boys into the kitchen, saying, "Quick now! Behave if you want your chocolate!" Her voice was odd and tumbling, like vacation mornings when they were hurrying to catch a train.

"Come on, Daddy! I've got your cup for you," Stevie was shouting.

He heard the pans banging in the cupboard. She was making a lot of noise. She must be furious.

He went in and sat down at the table with the boys, at one end of the big angular kitchen. He watched her—across the room at the stove, stirring chocolate into the milk—noticed how the liquid splashed over the rim of the spoon when she lifted it to her lips.

"Put marshmallows in it, Mommy," Stevie said.

She laid the spoon on the oven, went into the pantry after the marshmallows.

Now do you love me? Say it now.

Stevie was pulling his pyjama neck over his nose, pointing his spoon at Lloyd. "Stick 'em up!" he was saying.

"Sit still. If you don't move from

Continued on page 85



Is your favorite recipe here? *Chatelaine* secretaries Norma Adams and Elizabeth Lepper busy opening and sorting the entries for *Chatelaine's Salad Contest*. Letters are pouring in from all over the nation—even the Yukon is salad conscious.

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Five blouses from one pattern. Yes, you can sew this lace-trimmed lovely, expand your blouse wardrobe with the variations shown.

SEW A BEAUTIFUL BLOUSE

By CAROL M. GOOD

Like to make a really exquisite blouse—one with all the professional touches that mark a French original? You can, with planning and a few tricks of the trade. The blouse pictured here I made from a standard pattern . . . Simplicity pattern 2621.

To help you, whether you are a beginner or an experienced sewer, here are some step-by-step instructions that supplement the information on the pattern sheet. And here, too, are ways and means of changing the basic design to flatter your own good looks.

Sheers are fashionable this summer season. The fabric I chose is a delicate lilac voile which is tubfast, crease-resisting, and has a permanent finish.

If the material you select requires shrinking, thoroughly wet the material, straighten and fold neatly. Press fabric with the grain when completely dry. To assure perfect alignment in draping check that the cross grain threads of the fabric are at right angles.

I shopped for all the "etceteras"—thread, buttons and so forth—at the same time that I purchased pattern and material. In this way, everything can be matched, and later on, sewing-time is uninterrupted.

Once home I read the pattern over, mentally putting the whole blouse together—and started work. First I circled the version I wished to sew. With a ruler and sharp pencil I drew a line through all grain indications on the pattern pieces I was using, from one perforation to the other. Also, if you use a pattern which is not printed, draw a line joining perforations indicating seam allowances. Use your gauge set at seam allowance width for this.

Pin pattern together for a try-on, and include shoulder pads, if they are to be used in the finished blouse.

If there are no alterations needed, you are ready to lay your pattern on your material. Make sure the pattern is free of creases; iron if necessary. Match grain lines of the fabric to the pattern exactly.

Before cutting with the sharp scissors and with the grain so the fabric won't slip, transfer all pattern markings to fabric with a tracing wheel and tracing paper. Mark as you cut each piece: a notch by a stroke at right angles to the seam lines; perforations by an X.

Baste grain lines on fabric in a contrasting color thread down the centre of sleeve, centre back and fronts. Before using your machine test the tension; you may have to loosen it for sheers. Use fine thread.

To protect your bias edges around the neckline and armholes from stretching stay-stitch $\frac{1}{4}$ in. from the edge, following the grain.

Each blouse piece should be completed—darts, tucks, insertions, gatherings—before assembling. This system is called Unit Construction and you will find it saves unnecessary handling and permits you to take the pieces to the iron all at once.

After pressing, machine stitch the fronts and backs together, at the shoulders and underarms with French seams.

French seams are prettiest and most practical. To make a French seam, pin, baste, the shoulders and underarms together with the wrong sides of the blouse pieces facing each other, then stitch them $\frac{1}{4}$ in. from the seam edges.

Continued on page 81



The Tailored version is crisp, classic



The Tuck Front for summer or fall suits



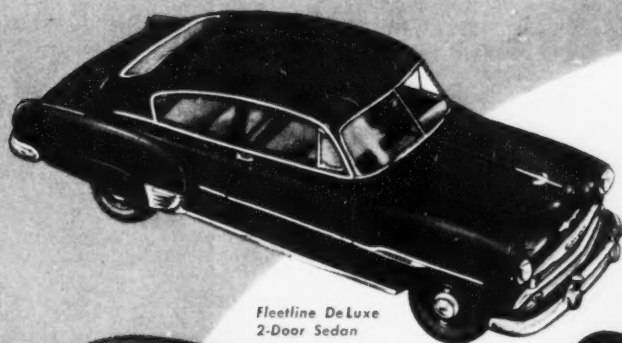
The Pintuck for separate skirts



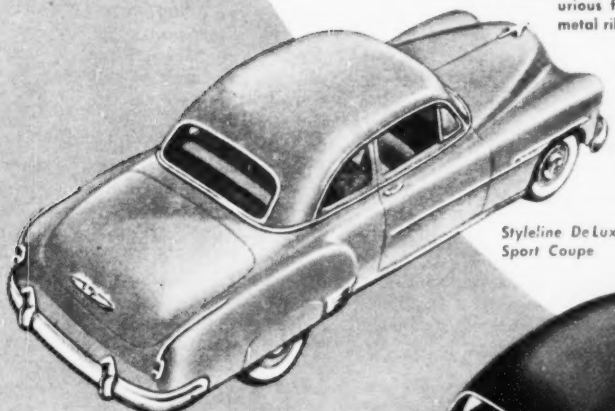
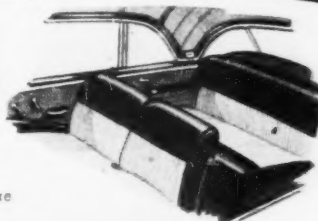
The Dress Shirt is smart, yet feminine



Pin sleeve into armhole this way

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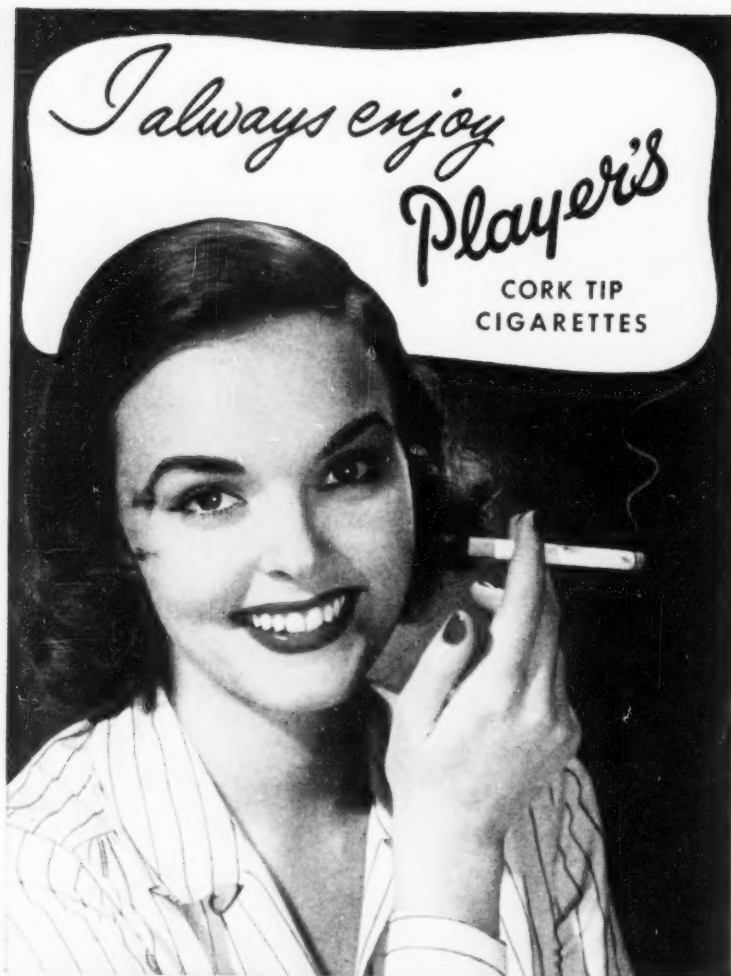
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A PAINT BLITZ ON YOUR STREET

BY JOHN CAULFIELD SMITH
Home Planning Editor

Waterloo painted six homes in a day as a stunt. But a co-operative "Beauty Week" on your street makes good sense

You can be the spark plug that generates a local improvement program right in your own neighborhood.

May's the logical month in which to launch such a venture, for after the winter everyone's interested in sprucing up his home.

Last year the southern Ontario city of Waterloo staged a paint blitz which was organized by the Kitchener-Waterloo Junior Chamber of Commerce. The way it was done may suggest how you can plan a similar project in your community.

Six typical homes were transformed—five brick and one frame house, situated side by side on a typical street. All in one day the houses were not only painted, but their windows were cleaned, lawns raked, walks swept and shrubs planted around their foundations. The oldest—as shown in the left-hand photo below—was a dilapidated brick house built 75 years ago. The newest, a red brick colonial cottage, was finished just last year, but had only received a prime coat of paint and had not been landscaped.

Waterloo's blitz got under way at 8 a.m. one Saturday morning when a gang of painters drove up. Next came Boy Scouts and members of the Junior Chamber armed with rakes and shovels, closely followed by a detail from the street-cleaning department to remove rubbish. Finally, came stalwarts from the local horticultural society carrying shrubs, ready for planting, and even the fire department took a hand, sluicing down the road and sidewalks.

Color schemes for the houses were selected by a special committee of the Junior Chamber in consultation with the occupants, each of whom donated \$35 to the campaign fund.

Contributions of material and labor helped keep expenses to a minimum. The garden tools used were donated,

plants and paint were supplied at wholesale prices and painters worked for two thirds their normal rate. The Senior Chamber of Commerce made up the difference between what householders paid and the actual cost. Here's the cost sheet:

	Actual Wholesale Cost	Approx. Real Value
Paint materials	\$150	\$225
Paint labor	468	700
Plant materials	82	120
	\$700	\$1,045
Total per house	\$117	\$174

You'll note that by far the largest item—more than 75%—is paint labor. If you organize a paint blitz on your street and householders do their own painting, you'll save considerably. It's a big job for a man to paint a house alone, but not nearly so big if you make it a co-operative effort.

You may say, "But I don't know anything about color styling, how to estimate quantities or prepare surfaces for painting." That needn't be a problem at all, because your local paint dealer is well qualified to advise you on such matters.

Home beautification is an excellent way in which people can pool their efforts to contribute something worthwhile to themselves and their community. If you plan to paint your house this spring, talk it over with your neighbors first. If they're thinking of painting too, it shouldn't take much of an argument to convince them of the merit of making each individual program part of a joint campaign. You can't expect donations of materials, but by helping one another with the work you can achieve the same results as Waterloo did at even less expense.



These before and after shots of a 75-year-old Waterloo home show just one sixth of what one town accomplished with its clean-up campaign.

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Continued from page 78

Trim, turn, and press again with the grain. Your final stitch, now on the wrong side of your material, should come on the seam allowance line indicated. In stitching work in direction of grain, e.g. from widest to narrowest width of garment section.

To put the sleeve in the armhole so that when finished it will hold its contour, run three rows of machine stitching around the sleeve cap as shown by the notches. Gently pull all three underthreads simultaneously for even distribution of fullness. Holding the sleeve right side out toward you, insert the sleeve in the armhole, and pin. Be plentiful with the pins, as illustrated. Finish off with a simulated French seam—edges turned in and overcast.

Making Buttonholes

The bound type can be made if the button is not too small. I used worked buttonholes on this blouse. Buttonholes must be firm, to protect them from fraying. Machine stitch along the horizontal line marked with your tracing wheel. Stitch $\frac{1}{8}$ in. around the buttonhole. Overcast, covering outer stitching but not quite to the buttonhole line, as it must be clipped there. With a razor blade, make the slash. Now buttonhole stitch over the overcast stitching, starting at the lower right corner and working from left to right.

Variations on Design

A. Tucked-Front Blouse. Use pattern pieces for Style 4 shown on pattern envelope, with the exception of the collar. Substitute the tab collar I have designed for you. It's a neckband cut on the grain with oval-shaped ends.

B. Tailored Blouse. Use pattern pieces for Style 1 shown on pattern envelope, with the exception of the collar and cuffs. Substitute the collar and turn up cuffs I have designed. To remove tucks in the blouse front fold them in on the pattern, and pin together firmly, before laying out the pattern on the material and cutting.

C. Pintucked Blouse. Use all pattern pieces for Style 3 shown on the pattern envelope. Mark off rows of fine pintucks to take up the width allowed for original tucks in the pattern.

D. Dress Shirt Blouse. Use pattern pieces for Style 2 shown on pattern envelope, with the exception of the collar. Substitute the half-collar I have designed. This triangular tab style is set into the neck facing. The blouse variation here has box pleating with a lace insertion in the centre of each pleat. You make a new bodice front (right and left pieces) from fresh tissue. Along the straight edge of this mark and pin two 1 in. box pleats with $\frac{5}{8}$ in. between each. Lay this tissue under the original blouse front pattern (the tucks of which have been pinned down also) and cut your new pattern around neck, shoulder, arm and underarm to waist outline. Now cut your fabric from this new pattern with marked box pleats opened flat, making sure that the box pleat edges closely frame the right and left panel closings. I used $\frac{1}{2}$ inch lace insertion on the pleats. +

If you would like the blouse variations detailed and illustrated write for the Blouse Leaflet and enclose 5c. Chatelaine, Needlecraft Dept., 481 University Ave., Toronto.



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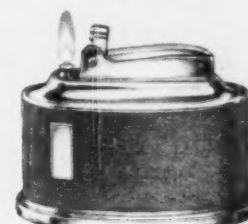


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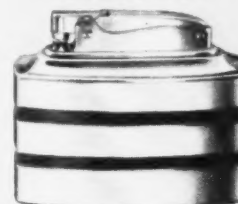
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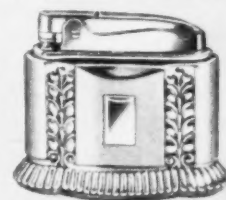
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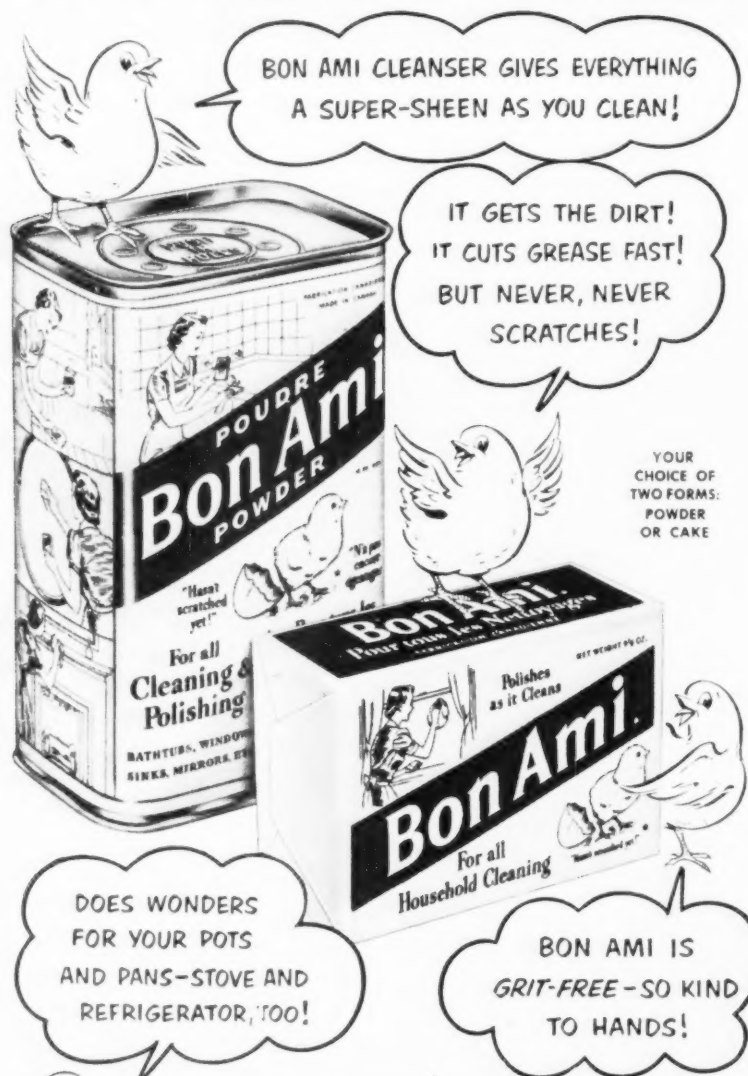
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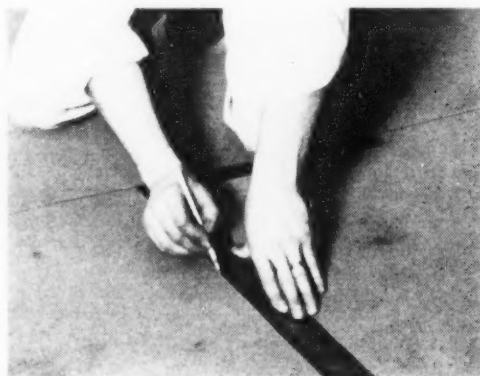
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HOW TO LAY

Lay them yourself: colorful, foot-easy, durable floors of linoleum, rubber or asphalt tile. Manufacturers' directions, supplied with tile, should be carefully followed. Asphalt tile, for instance, must be warmed by blowtorch or in the oven before it is cut or laid. This is unnecessary with other tiles; but note that only asphalt tile can be applied to concrete in direct contact with the ground, unless special precautions are taken.



Remove old floor covering, if any, and make sure surface is smooth and clean. Rough wooden floors should be topped with $\frac{1}{8}$ -in. hardboard or 3/16-in. plywood. Next comes application of flooring cement and felt. Draw centre lines, dividing the room into quarters.

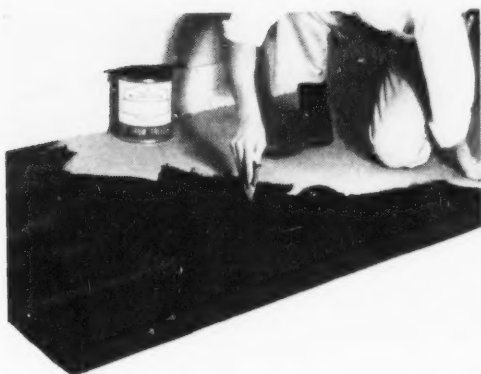


With tile, you can select a suggested pattern or create a distinctive one all your own. Design must be centred on the room. Figure 178 nine-inch square tiles per 100 sq. ft. of area. Experiment with loose tiles to reduce the cutting required at borders.

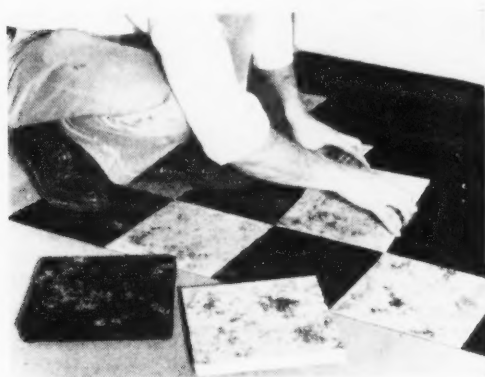
AY

A TILE FLOOR

BY JOHN CAULFIELD SMITH,
Home Planning Editor



After centre lines have been marked, spread cement over one quarter of the floor area. Then, starting at the centre point, lay a strip of tiles along each line. Work toward the walls, pressing each tile into place and butting it tightly against its neighbors.



Joints between tiles should be rubbed with a hammer head or rolling pin. Wipe off any excess cement squeezed out. Each quarter area of the floor is done in turn, leaving the borders until the last. Don't walk on tiles for a period of 12 to 24 hours.



To cut border strips, score tiles with a linoleum knife, then snap off the unwanted piece. To fit tile around pipes, make pattern of required shape in cardboard and trace it on tile. Then cut it out with linoleum knife. Approximate price (Toronto) per square foot is 34c for linoleum tile, 18 to 38c for asphalt tile, and 71c for rubber tile.

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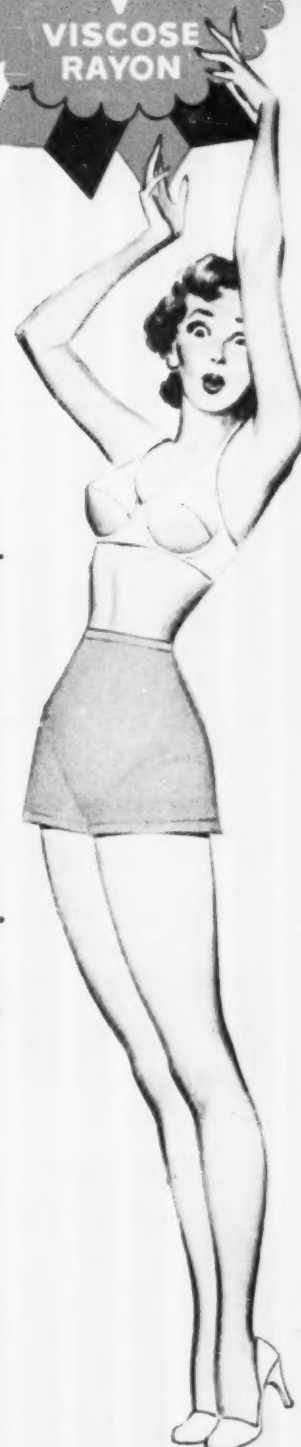
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IT'S GARDEN TIME

This is the month to start working for that smooth green lawn, to replenish the perennial bed, to set out clumps of annuals for brilliant summer color. You may be a new home-owner with a foundation-planting project looming . . . whatever your gardening problem, you'll find expert advice in Chatelaine's two gardening bulletins:

Backyard into Garden, No. 301, price 15 cents.

Foundation Planting, No. 302, price 5 cents.

Order from Chatelaine Service Bulletin Dept.
481 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.

What to Look for

WHEN BUYING AN AUTOMATIC WASHER

by Margaret Meadows,
Chatelaine Institute

1. Consider first the space available. All washers are approximately 36 inches in height, but the height of the lid varies. Widths vary from 24 inches to 30 inches and depths from 22½ to 27½ inches.

2. The better known types include: (a) The agitator or plunger type, which necessarily has a top opening—the agitator is recommended for extra-dirty clothes.

(b) The rotating cylinder type with front opening.

3. Fully automatic washers which are completely flexible in so far as the load is concerned and the amount and temperature of the water, do the washing "on their own"—without attention. For the business woman this feature is worth considering.

4. Semi-automatic washers need a certain amount of attention in filling of washer and adjustment of temperature of water. However, many homemakers prefer to have it this way.

5. Models which offer a device for weighing clothes assure a saving in water and soap.

6. Flexibility of the dial is important especially for woollens or fine fabrics because the user can shorten or change the washing, rinsing or spinning process.

In some models the temperature of the water can be adjusted from lukewarm to hot and the amount of water adjusted for small, medium or large washes.

Machines which offer access to the tub during washing are considered more convenient by some homemakers.

7. In suburban or rural homes a float valve or air pressure water filling control is particularly needed where the water pressure may be low.

One of the newest models has a device which will not allow the washer to start until the water reaches a certain point assuring sufficient water for each load.

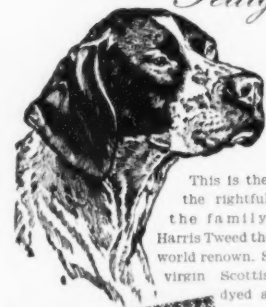
8. Fast - rotating water extraction means less water left in clothes and therefore less weight to handle and shorter drying time, but causes vibration. In some cases this necessitates bolting down of the washer.

9. Bolt-down models may be more economical for permanent homes but cost of re-installation may make them more expensive for those renting homes. Some of the newest models are practically free from vibration and do not require bolting down. This vibration is due to the fast rotating action when water is extracted from the clothes. Models in which the water is extracted by other methods do not cause vibration.

10. Buy well-known brands from reputable manufacturers who are likely to be in business long after your washer has had its day.

11. Buy from a reliable local dealer who is in a position to give service when needed.

Certificate of Pedigree



This is the mark of the rightful heir to the family title—Harris Tweed fabric of world renown. Spun from virgin Scottish Wool, dyed and hand-woven, with the generation-to-generation skill of the Crofters of the Outer Hebrides.



★ Look for the mark on the cloth
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23

DR. CHASE'S PARADOL

Quick Relief from Pain



3-IN-ONE Oil

Continued from page 77

your chairs, I'll bring you each an extra marshmallow." He got up and followed her into the dark little room, swinging the door shut behind him, so that only a sliver of light shone through.

She was standing on tiptoe, reaching to a high shelf, her fingers closed about the marshmallow jar. He put his hand over hers and loosened her fingers from their hold on the jar.

"Libby."

He felt her stiffen. She looked up at him, then quickly away. In the dimness of the little room he had seen the glint of anger in her eyes—and a wariness that fringed on fear.

His fingers wound about her wrist. He caught up her other wrist. Held them both tight.

"I've got something to tell you, Libby. Look at me."

Even to him, it sounded like the voice of a stranger.

She kept her head turned away from him, her face toward the shelves.

"I haven't been working at the office late. I've been holding down a night job."

Still she would not turn her head.

"I've saved \$700, Libby. I was saving it as a surprise—so we could go away a few weeks—just us. Sue could stay with mother and the boys. We could go almost right away, Libby. The work's slack. I'll ask about time off—tomorrow."

She was looking at him now. Even in the gloom he could see the bright blueness of her eyes.

He was conscious of the tap, tapping of a branch against the pantry window. In the quiet it was like the hollow beat of his loneliness, complaining to be let in again. He thought of the moment outside in the wind, of the newness and strangeness locked in his arms. It was there in the room—the newness—alive, quivering to flee. He'd have to fight to keep it—not let it escape into the commonplace.

He considered swiftly what he would be saying as her husband, as the father of her children. "How about it—aren't you glad?" or "Don't you want to go?"

All at once he felt awkward, afraid. He would sound like a ham poet. Like a fool. No. That was what her husband would be thinking.

He dropped her wrists and stood motionless, looking down at her in the half-light.

"You are very beautiful standing there," he said softly. "Your eyes are the bluest, most mysterious eyes in the world. Say things, darling, tell me what you're thinking."

She was staring at him curiously, head lowered, underlip caught by her teeth.

If she said, "What's come over you tonight?" If she said anything like that—he would lose her.

Something else now. Something strange and startling.

"You are the woman I love, Libby."

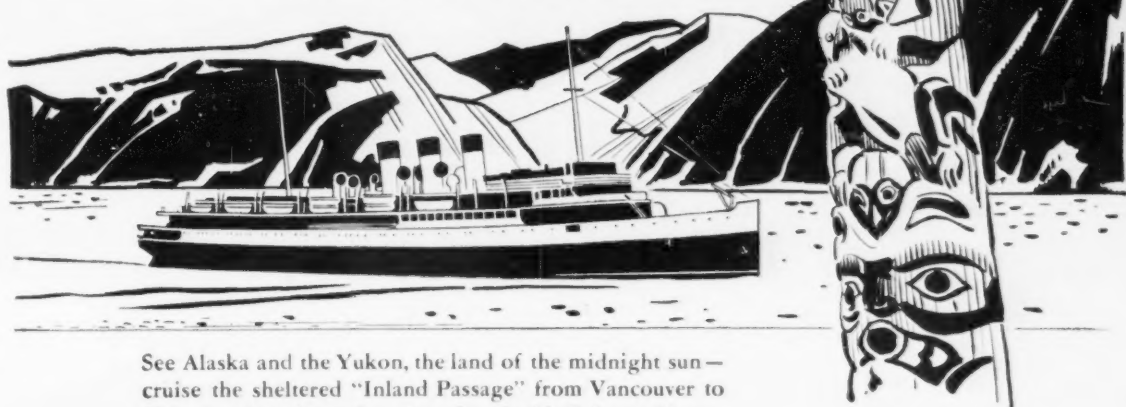
She was in his arms, her hands in his hair, pulling his head down to hers. And he was holding his neck rigid, looking deep into her eyes, resisting her.

"Tell me," he whispered. "What are you thinking? Say it."

"I love you so! Oh, I love you so!"

He could feel the wetness of her tears upon his face, and from a great distance he could hear the wind rattling the windowpanes, and Stevie shouting, "Hey, somebody. Watch the chocolate." +

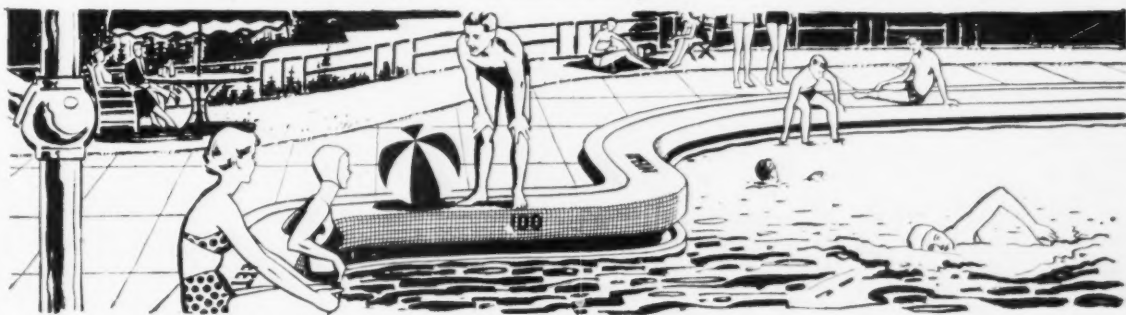
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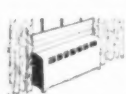
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48. Hot water provides dependable heating. Units used to transfer heat from water to the air are either radiators or convector-radiators. Latter circulates hot water through a small tube to which are attached a series of thin metal fins. The water heats them. They, in turn, warm the air passing between. The convector may be encased in a cabinet or recessed wholly or partially in the wall.

50. In planning a heating system using coal or coke it's advisable to consider arrangements for efficient fuel delivery and ash removal. See that the bin is accessible from the driveway, the furnace room located next to the bin. The ash cans may be placed on the driveway through an airway. For oil heating, tank may be put in the basement or buried outside.



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INVASION

Continued from page 17

"No, madam, we haven't converted your hair dryer yet," apologized the Hydro man. "Pump? . . . Nope, don't know anything about that . . ."

The new waterworks eventually arrived after seven pumpless, bathless weeks.

Delays like this usually occur because the equipment is an odd or unusual model difficult to replace. One north London home was left with a motorless kitchen ventilating fan for just a few days, in stilling weather last July. The motor arrived on schedule but wouldn't fit. Hydro ordered another but when two weeks later the same misfit motor came back again the kitchen temperature hit 90, the housewife's considerably higher. Hydro took a month to try another motor, but the fan still wouldn't fan . . . November came and the first snow was flying before Hydro and manufacturer finally got the ventilator operating.

Hydro Chairman Robert H. Saunders himself confessed to a luncheon audience last year: "The heroes of Operation Changeover are the housewives." The next mail brought him a package from one of his heroines, an East York township housewife. It was a cake, charred to a lump of crackly charcoal. Chairman Saunders' Hydro men had converted the timer on her stove, and here, her letter declared bitterly, was an illustration of what his fancy 60-cycle current was doing to her baking.

One burned cake can be a domestic tragedy, but it palls before the experience of a London bakery crew who stood helplessly by and watched 1,200 loaves of bread bake to cinders when a short circuit cut off a new 60-cycle line and sabotaged mechanical equipment without which the bread couldn't be removed from the still hot ovens.

Hydro hadn't been in the conversion business long before it foresightedly began setting up special 24-hour telephone switchboard service to handle the inevitable complaints.

One London householder called about two a.m. to bellow, "My stoker cuts in every two or three minutes. The furnace is full of coal now, it's hotter than a volcano yet that blasted stoker who changed is still pushing in more coal! I've got all the windows and doors open but the house is like an oven."

"And when my wife went next door to cool off," the irate one roared, "she darn near froze because the oil burner I converted in that house has quit working entirely."

Then there was the Sarnia music lover who complained mildly that her record player had been running too fast since conversion: "When I play Ave Maria it sounds like the Beer Barrel Polka."

Never before has Ontario's hydro-electric system, hitherto famous for its smooth unruffled operation, cut up so many mischievous capers. The temporary maze of 25-cycle and 60-cycle lines operating in London during conversion of that city has produced so many technical headaches that the city suffered 19 power blackouts in seven months, one lasting seven-and-a-half hours. Three power failures occurred one January week end and thousands of families ate half-cooked Sunday dinners.

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When evening church services were suddenly blacked out on an earlier Sunday, Archdeacon C. W. Foreman remarked from his darkened pulpit at Cronyn Memorial Anglican Church that "Apparently some Anglicans are finding conversion difficult."

But the one blackout story Hydro would most like to forget occurred when power cut out in south London last December. Engineers looked feverishly for the cause and one substation attendant thought he'd found it—an open switch which, according to all the rules he knew, was supposed to be closed. So he closed it. This act sent 25-cycle current sizzling back into an area that had just been painstakingly converted to 60-cycles that morning and 50 London homes started to steam gently at the caves.

For if you run a 60-cycle current into a 25-cycle motor, the motor merely turns over so feebly that it couldn't beat an egg. But if you put a 25-cycle current through a 60-cycle motor, in two minutes it's smoking like a Havana cigar and in five it's on fire. And here was 25-cycle power crackling hell-bent through the shiny new 60-cycle equipment in a whole street of south London homes. The lights on Hydro's complaint switchboard started flashing like a Christmas tree.

"My kitchen's full of smoke. What's wrong?"

"My frig is heating up like an oven!"

"My record player is running like a house afire . . . wait . . . it is on fire!"

Two women dunked smoking record players into the bathtub, and an embarrassing total of 157 appliances were damaged seriously enough to need repairs before Hydro pulled the switch.

Less serious if almost as disconcerting was what happened when the village of Woodbridge had to be put temporarily on 62½-cycle power instead of 60-cycle, for technical reasons, and 60-cycle clocks gained five minutes every two hours. That week in Woodbridge many a housewife got dinner ready in mid-afternoon and a group of citizens turned up for an evening meeting before the janitor had arrived to start the fire in the community hall.

The truth is, however, Hydro is flooded with bouquets and thank-yous as well as grumbles and curses. Actually, the job is going more smoothly than the engineers dared hope, and for every complaint there are a dozen satisfied customers. At every conversion office a couple of stenographers are kept busy acknowledging letters of thanks from businesses and householders who are pleased with the job Hydro has done.

Hydro's headaches aren't helped any by the fact that most housewives understandably don't know a cycle from a cyclotron and have only the haziest idea what conversion is all about. A Scarborough township housewife told change-over technicians they could convert her husband's power saw to 60-cycle but she wouldn't let them tinker with her new frig. The frig worked fine on 25-cycle and the flicker in the lights didn't bother her a bit, so thanks very much but she'd just keep everything the way it was. Conversion of 200 Scarborough homes was held up 24 hours while a senior official hustled out to explain that Hydro couldn't run a special line 90 miles from Queenston power plant just to bring her old-fashioned power.

Another Scarborough woman saw no

sense staying home to let hydro men in on conversion day since she had only one appliance for altering. So she left a note instructing them to "put the extra 35 cycles in the milk box" and her husband would take care of them.

Thirty-five cycles one way or the other—what's the difference?

Electricity flows along wires much as water flows through a pipe, except that electricity must flow right through the clock or stove it runs and returns where it came from, thus completing the circuit. Electricity from a battery flows always in the same direction, out one wire and back the other, and is thus called "direct current." Electricity from a powerhouse generator flows one way, then the other, in an "alternating current." If it changes direction 50 times a second it is said to complete 25 cycles each second; if it changes direction 120 times a second that makes it a 60-cycle current.

Most electric light supplied to homes and factories is of the alternating variety, but light and heat-producing appliances—lamps, irons, toasters—get along fine on either the outmoded 25-cycle or the improved 60-cycle brand.

Some small electric motors—as in most sewing machines and vacuum cleaners—will work fine on either frequency. But every electric clock, furnace damper control, fluorescent light, home workshop motor, record player, refrigerator, oil burner, stoker, washer and stove or furnace thermostat has to have vital alterations.

Many housewives are bewildered by the distinction as to which appliances require conversion and which don't. At

Sarnia, the first city to be changed over, one woman customer felt hurt when conversion men refused even to look at her car radio to see whether it needed conversion. Another declared that her husband would be hopping mad when he discovered that conversion crews had put a new motor on his basement lathe but ignored his outboard motor. "He hardly ever uses the lathe, but he just loves that outboard motor."

But despite all the greasy thumbprints on the furniture (conversion squads do sweep up any mess they create), clocks that run too fast, record players that run backward and refrigerators that temporarily won't run at all, Hydro's changeover gangs are the closest thing to a real-life Santa Claus that Southern Ontario housewives will ever see. They toss old electric clocks and washer motors on the scrap heap and hand out brand-new ones scot free, because that's cheaper than rebuilding the old ones. If madam wants a clock considerably better than the one she's turning in, she can have it by paying about half its retail value. Hydro buys its clocks a carload at a time, gets a bargain rate, and lets owners of 25-cycle clocks have them at the same price—less the \$3 or so it would cost Hydro to convert the old clock to 60-cycle. Said one London woman who walked away from Hydro's clock exchange with a \$25 clock for \$11.75, "Hydro can have a conversion at my house every week."

A few old appliances can't be converted because parts are no longer available. Hydro sometimes installs new record players in old cabinets for nothing, and will take one old-model non-convertible ironer and \$55, in return for a new \$204 model.

Hydro knows it's being outfoxed on some of these deals by home-front sharpies. As long as an appliance is giving service, no matter how poorly, Hydro is obliged to convert it. Electric refrigerators stored down cellar are tinkered into some sort of running condition, whereupon conversion men find the old-timer chugging along beside a purring new model in the kitchen. They have to put new motors in both, and for a while newspapers are flooded with "frig for sale" advertisements.

One amateur London electrician made himself a crude electric clock encased in a cigar box with a rough clock dial painted on the front, and turned it in at Hydro's clock exchange. But the cigar-box clock did tell time so Hydro forked over a new \$7.50 clock in exchange.

Yet despite its big-heartedness, Hydro continues to get blamed for everything that goes wrong in any conversion area. A Sarnia woman brought Hydro men on the run to find out why her renovated stoker was putting her fire out, when all the time she was smothering the flames by trying to burn garbage in her furnace. Conversion crews don't touch radios (except one old push-button model) but should a radio develop a squawk after the little red trucks have passed down the street the lights flicker on Hydro's complaint switchboard.

And then there was the Lambton county farmer who threatened to sue Hydro for damages when his dairy herd went dry. Hydro had converted his milking machine, he said, and it was as plain as the nose on a Holstein's face that his cows just weren't built to operate on 60-cycles. +

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TOWARD THE STARS

Continued from page 9

"Lovely moments, these last in a full-bodied day," Ann thought, identifying the lingering hint of sun-warmed box back of her and the first drift of nightstock coming down slope from the garden near the house.

"The lake," she thought, looking at it with sudden recognition, "is like a polished tray with Martie for a design."

It wasn't much of a lake really. In fact it wasn't a lake at all; it was nothing but an overgrown pond, yet big enough for the three men in a tub to have a line sail.

"They could, you know," Martie said when it first struck his consciousness as something to be appraised.

"They certainly could," Ann agreed.

A ruffling in the leaves of the big maple some distance from Ann drew her eye and made her smile; the smile turned Ann's rather plain face into something not at all plain. The ruffling subsided but a tree branch swayed to show where it had been. The smile on Ann's face widened. It was Josephine, waiting for dusk before she came down.

"She sees me," Ann thought, her blue eyes still lighted, but the lift of her lips gone. She wished Bill could get home earlier to enjoy this time of day. He worked so hard with his regular term classes, and now summer school on top of them. Something of the pleasure in the moment went out of it for Ann but she called, "I hear Josephine!"

Her voice made her son look back at her, then up at the big maple.

"Her babies'll be a week old tomorrow," he called back. "Old Dave says she had 'em last Wednesday."

"Dave would know," Ann called in return. "He's been watching her 10 years." Ann's eyes lifted again toward the high tree where Josephine, a little racoon, lived in a hollow.

"I've been watching her 10 years, too," Martie announced coming out of the water, his voice holding a proprietary claim equal with Dave's.

"Yes, but you were just a baby," Ann said, "and Dave was an old man then."

"But he could only watch Josephine 10 years," Martie insisted, "because she's only lived here that long." He sat on the grass beside his mother, his legs and feet shining and wet, the net he had been dipping minnows with, limp in its hoop.

Ann looked at him, thinking, "If he doesn't fill out when he's grown he'll make an Ichabod Crane of a man. His feet are a mile long," for the narrow bare ones flattened in the grass. "And how he loves to argue. He's like a crab on a point if he thinks he's right. Probably he like Bill committed to the spirit of belief."

"Ten years," he repeated firmly.

Ann let that pass and studied her son; his blond brown hair stubby as cut wheat, tanned skin smooth and free of freckles, blue eyes serious with a fan of exquisite lash. It was an unhardened small boy's face whose mobile mouth betrayed great sensitivity. What was there about the young that got you by the throat if you let it? Perhaps the eagerness of aims too often directed toward disappointment.

Ann checked her sigh.

"Catch any?" for the net.

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"Let 'em go," Martie said. Then after a moment's quiet. "Say, have we got any more of those peanut butter cookies?"

"A couple of moldy ones," Ann said. Martie grinned. He'd watched his mother bake them yesterday afternoon.

He left his net on the grass beside her. He would be back to watch for Josephine.

A bough on the maple bent gently.

"Not dark enough yet, Joe," Ann called to the tree.

The leaves stirred as if in answer.

"I think she likes us," Ann thought.

"But then I suppose she should," recalling the continuous flow of food offered her.

"Maybe Josephine would like some of this," someone would suggest, leaving an experimental cache of summer squash at the roots of the maple.

Martie even left an ice-cream cone one time when he read coons ate them.

"I think it's skunks that do," his father said.

"Maybe they do, but coons do too,"

Martie insisted firmly and bought an empty cone for three cents and filled it with ice cream the next time they had it. But though he stuck the cone upright in a hole he made in a small box, he found it there next morning with the ice cream melted.

"They probably have to learn how," he said, struggling with his disappointment. Though the imprint of Josephine's paws after a snow—like a baby's hands—made you feel she should know how at once.

Martie was so slow in coming back Ann knew he was rounding out his snack with a bowl of raspberries and milk.

Her glance dropped to the newspaper on the grass and stayed sombrely on the front page map until in place of its printed areas she saw actual roads where boys in uniform slogged. Young boys Bill might have taught—like Roddy Kent who spent a Saturday with them and was such fun, and Bob Feldbaum who thanked Bill for opening new vistas. Boys who carried their chance for a small private world loosely in their pockets—each with its dream of the future: job, girl to love—maybe already loved, children like Martie.

Two uncontrollable tears slipped from Ann's eyes to her cheeks like terminal drops on a branch after rain, bringing to mind a moment out of her own little world one Sunday just before spring broke. It had been raining hard and stopped, and Bill and Martie and she toured the grounds looking for first signs. Ann remembered the air like water on her face and the smell of soaked earth. Martie's hands, red with cold, pushed aside a "logger's jam" of last year's twigs on the edge of the lake to lift a web of frog eggs for them to see. It was then the moment locked itself around them as something unforgettable, something permanent, to be remembered as long as life, as long as time. Bill, tall and angular, intent on the eggs, the joy of discovery in Martie's eyes; the three of them safe together. A memorable moment because it held the comforting renewal of familiar things, spring's upturn coming as it should, backed by the certainty of fire and food and a roof that was their own.

She didn't hear Martie until he let himself down on the grass beside her.

"Who saw Josephine first that time she came?" he asked.

"Old Dave."

"Why didn't you?"

"Because Dave did."

"No, but why?"

"Because Dave works out of doors and watches things. He's also old and alone, and may have been looking for company. I had you and Dad to take care of. When you're my age you don't sit looking for things—they look for you."

"What is it at my age?" Martie said, catching a firefly.

"Some of both, I guess. When you're 10 probably a good slogan for growing is something like a country railroad sign: Watch, Look and Listen! Just as you're doing now, watching that curious fire from a cool little bug in the palm of your hand; seeing a kind of life that isn't like yours, yet shares the world with you."

Martie let the firefly go. "Here comes Josephine," he said quietly.

Ann saw the small dim form slip down the tree trunk, land on short legs, pause, turn its head toward them as if recognizing their presence, as if actually greeting them, then move deliberately toward the lake.

"Dave's right. She's had her babies," Ann said, leaning forward. "She's thinner."

"I like it when she starts training them on a tree branch before she brings them down," Martie said, adding wistfully, "Gee, I'd like a little one."



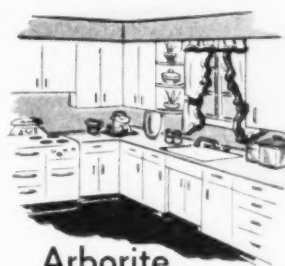
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"It would be nice," Ann said, "but having Josephine near us this way is nice too, and she wouldn't be friendly if we robbed her. She'd be afraid of us. Anyway we couldn't reach her home. It's up too high."

Car lights swung across the grass. "There's Dad now," Martie said.

Ann woke toward daybreak with the sound of snarling on the lawn.

Bridget, the Irish setter, whimpered in the lower hall. She had sprained her back leg and it hurt her to move.

"Probably some dogs running through," Ann thought, but she didn't drop back into sleep again. It was the snarling, defensive and savage, that prevented it, that kept the waters of sleep too roiled to receive her until half-perceived the reason rose to the surface. The combativeness in the sound on the lawn made her think of the war; made her think of Roddy Kent and Bob Feldbaum and the thousands of boys like them marching toward what? Toward what ultimate purpose—what final state?

She forced herself fully awake to rid her brain of its tortured half-images and discovered the ghostly vapors of early morning in the windows. It would be a breathless day. Only by summing up what she would do—make more jelly, freeze and can green beans, she'd use the open-kettle method, could she divert the morbid trend of her thinking. She was glad when it was time to get up.

Ann loved her kitchen at any time, but most of all she loved it in the early morning. There seemed then the same satisfaction in stepping into it she felt in putting on a freshly starched dress. It was so neat in its own right; L-shaped, with two windows facing her flower garden and two, directly across from those, where rosettes of Althaea peeped between the curtains, and a built-in closed cupboard across one end of the room that ran a row of old colored plates on top. A livable, workable place that escaped the clinical look of many modern kitchens because of its mellow wood and cushioned rocker.

Old Dave had already had his breakfast. He got it early himself, leaving everything exactly as he found it. He was a remarkable old man.

"He's like something tap-rooted in a garden. Try to pull it up and you'll find you can't," Ann said.

They all liked him. He'd shown up the first day they moved here. He knocked on the back door as Ann was getting their first breakfast, his belongings in an old suitcase, a clean navy blue bandanna topping his decent denims, and under his burned straw hat something of the woods creature in his kindly weathered face and hooded eyes.

"I heard you folks just moved here," he said gently. "Thinkin' about takin' on a man?"

"Yes, we are," Bill said over her shoulder, liking him at once as Ann had. I'm not here much of the time. I teach at the college in town. We plan to have a fairly large truck patch. Come in, we'll talk things over."

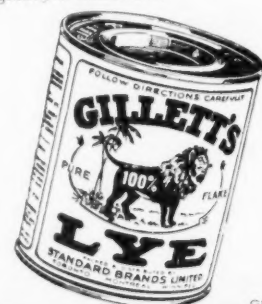
Dave came, and stayed.

Breakfast was almost ready when Bill came down. He turned a news broadcast on the radio. Ann listened while she slipped the toaster down, sharply aware of the heightened feeling she had for all the things she

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used in her kitchen, shining copper pans and old glazed brown crocks; her touch on her possessions, affectionate.

Bill ate his breakfast in silence, his thin face harassed. Ann watched him feeling powerless to lift him. She watched his old secondhand car bounce off five miles to the station, as if he found relief in punishing himself for the state of affairs, by riding roughly.

She stood a few minutes in the doorway after he had gone feeling the heat of the day gather intensity that would presently simmer like a boiling kettle over the noon garden. She could see old Dave moving down the bean rows, picking, his hat like a beehive on his shoulders. She felt Martie back of her, his bare-foot tread like cushioned silk on the linoleum. He was only a small boy and they must try to hold his world as securely for him as they could. "Hi Boy!" she said, and, turning, smiled at him.

She gave him orange juice and berries, and cereal with sugar and cream, a turned egg, delicately browned at the edges and two strips of bacon, with toast and butter, and a big glass of yellow milk, and all the time she got it ready, all the time she set it before him she felt its value as luxury and comfort. "He needs it to grow," she kept telling herself. "He needs it to become a strong man!"

"Accordin' to your Pa," she said then, in kindly imitation of old Dave, "there's potatoes to hoe. Then when you're free, what do you plan to do?"

"Dunno," he said. "Mebbe Sammy Riggs'll be down. We wanta build a raft."

She forgot him after that in clearing away the breakfast dishes; forgot him as she went down into the cellar with its good earthy smell to bring up her largest kettles for the bean canning, when she heard him outside on the lawn. Heard his cry.

"Dave! Mums! Oh!" Unmistakable anguish in his young voice.

Ann dropped her kettles and took the steps on a run, the screen door's slap a pistol shot after her. Old Dave was hurrying from the garden. Then she saw Martie on his knees bending over something on the grass.

He was trying not to cry, but a ragged sob tore his young throat.

"Oh gosh! Oh my gosh!" he cried.

She saw then he was bending over Josephine, the little coon.

"Oh!" Ann's distressed exclamation rose sharp as Martie's. "Why, she's dead!" she cried.

Old Dave bent over her, his hooded lids hiding his eyes; the gnarled brown hands examining her head.

"It's her throat," he said with slow finality.

"I heard it happen," Ann cried. "That was that awful snarl early this morning."

"May a been a fox," old Dave said quietly, adding, "She was probably too weak from her babies to put up much of a fight." Then automatically his head tilted up to the high old maple where Josephine's young awaited her return.

Ann got a carton, and a piece of worn sheet, tearing it sharply to drown her sniffling. "Cover her with this Dave and bury the box under those evergreens over there," she directed.

"We'll have to get her babies," Martie cried, digging at his eyes. "We can't let 'em starve up there. They'll

wonder why she doesn't come back."

"They'll manage," Dave said, knowing as Ann did that they could never reach them.

"We gotta get them!" Martie cried, outrage choking his voice.

"We have only one ladder, Martie, and that isn't long enough," Ann said gently. "They won't mind too much; they're tiny and will go to sleep soon."

The look in Martie's eye silenced her.

"Dave, you help me get the ladder," Martie ordered, his small chin set ex-

actly like Bill's when he was roused.

Dave nodded, though he knew it would never reach. They came back carrying it together, Martie in the lead, his end low. Old Dave propped it carefully against the tree trunk, but Ann saw through the leaves the distance between it and the hollow.

"It will take a ladder half again that long, Martie," his mother said.

Doggedly, Martie climbed the ladder as if he had not heard her, up to the top rung while Ann called a warning

and helped Dave hold it below. But though Martie stretched his arms out of their sockets, past knot holes and branches, the hollow above him was way beyond reach of his hands.

He stood vainly grasping and something in the way he did it stung Ann's eyes, because she knew he was weeping at his impotence.

She held the ladder until he came down of himself, and she let it stay propped against the tree, as if the sight of it there might comfort him, as if it



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might help him to feel they had not
renounced all thought of aid.

She tried to talk to him, but
he walked away from her and she went
back into her kitchen, sick for him, and
for Josephine and her little family.

His step was so quiet she didn't hear
him on the back porch until the screen
door closed after him.

"I'm going to get a longer ladder,"
he said, and his eyes looked into hers,
dark with determination; the hopeful,
undaunted eyes of the spirited young.

Ann looked at him. "Martie, dear,"
she said, "listen to me; no one around
here has a ladder long enough. No one
would have but a house painter. And
even if you went five miles to Centre
for Mr. Anderson, you'll find he's out
on a job somewhere. And even if he
were home, you couldn't bring him way
out here without paying him well."

"I'll pay him," Martie said quietly.
"I'll take the money for the boat."

Yes, he would. That was Martie.
He'd take what he had been saving for
a boat. Ann looked at the small grave
face. "All right," she said. "But call
first and find if Mr. Anderson is there."

Martie turned the telephone handle
and gave the number—it was a party
line, but he stood waiting so long Ann
felt the Andersons were not there, and
something in the back of his neck,
something untried and expectant in the
softness of it, touched her so that she
came over and tried for him. But there
was no answer.

"I'm afraid they're not at home," she
said gently.

"I'm going up and see," he said. "If
they aren't, maybe I can find someone

else who has one," but the first clouds of
uncertainty darkened his eyes.

"Darling, it's so hot, and that's such
a sun-baked five miles. And you can't
hitchhike with strangers, you know.
Dad won't have that. And I can't leave
my jelly for a wild-goose chase."

"I don't mind walking. I'll hoe the
potatoes when I get back."

"Well, all right then, but take along
a little bottle of fruit juice, and walk
slowly."

Ann, feeling troubled, watched the
small spare figure set out; his father
thought him too young to ride a bicycle
but she wished now he had one.

An hour and a half later the Riggs
boy looked through the kitchen screen
at Ann, and the sight of his carefree
face tormented her until she suddenly
said, "Come along, Sammy. I'm run-
ning up to the Andersons and pick up
Martie."

The back road was panting with heat
and dust when Ann turned off it on
to the highway. The oases of shade
occasional wild cherry trees made were
shrunk patches of blue that never
met.

Ann covered the distance in good
time, came through Centre with its
handful of houses and shops and swerved
off the main road to a branch and the
Andersons. One glance at the white
frame house was enough, the blinds
drawn, the yard deserted of life.

She sat indeterminate, thinking, then
turned her car and headed back through
Centre and up the road another mile
to the Goodville Fire Company.

"I'm going to try the firehouse."

"I was just going to say that," Sammy
Riggs said.

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Ann stopped in the shade of a big horse chestnut and went inside the firehouse whose stall was empty. A man in a room on the side brought the front feet of his chair down and came out to meet her.

"I'm looking for a small boy who's hunting a long ladder," Ann began. "I thought possibly—"

The brown eyes twinkled at her.

"You thought right. We were offered a commission to rescue a family of coons and as we were going out to fill her up with water took it on. She ought to be back before very long."

Ann laughed with relief and both pairs of eyes held a moment with sheer good feeling before they broke away.

Ann sailed through Centre and out the highway toward home. Just before she came to the small dusty side road where she turned in, the engine, red and impressive, with hook and ladder attached tore by, too fast to try to stop.

"I do hope they got them," she said.

She saw Dave and Martie on the lawn under the maple when she turned into the drive. The Riggs boy leaped out and ran ahead, but Ann ran too.

Martie turned a radiant face on them.

"We got 'em!" he cried. "There are three! I came back on the fire engine!"

Old Dave was trying to feed one with his finger dipped in milk he had warmed. "They'll learn to take it," he said. Ann saw the relief in the old eyes.

"We're gonna raise 'em, but the fire company gets one for a mascot. They wouldn't take a cent!" Martie exclaimed.

"Gee, they're funny-looking," the Riggs boy said touching one gently.

Ann tiptoed quietly into Martie's bedroom. Martie had gone to bed early,

fagged from belated potato hoeing and fussing with the coons, who were snug for the night in a box in Old Dave's room. Sammy Riggs had borrowed a doll's nursing bottle from his sister, but a medicine dropper proved most effective in feeding them. Old Dave had appointed himself nurse for the night.

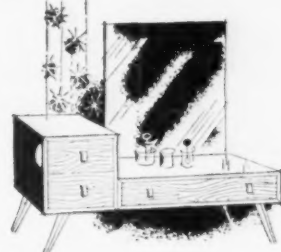
Martie was sleeping earnestly when Ann crossed to his bed and looked down at him, looked at the young relaxed body, an arm upbent on a pillow, the fingers of the hand curled and extended as if reaching for something. It was the hand that made Ann thoughtful; that made her feel in the coming dark it had grown man-size, and symbolic. It was as if what Martie and those men at the fire company did today in aiding a little family of helpless animals, answered questions that had tormented her so early this morning, about boys like Roddy Kent and Bob Feldbaum, and what they were marching toward.

Who was it said: "Ideals are like stars—you will not succeed in touching them with your hands . . ." No, you would never succeed in doing that, but you must reach high if you were truly to live at all, for only from the shining inner necessity to reach could life attain its fairest values.

Ann looked at her sleeping son and thought of the war. God alone knew how long a time that dusty march of uniformed boys must take, how many months, years, or centuries would echo to the tread of tramping feet. But this she felt, with the upraised challenge of that hand before her, so long as it moved, so long as it advanced toward ideals of decency and honor, so inevitably would man's destiny be fulfilled. +

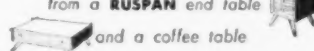
By Wilma Tait

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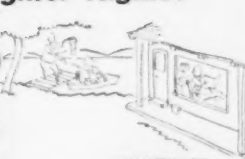
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THESE PARENTS, AND A PSYCHIATRIST (ARROW) WHO ACTED AS GROUP LEADER, ARE DISCUSSING PROBLEMS RAISED IN THE PLAY, "SCATTERED SHOWERS."

PROBLEM PLAY FOR PARENTS

Chatelaine invites readers to join 900 mothers and fathers in this exciting experiment in child study

By TED ALLEN

An exciting experiment in parent-child relationships was recently conducted in Toronto. Over 900 mothers and fathers (mostly mothers) packed the Harbord Collegiate auditorium to witness a problem play designed to stimulate discussion on current parent-child questions. The play, the meeting and the organized discussions which followed came about through the combined efforts of seven Toronto Home and School associations and the Canadian Mental Health Association.

The Home and School associations decided on the play, hired a professional acting group, the Midland Players, to perform it, and contacted the Canadian Mental Health Association to provide professional leadership for the discussion period. Forty leading Toronto psychiatrists, psychologists,

social workers and educators sat among the parents, organized into 20 discussion groups, and led the discussion. The point was *not* to give speeches but to give parents an opportunity to thresh out their own ideas on the problems depicted in the play. Chatelaine's reporter covered every phase of the experiment from its planning through to the lively post-mortem held later by Home and School leaders and the psychologists. Then, so readers might share in the experiment, Chatelaine restaged the problem play in a photographer's studio. The play, "Scattered Showers," by Nora Stirling, tells of a strict mother, a confused mother and a sensible mother, who happen to meet when each takes her small son to play in the park. The three sons (shown, right, with their mothers) are only "imagined" in the play the parents saw. To see pictured play and read what parents said about "Scattered Showers," turn page.



JANE, the sensible mother.
MIKE, her well-adjusted son.



ELISE, the confused mother.
JUNIOR, her excitable son.



HARRIET, the strict mother.
RICHARD, her frightened son.





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THESE PARENTS, AND A PSYCHIATRIST (ARROW) WHO ACTED AS GROUP LEADER, ARE DISCUSSING PROBLEMS RAISED IN THE PLAY, "SCATTERED SHOWERS."

PROBLEM PLAY FOR PARENTS

Chatelaine invites readers to join 900 mothers and fathers in this exciting experiment in child study

By TED ALLEN

An exciting experiment in parent-child relationships was recently conducted in Toronto. Over 900 mothers and fathers (mostly mothers) packed the Harbord Collegiate auditorium to witness a problem play designed to stimulate discussion on current parent-child questions. The play, the meeting and the organized discussions which followed came about through the combined efforts of seven Toronto Home and School associations and the Canadian Mental Health Association.

The Home and School associations decided on the play, hired a professional acting group, the Midland Players, to perform it, and contacted the Canadian Mental Health Association to provide professional leadership for the discussion period. Forty leading Toronto psychiatrists, psychologists,

social workers and educators sat among the parents, organized into 20 discussion groups, and led the discussion. The point was *not* to give speeches but to give parents an opportunity to thresh out their own ideas on the problems depicted in the play. Chatelaine's reporter covered every phase of the experiment from its planning through to the lively post-mortem held later by Home and School leaders and the psychologists. Then, so readers might share in the experiment, Chatelaine restaged the problem play in a photographer's studio. The play, "Scattered Showers," by Nora Stirling, tells of a strict mother, a confused mother and a sensible mother, who happen to meet when each takes her small son to play in the park. The three sons (shown, right, with their mothers) are only "imagined" in the play the parents saw. To see pictured play and read what parents said about "Scattered Showers," turn page.



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1 "Scattered Showers" is the story of three mothers who meet on a park bench: *Elise* (left), intelligent, well-read but confused; *Jane* (centre), friendly, relaxed, sensible; *Harriet* (right), good-natured but very strict with son *Richard* (sitting on boat). *Junior* (centre) belongs to Elise. *Mike* (right) is Jane's third child; the other two are firsts. (Play takes half an hour, calls for only the three mothers. For this picture report Chatelaine added children, boat, sand, and dead fish, which are "imagined" in the play.)

Here is "Scattered Showers,"
the play parents saw



2 The day is shattered by a shout from Richard, being hit by Junior. Richard's mother, Harriet, would like to throttle the aggressive Junior, but Junior's mother cringes at idea of disciplining him for fear of repressing inner conflicts. Elise applies her "book-learning" mechanically; Harriet would spank any disobedient child.

5 The boys—after being warned not to—have gone into a boat which begins to drift away from shore, out of reach. Harriet and Elise panic. Harriet screams at Richard, "Do something!" which makes him cry. Elise yells at Junior to "Be calm!" but is so intense about it, she panics Junior. Jane sensibly suggests that Mike remove Junior's shoe, tie the rope around it and throw it to her. Mike, calmed by his mother's attitude, does as he's told. Jane pulls boat in while other two mothers stand helpless.

6 Harriet shakes Richard angrily and threatens: "Wait till your father hears of this!" Elise is ashamed, reflecting own feelings of inadequacy; she asks Junior why he wasn't able to act as well as Mike did. Jane merely hugs Mike and both laugh at adventure. After Harriet pulls Richard off toward home, we learn that Elise has been having serious misunderstandings with her husband because of way she handles Junior. She fears her marriage is threatened. Jane tries to help Elise with common-sense advice.

7 Jane points out she was also over-anxious with her first child, only learned to take things easy by time Mike arrived. Jane feels child and parent must learn to give and take; that occasional temper on part of child or parent is normal; that all is forgiven by child if child knows parents love him. Play ends sunnily with Elise realizing it's silly to apply all the so-called good rules mechanically—and that the occasional scattered shower doesn't matter when the general climate at home is good.



Photos by Rockett, Panda.



3 Harriet orders son Richard not to play with "naughty" Junior, accuses Elise of having no concern for children besides her own. Sensible Jane suggests Elise is trying hard but is too nervous about it. Harriet replies, "Heavens, Hitler tried hard. But what did he *try*?" A new crisis develops as a terrible smell pervades the park. The boys have found a dead fish. Harriet orders Richard to throw it away.



4 Elise tries desperately to remember what the books on child psychology have said about a situation like this! Harriet shouts at Richard to get rid of the fish or get a licking. Jane, relaxed about the whole thing, suggests Mike bury fish with proper ceremony, thus bringing fun into an unnecessarily wrought-up situation. Children react immediately to Jane's calm attitude; but later a new crisis develops.

AND HERE IS WHAT PARENTS SAID ABOUT THE PLAY

After looking at Chateleine's picture report on "Scattered Showers," you are probably asking many of the same questions and making many of the same comments as those voiced by the 900 parents who saw the staged version.

Many of the mothers felt that there was a little of each of the three mothers in every mother. Sometimes a parent is confused and bookish, sometimes she's too strict and sometimes she's quite sensible and relaxed.

You may also be doing what many mothers did when they saw the play—identifying yourself with one of the stage mothers. If you tend to be on the strict side you'll probably identify yourself with the strict mother. If you tend to be insecure and confused you'll see yourself in the confused mother. If you're generally relaxed and confident about the way you handle your children you'll

undoubtedly identify yourself with the sensible mother.

But you may be wrong. You may be totally unlike the stage mother you're identifying yourself with. You may be exaggerating your drawbacks or your attributes, because it's difficult to see yourself in proper perspective. A group discussion or, better still, a series of group discussions might help you see yourself more clearly—with beneficial results both for you and your child.

That was the whole point of the Toronto demonstration—a dramatic presentation to rouse parents' interest, followed by professionally guided discussion groups in which they could "rub ideas" and shake up their own thinking. Nothing like this had ever been attempted before on such a large scale.

Imagine yourself now as part of one of the 20

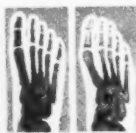
discussion groups which were formed right after the play's performance. You have been seated in a large auditorium and have watched the play. It is over. The ushers (volunteers from the Home and School associations) have expertly guided you to a place in the gym, or to a classroom or a group seated in a corner of the auditorium. You have been told that a group leader will be seated among you to lead the discussion. A psychiatrist or social worker or educator introduces himself, sits down among you, and suggests you all discuss the play. The group leader makes the point that he doesn't plan to give a speech or answer questions, but merely help the discussion along.

Perhaps you've had the ill-luck to get into a group where one person likes to hog the whole show and talks all the time. If the leader is skilled, he'll politely steer + *Continued on next page*



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Dr. Reta Gerstein and Dr. Jack Griffin of Canadian Mental Health body, which helped Home and School leaders plan play night.

her to silence and the rest of the group to participate. But we'll imagine you're part of a group where no "hogs" are present.

A woman raises her hand. "I enjoyed the play," she says. "I thought it made some good points." Now her voice changes and she says indignantly "But from what I can gather the only time a mother can be calm and sensible is when she has three children! I've only one child. Does that mean I have to wait for my third child before I can be sure I'll be handling my child correctly?"

Suddenly everyone seems to be talking at once. All inhibitions are beginning to disappear. You've probably thought it would be difficult to admit your weaknesses as a parent, but as you see parent after parent expressing opinions and being self-critical, you find yourself raising your hand ready to speak. You're pleasantly surprised to find so many parents sitting around you with

problems similar to your own. That makes it easier to talk frankly.

Another mother agrees with the first speaker: "Yes, that's what the moral of the play seems to be, have three children and be happy!"

"Oh no!" another woman says. "I didn't get that from the play at all. I think the play was trying to show us that there's a little of each mother in every mother. Sometimes I'm too strict, sometimes I'm confused and sometimes," she concludes happily, "I'm quite sensible and relaxed."

Everyone smiles at this and you look around to notice that most of the people present are mothers, plus a few fathers. Some of the people are from middle-class homes, some from working-class homes. Some are of British extraction, some Russian, some Italian; there's a Negro woman and a Chinese woman. And, interestingly enough, despite the different backgrounds, each seems to have



Forty psychologists, psychiatrists and pediatricians volunteered to act as discussion group leaders, and met in advance to plan technique.

problems like your own. Basically, parents and children everywhere seem to have much the same experiences and difficulties even though the individuals are so different.

"What About Fathers?"

Another woman speaks. "I don't think the play was trying to show that there's a little of each mother in all of us. Those were three distinct types, quite true to life."

"I disagree," says another. "The sensible mother in the play was just too perfect to be true. And I think the confused mother was terribly exaggerated. Imagine trying to remember what the books say every time your child does something."

This sparks another outburst of voices with most people of the opinion that the play was true to life and that if there was some exaggeration it was only to make the point clearer. As more parents speak up, everyone seems stimulated and anxious to contribute something to the discussion. The same thing is going on in 19 other groups. Where the group leader is skilled he does a minimum of talking, letting the parents express themselves. Where he isn't too experienced, he may talk more than is necessary and the parents tend to wait for his opinions rather than express their own.

A father raises his hand. "What about the fathers, the husbands of those wives we saw on the stage? They didn't seem to play any role at all. You may teach mothers from today until tomorrow but if the father isn't co-operating the child won't be brought up properly."

This starts a chorus of exclamations:

"You can say that again!"

"My husband undoes all the good I do!"

"My husband has no time for our children!"

"My husband is as interested as I am in our children!"

"My husband's too strict"—and so on, with everyone revealing the basic trends, the tensions or misunderstandings of their marital relationships.

Another father speaks. "We heard from Elise, the bookish, confused one, that she was having trouble with her husband because of the child. Is that fundamental? Wouldn't it have been more true to say she was having trouble with her child because she and her husband clash?"

There is some discussion on this point, with the group generally agreeing that the mother-father relationship is basic.

"And what about earning a living?" a woman suddenly interjects, obviously getting something off her mind that's been troubling her.

"If my husband brought home a good salary every week and we didn't have to worry so much about high prices, believe me we'd be much calmer people and we wouldn't be so nervous with our children."

This time the group is about evenly divided. One woman says: "My husband makes an excellent salary. We have no financial worries at all. But I have to admit that I have many problems with my children and I get very tense and nervous with them when I shouldn't."

Another says: "Money makes a difference all right, but it isn't the only cause of worry and friction at home."

There is a silence. The group leader

asks a question. "Do you think this is a good way to learn something—by seeing such a play and discussing it like this?"

This starts another burst of discussion, with most agreeing that it is a good way to learn things, particularly because it was so entertaining.

One young mother raises her hand: "Before we start talking about whether the play was helpful or not, there's something I don't understand."

"What was that?" asks the leader.

"Why were those three dopes just standing there ordering their kids to do things?" demands the questioner. "Why didn't one of them jump in and pull the boat to shore?"

Through laughter somebody shouts out, "Maybe they couldn't swim!"

"Say, I never thought of that."

Another woman raises her hand and changes the course of the discussion: "I think the play was true to life. We all know how we react to our first child and then to our later children. The

first child is very antiseptic. The second child is allowed to play with dirt. With the third child we don't care if he eats dirt!"

More laughter. All sense of strangeness is gone. You feel you've known these people for a long time. You probably also feel you'd like to have these discussions more often, that you could learn a lot from them.

Perhaps you speak now and say something like this: "I think we should remember that every child is different.

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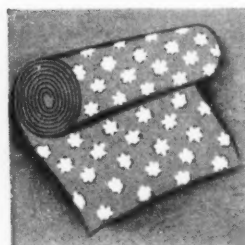
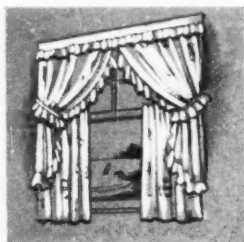


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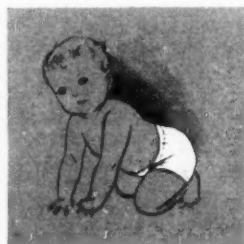


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You can't treat all children the same way. Each child is a special human being, an individual with individual needs and wants."

By now discussion time is over and your leader probably sums up in this way (as some of the group leaders did): "From the discussion on the play I think we are generally agreed about the following points: Family co-operation is essential, with mother and father taking equal parts. The relationship between the mother and father and the general environment of the home are important. Each parent brings his past experience and upbringing to the home and these affect his attitude toward the upbringing of children. All children are born differently, with a different constitution, a different character and a different environment. All children need respect, love and understanding."

This fairly well represents a summary of all the group leaders' summations,



One of 900 parents at play night fills out a questionnaire about it.

which indicates that discussion tended to establish the same points in all 20 groups.

Post Mortem

A breakdown of the audience which attended the stage play showed that 83% were mothers, 11% were fathers, and the remainder young people interested in these problems who were planning to get married. Over 95% of the audience expressed satisfaction with the play and 92% were in favor of the group discussion. The small minority which didn't like the play complained that the word "hell" was used, and felt that the action should have taken place inside a home rather than in a park.

About a quarter of the audience felt that the discussion groups were too large, on the ground that 50 people in a group made it difficult to achieve an atmosphere of intimacy and frankness. Still other parents felt that three quarters of an hour wasn't enough time for discussion, that two hours would have been much better.

The majority of the 900 parents were excitedly enthusiastic about the group discussions, expressing themselves with remarks like: "It was marvelous." "It was one of the most exciting evenings I've ever had." "It's made me think in a way I never have before."

However, a sizeable minority criticized the discussions for being too general and felt the need for more guidance at the end of the discussion. Probably few of these had ever participated in this kind of group discussion, were used to listening to speakers, and missed being told things.

This detailed breakdown of audience

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reaction is as accurate as it is because of a questionnaire given to each member of the audience. This enabled Chatelaine's reporter and the social scientists to appraise the results of the experiment with a greater degree of accuracy than would otherwise have been possible.

After the group discussions, which immediately followed the play, the 40 social scientists and representatives of the Toronto Home and School Council met at the St. George St. headquarters of the Canadian Mental Health Association to hold an "appraisal conference." Here everyone agreed that the play-and-discussion experiment had been eminently successful, but many differing professional viewpoints were expressed.

The basic debate was between those who thought all the group leaders should have given a summing up similar to the one already quoted, instead of merely stimulating the discussion. Finally it was decided that this method of group discussion would be more likely to accomplish its real purpose—to encourage parents to think and act for themselves—provided the groups could meet for a series of discussions over a long period of time. It was admitted, however, that parents attending but a single discussion session might feel they had received little by way of concrete advice to take away with them.

"Exciting Experience"

A young psychologist pointed out that if the emotional environment in a home is full of stress and strain, good advice is likely to be applied mechanically. And he suggested that discussion groups should prove themselves to be a good place for parents to rid themselves of the anxieties which cloud the home atmosphere.

One leading psychiatrist put it in a slightly different way: "We know that parents develop unconscious defenses to protect their self-created image of themselves as good mothers or fathers. This cannot be pierced by a few well-chosen rules from an expert.

"On the other hand, the discussion groups provided an arena where no individual parent felt threatened. The group afforded each parent the security of seeing other parents beset by the same problems, and the group pointed to new ways and provided the social sanction which then made it easier for each parent to redirect himself or herself along the lines approved by the group.

"This process," he emphasized, "takes time, and one session is only a significant beginning."

In her sum-up, Dr. Reva Gerstein, dynamic program director of the Canadian Mental Health Association, said, "This has been an exciting experience for all of us. We've seen that social scientists and citizens can team up in a community project. We've discovered we have a lot to learn of the refinements and skills required in good discussion leadership. But we've demonstrated that dramatic sketches such as 'Scattered Showers' provide an excellent vehicle for education and discussion."

Mrs. T. M. Weatherhead, president of the Toronto Home and School Council, later told Chatelaine that the experiment held in Harbord Collegiate was one of the largest and most inspiring meetings the council has ever attempted.

"We've had successful meetings which filled Massey Hall, but through seeing 'Scattered Showers' the audience was



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A HAPPY DADDY, this one—but a lot of fathers are up in arms. They want recognition. Parenthood, they say, should be a partnership of maternity and paternity, but what happens? Look at all the attention mother gets when baby arrives. And when the little cherub is brought home, Dad is often the forgotten man, sometimes for weeks.

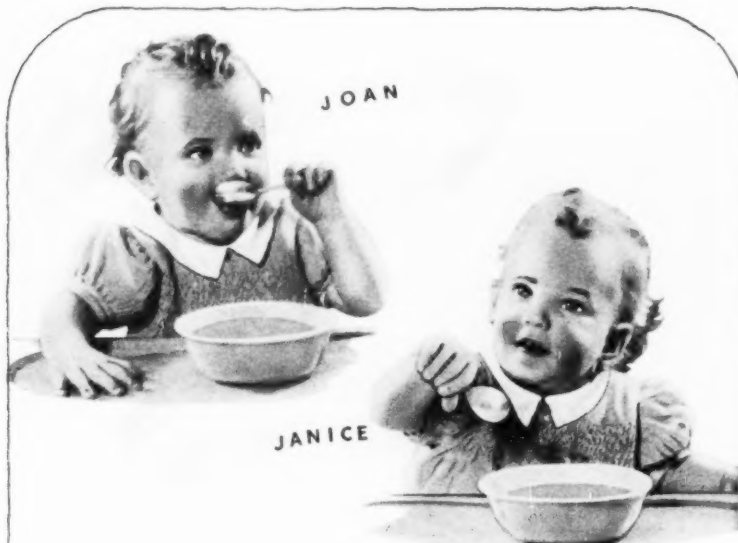
This isn't good. A child should know his father from the start—should feel the security of firm strong hands—and hear a deep voice booming once in a while. Before long the man of the house should become a full-fledged father—mixing formula—feeding baby—even changing diapers—and enjoying it all. Feeding is no chore nowadays. All Dad has to do is open a package of Heinz Pre-Cooked Cereals (3 kinds) or a tin of Heinz Strained Baby Foods (27 kinds), warm the contents, spoon a serving into baby's dish, tie on a bib and serve.

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offered a fresh and entertaining approach to learning.

"The whole project was a valuable experience in co-operative program-planning. Many Home and School people would have preferred, for a single meeting, to have had all the discussions end with a summing up. But this might not have applied if the meeting was the beginning of a series."

Simple to Stage

The idea of presenting the play was first brought to the attention of the Home and School council by its program convener, Mrs. H. Leizner, who had read of its success in the States and was convinced it could be done just as successfully in Canada. The council executive agreed and brought it to the attention of the seven Home and School associations which eventually carried out the experiment. The leaders of these associations then swung into action, hiring the Midland Players to perform the play, and organizing the necessary publicity to assure a good audience. The problem of smoothly dispersing 900 people into 20 discussion groups, calling for careful teamwork by ushers and guides appointed from Home and School members, was merely one of many incidental problems involved.

Home and School associations across Canada will be interested in the results of the Toronto meeting, and some may perhaps draw upon this experiment when they plan their own programs for next year. The Canadian Mental Health Association, enthused by the success of the experiment, plans to seek the co-operation of Home and School and other child-study groups repeating it elsewhere.

"Scattered Showers" is an ideal play for simple staging. The only "prop" required is a reasonable facsimile of a park bench; the cast consists of three women to play the parts of the three mothers. The children, as well as such incidentals as the boat, the river and even the dead fish, are all imagined. Clever dialogue makes all these seem real, but for its picture report Chate-laine necessarily filled in the details. The parts of Mike and Junior were taken by Randy Wood and Paul Azes, members of the Josephine Barrington dramatic school, while Richard was Leo Donoghue, a professional model. Chate-laine's mothers (Barbara Walker as Jane; Edith Haig as Elise; Florence Hancock as Harriet) are the same professional actresses of the Midland Players who acted in the play at Har-bord Collegiate.

There is no doubt that the Midland Players' skilled performance, directed by Jack Blacklock, contributed to the success of the problem play experiment in Toronto, but any amateur group can do the play well enough to evoke the kind of discussion sought.

To help arouse interest in this new approach to the study of family relationships Chate-laine is distributing 10,000 reprints of this picture story, "Problem Play for Parents," through the Home and School and Canadian Mental Health associations.

Local groups wishing to obtain play-scripts for "Scattered Showers" or the other plays in this series should write to the Canadian Mental Health Association, 111 St. George St., Toronto, Ontario.



Be lovely as Spring with

Pink Mist
LIPSTICK



This rich misty pink... captured from the heart of a rose, is tinted ever so slightly with winking blue.

Pink Mist lipstick is "Fashion-right" for spring.

Contains lanolin to keep lips soft, smooth, alluring.

Cashmere Bouquet
Quality Cosmetics



*Not a hair
out of place*

PRINCESS PAT
HAIR NETS

save the premium coupons



UR COVER GIRL

Three-year-old Kathy Robertson loves a romp on the rug with her father, but that's not him on the cover. Her father is Hugh Robertson, a partner in Panda Studios, Toronto. Kathy's cover daddy is Lockwood Haight, also a partner; and the photos were all taken by the third Panda Partner Paul Rockett. Kathy and her photo-father first romped in black and white; then Partner Haight put on a bow tie, Kathy got her hair done, and they romped some more for color pictures. And—naturally—the photo Partner Rockett took when Kathy was tired romping and had switched to a thoughtful mood, ended up on Chatelaine's cover for May.



To three generations . . . to you . . . you . . . and you . . . and now to YOUR BABY —

Baby's Own Soap has always meant rich, creamy lather — mild and gentle in its cleansing — sure protection against chapping or chafing — safe for any baby, anywhere, in any water!

For over 80 years our specialists have constantly improved Baby's Own Soap . . . now Extract of Lanolin has been added to make it *more* soothing, *more* perfect in protection against irritations to tender skin.

TRY THE BABY'S OWN THREE-STEP ROUTINE —

One — Baby's Own Soap's creamy-gentle lather for satin-soft healthy skin. *Two* — soothing pats of Baby's Own Oil. *Three* — a delightful dusting with flower-scented Baby's Own Powder.

That's one to get ready . . . two to get set . . . and three to GLOW!

*Use the
3-step-treatment*



Baby's Own

SOAP • OIL • POWDER

"WE'VE SPECIALIZED IN BABY PRODUCTS FOR OVER 80 YEARS"



Exciting! Amazing! Fascinating! Makes Learning a Thrilling Adventure

Here is reading that rivals the excitement of a radio serial! To dip into the 18 breathlessly interesting "Departments of Learning" of The Book of Knowledge is to kindle the imagination of every boy and girl. The mysteries of science—the marvels of earth, sea, sky, plant and animal life—the fundamentals of economics and business—history, geography, art, sculpture—all explained in crystal-clear language that every child can understand.

The Book of Knowledge unfolds a colourful pageant of world-famous figures and events, while in the "Things to Make and Do" department is to be found constructive entertainment for endless playtime hours. There is no other work to equal The Book of Knowledge—the original and only "Children's Encyclopedia"—the parents' friend and the children's lifetime teacher and companion.

FREE TO EVERY BOY and GIRL



THIS BEAUTIFUL 36 - PAGE GIFT BOOKLET

See for yourself what *The Book of Knowledge* is like! This lavishly illustrated Gift Booklet contains full-size sampling pages, in full colour, and is crammed with fascinating facts, stories, puzzles and articles your child will love to read.



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MAIL THIS FREE BOOKLET COUPON

THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE CHAT. 5.51
The Grolier Society Limited, Federal Building, Toronto 1.
Without cost or obligation on my part, I want my child to have your beautiful 36-page full-colour Booklet "New Worlds to Discover," which I understand contains sample pages from the newest edition of The Book of Knowledge.

There are _____ Children in my family, ages _____
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The Book of Knowledge is sold only by authorized representatives. Territories now available.
WRITE ADDRESS SHOWN IN COUPON

CHILD HEALTH CLINIC

ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, M.D., Director

DISCIPLINE FOR TODDLERS

A preschool child is a very active little person—full of vim and curiosity, and in this period he learns a tremendous lot. One of the things you are most anxious to teach him is how to get along agreeably with his family and his playmates. The simple routine that you have followed since he was born is of course a good beginning because this has taught him, without his being aware of it, that life is orderly and consistent.

A sense of humor, plenty of self-control and the willingness to use your ingenuity, instead of tackling situations head-on, are most useful in this training business. Naturally you will find all this much easier if you keep yourself in good physical health. As both you and your husband are involved in the job you should agree on your methods. If your youngster finds that he can "get away" with things with his father but not with you, you will multiply your problems.

Fewest Rules Possible

Some rules are essential, but keep them down to the minimum. Arrange some part of the house, preferably a whole room, with a gate across the doorway, where your child can play as he likes. Also a fenced-in backyard where he can run around freely is a tremendous boon—in fact it is almost

an essential. If your youngster is given the freedom of the whole house, you will find yourself curbing him constantly. Whenever possible ask him to do things rather than ordering him in a bossy tone.

Sometimes you can suggest that you and he do something necessary together or you can make a game of it. Give him five minutes warning before you ask him to come in, or to wash or to carry out the next item on the program. We adults don't like to be interrupted in the middle of a job—neither does he and he has less self-control than we have. Also it is well to remember that play is serious work for him and it shouldn't be broken into unnecessarily.

If he is very intent on what he is doing, you might even postpone calling him until his interest begins to flag. You want him to learn to concentrate and the earlier he acquires that ability the better. Many modern children are very slow in learning this useful habit.

Explain Carefully

A preschool youngster's vocabulary is quite limited and if you talk quickly, he won't know what you want him to do. Also he probably won't tell you that he doesn't understand. Speak slowly and use simple words. Often it helps to kneel down beside him when you are

Continued on page 108

She'll understand more clearly if you kneel beside her to explain.

He may not get all the dirt off, but do encourage him for trying.



If two children fight, send the aggressor to his room at once.



A child should never win what he wants by throwing a tantrum.

Bringing Up Baby

Hints collected by

Mrs. Dan Gerber

(Mother of 5)



If your pride and joy is old enough to hold up his head, he's ready for a little exercise. Grasp his (or her) hands and pull gently to a sitting position. Three or four-month-old babies chortle with glee over this kind of play.

* * *

ROOM SERVICE. Does your baby sleep in your room? It's wise to move him out before he is six months old. If, like so many young couples, you don't have an extra bedroom, a screen, home-made by papa, can give you and baby needed privacy.

* * *



LIP - SMACKING.

Babies love sweet foods, but too much sweetening will spoil baby's appetite for wholesome bland foods, like cereal and vegetables. Gerber's foods need no additional seasoning to taste good to the unspoiled senses of a baby.

* * *

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR. The toys youngsters like best are those scaled to their size. A small woolly animal is much more dearly loved by a year-old than a large one.

* * *

SEWING HINT. Don't stitch the inside leg seams when making baby overalls. Instead, sew on large snaps to simplify diaper changing.



* * *

4-WAY GIFT. Sample packages of Gerber's Cereal Food, Oatmeal Cereal, Barley Cereal and new Rice Cereal. Just drop a card to Dept. A5, Gerber-Ogilvie Baby Foods, Limited, Niagara Falls, Canada.



This is one Peach that doesn't have to blush



Right now millions of sweet-looking peaches (the kind that grow on trees) are growing up in the warm sun getting ready for the big day when they are picked, processed and packed for that sweet peach of yours.

So count on lots of sunny smiles at mealtime! For our peaches are selected especially for babies. Colour-right, flavour-right, texture-right. Sweet 'n luscious, and just about the best Mother Nature can produce. They don't have to blush for their quality because they come from trees singled out for your babies, "our most important people!"

Note this for nutrition: Gerber's Peaches help babies get the Vitamin A they need, and are a good source of iron. That's why they are among the first fruits added to baby's diet. All Gerber's Fruits, Vegetables, Meat Soups, Cereals and Desserts are flavour-true and true in nourishment because we spend all our time making baby foods and nothing else.

National Baby Week — April 28th to May 5th

Each year adds to the list of new and colourful ways of caring for — and feeding — baby. Sometime during National Baby Week, make a point of seeing how many foods your grocer carries for his friend — your baby.

Babies are our business
...our only business!



Gerber's

Baby Foods

NOW MADE IN CANADA!

ASK YOUR DOCTOR



"Why is Carnation Milk
so good for babies?"

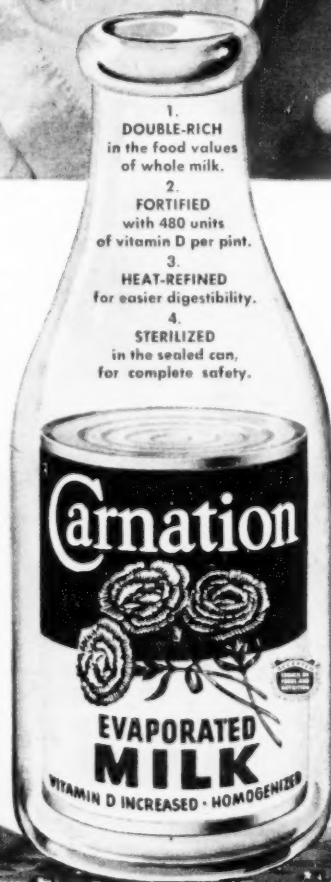


EVERY TIME you weigh your baby . . . and when you proudly watch his first toddling steps . . . you'll be glad you fed him on Carnation Evaporated Milk. For Carnation adds precious pounds and inches . . . helps baby's legs grow straight and strong.

CARNATION is nourishing whole milk in its safest, most digestible form. And you can trust Carnation to maintain the uniformity so important to baby's healthy development. All Carnation Milk is processed in Carnation's own plants under the most rigid controls. No other milk in the world is more strictly safeguarded.

FOR GENERATIONS Carnation has been recommended by famous baby specialists and used in leading hospitals. For baby's sake . . . for your own peace of mind . . . be sure to ask your doctor about Carnation. It's the milk every doctor knows.

"from Contented Cows"



FREE - TO MOTHERS AND NURSES: "Your Contented Baby" is an authoritative and complete new baby care manual, written by a leading baby specialist. Write for your copy to Carnation Company Limited, Dept. 22, Toronto or Vancouver or St. John's, Nfld.

**The Milk Every
Doctor Knows**



"A child no matter how young needs plenty of love in order to feel secure . . . and what mother can resist the charm of her own children?" asks Chatelaine councilor Marjorie Ashdown, Vancouver, shown above with sons Ian and David.

UNDER-SIX PROBLEMS

*A Round Table Discussion
by Chatelaine's Consumer Councilors*

This month Chatelaine Councilors with young children of their own exchange practical ideas on some of their problems.

Make-Believe Fence

Mrs. Kathleen Johnson, of Willowdale, Ont., asks: "How can you make a child stay off the road? If you deny him the road it's the one place he seems to want to be, no matter what he has to play with in his own yard."

In answer to this question Mrs. R. W. Meanwell, Windsor, Ont., gives us a useful tip. She says, "We live in a corner house fronting on a bus-line

street. The children are allowed on the sidewalk walk, but in order to prevent their going on the busy front street, my husband painted a red line across the sidewalk a few yards from the corner. It took only a very short time for them to recognize this as a definite boundary."

Appetite Teasers

A problem experienced by many young councilors concerns the indifference of children to food. Mrs. J. R. Brodie, Hamilton, Ont., writes, "I can't get either of my children to eat a decent meal. The doctor has given them tonics and I don't allow them to eat between



The children's hour is any hour in Marjorie Sherlock's day. Our Calgary councilor writes: "In our home, the children come first. Their early formative years will soon slip away . . . we want to make the most of this happy time."

Get The Best—Ask For Evenflo!



Grandma's Pride & Joy

Mrs. Marguerite Benson, Borger, Texas, writes that like every other grandma she thinks her granddaughter is the sweetest! Grandmas are in love, too, with the modern Evenflo Nurser, for its wide mouth bottle, patented valve-action nipple, and handy sealing cap are such an improvement over the nursing bottles they had. Get Evenflo Nurers or Evenflo Layette for your expectant daughter or friend, at baby shops, drug & dept. stores.

Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto—Winnipeg

Evenflo
LAYETTE
PACKAGE

33-piece set
6 8-oz. Bottles
2 4-oz. Bottles
8 Nipples
8 Caps
8 Sealing
Discs
1 pkg. Evenflo
Brushless
Baby Bottle
Cleanser

**Ideal
Shower Gift**

America's Most Popular Nurser



When he looks at your hair...

What does he think? You can be sure of his approval if that flattering hair-style is dressed to perfection with the aid of

**Kirby
Beard**

Trade Mark
BOB PINS

Also Hairpins, Safety Pins, Pins, Needles, etc.
Buy them at your Store



Made in England by Kirby Beard & Co. Ltd.,
Birmingham, London, Redditch & Paris.

meals, but they never seem hungry. Should I allow them to drink quantities of milk? I never let them have more than a glass at each meal."

Mrs. O. Woods, Carman, Man., tells us to "Try this for the child who won't eat. Separate an egg and beat the white stiff. Beat yolk, 2 tsp. sugar, one cup milk and few drops of vanilla. Pour into a tall glass and spoon egg white on top. Serve cold. Vary by adding a drop of pink or green food coloring or chocolate syrup. Straws also enhance the appeal of this nourishing drink." Mrs. R. J. LaBrique, Acton, Vale, Que., also reminds us that milk can be made more interesting and nourishing by adding maple syrup and malt.

"Don't Touch!"

Mrs. H. Mackintosh, Vancouver, B.C., asks us, "Anything of help in coping with the persistence and energy of a baby forever into mischief? In so far as possible I have removed breakables and climbing hazards, but the evening still finds mama hoarse from 'Don't touch,' and the house strewn with shattered fragments."

Although the following from Mrs. G. H. Seaman, Terrace, B.C., is not a complete answer to her cry, it may be of some help. She says, "My little girl will rarely touch things in other people's houses. This may be because when she first started to dart around and want things, I took her to them and let her touch them. Sometimes she could hold an object for a minute or so, but she was then satisfied."

No. 1 Problem

To some women, thumb-sucking in their young is a paramount problem, to others, a habit that will peter out if ignored. Nevertheless a great many mothers ask: "How shall I cope with it?" Various answers have been given, the most succinct from Mrs. J. S. Morse, Wallaceburg, Ont., who says, "The best way to stop thumb sucking is to never let the child get the habit." Mrs. A. R. Mortensen, Northmark, Alberta, makes this contribution, "I have found rubbing harmless vaseline on the thumb successful. A child finds it unpleasant and stops sucking." Mrs. James T. Redmond, Edmonton, Alta., observes "Mothers who say that thumb sucking is nothing to get excited about are not stating the full case. My advice is never let a baby suck its thumb. It makes a happy baby but an unhappy child later on." Mrs. H. J. Hathaway, Winnipeg, Man., tells us, "I was able to stop my child's thumb sucking by making little cotton thumbless mitts and pinning them to the nightie sleeve. This was done every night for about two weeks at first sign of thumb sucking. Although some doctors do not approve—they say it leads to frustration—my two children are very definitely not frustrated." Mrs. J. E. Hart, Brighton, Ont., tells us that "my oldest boy sucked his thumb. I put a piece of adhesive tape on and he stopped almost immediately." Mrs. A. King, Dunnville, Ont., has this to relate: "My daughter sucked her thumb until she outgrew the habit at six years. My son also sucked his thumb until he had the misfortune to break his arm at two years. This was the quickest break of the thumb sucking habit I've ever heard of." +

Smart mothers know meat is twice as important to babies*



...feed Swift's Meats for Babies every day!

* We grownups count on meat for the repair of our bodies. Baby thrives on meat for ten important reasons. *Growth* as well as repair. Meat provides the building blocks (complete, high-quality proteins) baby needs for his rapid growth. Your baby will probably triple his birth weight in his first year alone. So you see how *doubly* important it is to start him *early* on that daily serving of Swift's Meats for Babies!

Tests show babies thrive on Swift's Meats for Babies—famous for needed proteins and food iron. Babies are healthy, satisfied—have better resistance to colds and infection. There's a variety of tempting kinds of Swift's Meats for Babies—ready to serve at about *half* the cost of home-prepared meats. Also Swift's Chopped Meats for Juniors.



SWIFT...Makers of the only 100%
meats for babies in Canada



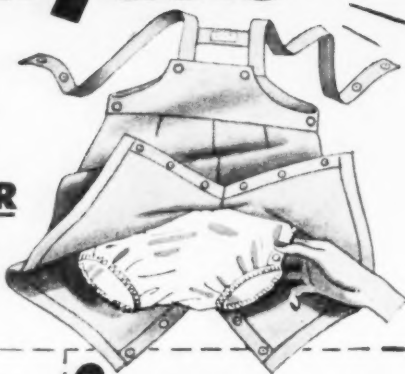
Only the finest
meats are used
in Swift's Meats for
Babies and Juniors



Hey Mom!
NOW THERE'S
AN EXTRA SPECIAL
Babyalls*

Inner-Panti Babyalls

**FAMOUS
 BABYALLS
 WITH 2 PAIR
 OF PLASTIC
 PANTIES**



1 WATERPROOF

INNER-PANTI is made of KORO-SEAL plastic. Completely water-proof, the plastic material used in new INNER-PANTI is guaranteed non-toxic, and is not affected by soaps, alkali, acids, oils or grease. New Monarch INNER-PANTI remains soft and flexible under normal wearing conditions.



2 WASHABLE

Complete washing instructions for "BABYALLS" INNER-PANTI are as follows: Wash separately in warm water, using pure soap flakes. Do not leave to soak. Rinse several times in clear water. Hang INNER-PANTI to dry, then dust inside with talcum. No commercial bleach should be added to water.



3 QUICK-CHANGE

Changing diapers is easy with INNER-PANTI BABYALLS. Just "unsnap-change-snap". You do not have to remove the INNER-PANTI at all. Wonderful new Monarch INNER-PANTI BABYALLS are designed for your convenience, and for baby's comfort.



And Remember

Babyalls themselves have no buttons to break, no hooks to catch. Babyalls fit by weight, not age. And Babyalls are made from long-wearing, Sanforized shrunk fabrics.

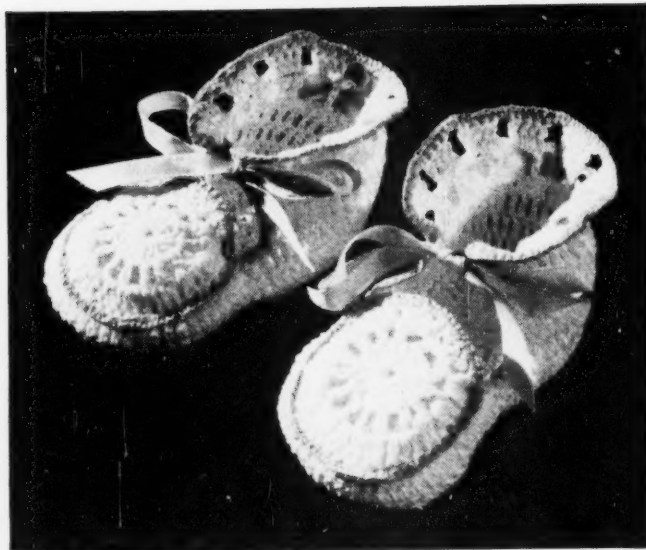
Look for the extra special INNER-PANTI BABYALLS in this special cellophane package.

4 COMPLETELY REMOVABLE

Can be worn or washed alone. Designed for wear with famous BABYALLS, INNER-PANTI can also be worn alone. INNER-PANTI is easily and quickly removed for washing, thanks to special snap fasteners. Large side vents allow free air circulation . . . tend to prevent heat rash.



*** Babyalls ONLY CHILDREN'S GARMENT**
APPROVED BY DOCTORS AND NURSES COAST TO COAST



GIFTS FOR THE NEW BABY

Friend of ours always has a half-dozen pairs of these booties (they work in a jiffy) tucked away for stork showers or welcome-home gifts for a new baby down the street. They're crocheted in soft white wool, trimmed and beribboned in blue or pink. No. S259. Below, two little bonnet and sacque sets. Right: show off your pride and joy in a crocheted halo bonnet with matching jacket. No. S260; or left, hand-sew a set in dainty flower-sprigged delaine, No. S261.

Order from Chatelaine Handicraft Dept., 481 University Ave., Toronto, Ont. Pattern prices, 5 cents each.

Continued from page 104

handing out advice or warnings. Also he can't remember more than about two things at once. If he is excited by something else, he may forget very quickly too. A few minutes is a long time for him, so don't be too hard on him. If he wants to know *why* you wish him to do something, give him a reasonable explanation and he will co-operate more willingly.

Don't Expect Too Much

Let him do all he can for himself, even though he is slow and awkward. It is more fun for him and besides he learns best by doing. If he runs into difficulties, praise him for what he has accomplished and give him a hand with the hard part. If his sock gets twisted when he is putting it on, a little straightening will solve the problem and he can finish the job for himself.

Don't criticize or belittle his efforts because that discourages him. Don't

be fussy. Even though he doesn't wash all the dirt off his hands before meals, that is better than a thorough clean-up by you. Don't try to keep him clean when he's playing—that spoils his fun and makes a great deal of unnecessary work for you. Washing doesn't seem very reasonable to him anyway and overemphasizing cleanliness just provokes trouble.

It isn't fair to discipline a youngster for an accident. Clothes get torn and dishes get broken because your youngster is still not skilful in managing himself or other objects. Unless he knows he has done something wrong he shouldn't be punished. If he has been warned and then repeats the misdemeanor, some form of punishment is in order.

How to Discipline Him?

To some people, discipline means slaps or spankings. Such methods should be used rarely and many children can be trained very effectively without

Does Dry Skin make you look too old for pretty hats?

Do you ever fall in love with a hat—but feel too old to wear it? It's a depressing feeling—so don't have it!

Often it's just a dry skin that causes pretty hats to look unflatteringly young and gay. Now there's something you can do about that!

It's a marvelous new discovery called *Penaten*... found only in *Woodbury Dry Skin Cream*. New miracle, *Penaten* penetrates deeper into the important corneum layers of the skin... your dry skin absorbs lanolin and other rich lubricating oils better than ever before!

Wonderful the way it helps little dry skin lines and harshness melt away. Your skin looks younger than in years. Ready for the prettiest bonnet! 20c, 40c, 70c, \$1.00.

(MADE IN CANADA)

**WOODBURY
DRY SKIN CREAM**
*penetrates deeper
because of Penaten*

**Dora's
DOWN**

**MENSTRUAL
PAIN**

Midol acts three ways to bring relief from menstrual suffering. It relieves cramps, eases headache and it chases the "blues." Dora now takes Midol at the first sign of menstrual distress.



**Dora's
UP**
WITH
MIDOL

**AMAZING CREAM REMOVES
UNSIGHTLY HAIR
QUICKLY, SAFELY**

**Acts Below "Razor Line"
Without Cutting or
Scraping Legs**

The modern way to remove ugly hair from your legs is with *Neet Cream Hair Remover*. It works deeper than a razor, below the surface of the skin. Safer too from razor cuts and scratches. *Neet* leaves tender skin soft and smooth, free from razor stubble. Just apply *Neet* like any cream, then rinse off and hair disappears like magic.



them at all. If you slap a youngster when he annoys you by his misbehavior, he will adopt that method himself and use it when he becomes angry with other children. Tit for tat is a very poor system. If you use force frequently your child will fear your strength and may become timid, or if he is a high-spirited youngster, he may become rebellious. Neither result is good.

A child should be disciplined immediately after his naughtiness, for then he knows why he is being punished. For example, if two small children start to fight, separate them at once and put the aggressor in his own room by himself. Usually 15 minutes isolation is sufficient. You may have to carry him forcibly to his room, but that kind of force is all right.

Actually when a child knows he deserves punishment, he feels better if he gets it. It settles the score and he forgets about the whole episode promptly. Don't take his verbal abuse seriously—ignore it; he doesn't mean half what he says. Calling you names or wishing all sorts of evil upon you helps him to blow off steam. If you get excited about his rude remarks, you just encourage him to do it again.

In most cases you can "make the punishment fit the crime," and this kind of discipline has far better results than frequent slaps and spankings. Also you should see that your few rules are consistently enforced. If you punish him one day and ignore or even praise the same kind of behavior the next day, your child will become confused and unhappy.

Tantrums

When a small youngster can't do what he wants, he often becomes very angry—in other words he throws a tantrum. He is more likely to lose control of his temper if he is tired or hungry or slightly sick. If you keep him in excellent health by giving him the best kind of food and by seeing that he gets plenty of sleep and if you avoid long shopping expeditions and delayed meals, he will have fewer tantrums. When you see trouble on the way, you can often divert him by suggesting an interesting substitute for what he may not do and thus avoid an outburst. You can also prevent quite a few of them by providing playthings that are suitable for his age.

Tantrums are distressing sights and they are apt to make you angry. If you can keep calm you will handle them much better. The child should not win what he wants by his tantrum because in that case you are encouraging him to repeat the performance. Again it may be necessary to remove him to his room. When he calms down, be friends with him at once and get him started at something he enjoys.

Tantrums are common in very active children who play hard and want things intensely. If your youngster feels sure that you are fond of him between times he will learn to accept his difficulties and disappointments more calmly.

Pattern Descriptions

(shown on page 111)

Dress, No. 3468—sizes 2-8, price 25 cents. Suit dress, No. 8366—sizes, 7-14, price, 35 cents. Coat and cap, No. 1098—sizes, 1-6, 25 cents. Dress and pinafore, No. 8253—sizes 1-6, price, 35 cents. Dress, No. 3374—sizes, 7-14, price, 25 cents. Order from your Simplicity Pattern Dealer, or from the Pattern Department of Chate-laine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

**Can YOU
keep up
with baby?**



1. How soon should baby react to noise?

Within a few days after birth, your baby will jump at loud noises, like a dropped tray. Other senses are developing, too: if baby's skin is uncomfortable from chafing or "urine irritation," he'll let you know with wails. After every bath, and at diaper changes, smooth on pure, gentle Johnson's Baby Oil, to help keep skin protected.



2. When will your baby recognize you?

At about three months, baby will smile and wave his arms in welcome at your approach. He'll particularly like to see you coming with that can of silky-soft Johnson's Baby Powder! Feels so good on his delicate skin—helps keep prickly irritations away.



3. At what age should baby double his birth weight?

Normally, by five months—but like all phases of development, this varies from baby to baby. If yours seems slow, let your doctor reassure you. Speak to him, too, if skin-care problems arise. They'll be few and far between if you just help keep baby smooth-skinned with Johnson's Baby Products! Made specially to agree with baby skin—recommended by more doctors than all other brands put together!



**CLEANSE
WITH ...**

LAVORIS
MOUTHWASH AND GARGLE

Keep your mouth clean,
refreshed and odorless

by daily rinsing.

AT ALL DRUG COUNTERS

IT TASTES GOOD... IT'S GOOD TASTE



Safe with children

Cuts, scratches and abrasions are part of child life. The smallest scratch, however, is a wide-open door for the germs which cause infection. Kill germs at the entrance with 'Dettol'.

'Dettol' is safe—so safe that children can use it. It neither harms nor hurts. It is non-poisonous, gentle and kind to tender tissue. Doesn't pain—doesn't stain. Keep 'Dettol' handy. Apply it promptly.

Gentle and effective. Leading hospitals depend on it.

'DETTOL'
The Modern Antiseptic

RECKITT & COLMAN (CANADA) LIMITED, PHARMACEUTICAL DIVISION, MONTREAL

"My hair-do stays lovely with
SOLO BOB PINS"
Says *Mona Freeman*

co-starring in
"DEAR BRAT"
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For sizes and prices of these patterns, see page 109



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BEGINNER'S FLOWER GARDEN

BY HELEN O'REILLY

Here's how to give your brand-new garden a long-established air. Invest in a few hardy perennials and use masses of inexpensive annuals for colorful bloom

There's many a day during that tantalizing period we call spring in Canada when Mr. Browning and I are just like *that*. His "Oh, to be in England, now that April's there," puts my thought into printable terms when the snowdrops and crocuses are buried under a pretty blanket of spring slush.

But now in May I have no sympathy for anybody in this wide Dominion except those proud possessors of lovely new houses who are completely surrounded by the muddy dunes left by the builders. To make such a wilderness bloom like the rose is a really big job, but it will be such a rewarding one that, here and now, I would like to get in on it with my two-cents' worth!

No Reluctant Gardener

The sixty-four dollar question, of course, is where to begin? The bulbs that are the delight of the established garden cannot go in until next fall, the upheaved soil is not rich enough for delphinium or roses, and in any case no one who has just faced today's building costs (or perhaps I need simply say today's costs) is in a money-no-object mood. My suggestion, therefore, is to invest the minimum in a few hardy perennials that require no expensive care but will give years of faithful flowering, and to get a garden full of bloom this summer with a wealth of annuals at 10 or 15 cents a package. I have chosen flowers that will not need spraying or fussing with and I am leaving out many a favorite rather than overburden the new amateur gardener, for I want you to enjoy yourself and, in my experience, a reluctant gardener is a contradiction in terms.

The perennials I have picked out are peonies, day lilies, and phlox; the annuals are phacelia, candytuft, poppies, nasturtiums, cornflowers, zinnias, marigolds, nicotine, and larkspur. But first comes the great problem of the good earth.

If your builder has the wit to put the topsoil to one side for you, spread it thankfully over your land and dig your flowerbeds where you fancy; if the topsoil has been turned under irretrievably, set your borders as far from the foundation upheaval as possible and dig in either a heavy covering of manure or a chemical fertilizer spread—30 pounds to a thousand square feet.

Of course, any garden, old or new, is infinitely the better for the addition of that scarce and precious commodity,

barnyard manure, so get it if you possibly can. As soon as your borders are dug and the earth can be raked, plant your perennials, for if they settle in well there is just a chance they may bear one or two blooms this summer; then sow your annual seeds right where they are to bloom as early as you can, so that your garden may flower as soon as possible.

In buying a peony you ask for a root division, or just "a division." (Gardening, like the other arts and sciences, has its technical terms!) All the experts advise strongly against taking a spadeful of peony from the garden of a generous friend—it *may* grow for you, but neither your peony nor your friend's will do its best after the amputation. So buy your divisions from a nursery—they will look like small bundles of roots tied together at the top—and trim them so that the spreading lower end of the bundle will fan out just to cover your outspread hand; cut off any hairy roots with a sharp blade and cut the solid trunk roots in a slanting cut as you do the stems of roses when you put them in water. Then soak your peony in water for a few hours (or even overnight) before planting it in a hole that is just two inches deeper than the root division, i.e. so that the top or "eyes" of your peony when planted will be two inches below ground level. Don't crowd your peonies but make each plant the centre of a three-and-a-half-foot circle, for in a year or two you will have a graceful flowering bush for your generosity.

Day lilies and phlox are as gratifyingly hardy as peonies and both will increase rapidly to large, lovely clumps of bloom. (You may look in vain for day lilies in catalogues unless you remember their hard-to-pronounce alias, which is *hemerocallis*.) You will want several roots of day lilies, however curtailed your budget, and you simply plant them as they are, so that the earth covers the whitened part of the leaf base, placing them where they will get plenty of direct sunshine.

Annuals for Color

My favorite phlox are the whites (*Mary Louise* is a beauty) and salmon pink (there is a lovely new one called *George Stipp*) and although you may set these plants out singly—just dig a hole and cover the roots firmly—I suggest you plant three of a color in a 10-inch triangle and next year you will have a satisfying clump of fragrant bloom.

Now that these first perennials are placed, your annuals go in exactly where you want them to stand and, without knowing the size or shape of your flowerbeds, I can only list my suggestions in what we used to call at school their size places. Sprinkle your well dug soil with fertilizer, rake it over until it is smooth and fine, and then, following the rule that seed should be planted to four times its own depth, sow your annuals in clumps or border strips to suit your fancy; as to spacing, try to scatter the seed so that you will not have too much thinning to do but, with any luck, you will have to pull out lots of surplus sprouts in most cases! Ranging from the lowest to the tallest, here is the list:

Phacelia. A low bushy plant covered with small bell-shaped blue flowers that make a charming border.

Candytuft. The hyacinth variety in white is my choice, sown preferably in big glorious clumps.

California Poppies or Eschscholtzia (and that last is not a misprint!). I get a mixed package of these and scatter them through the borders for their sheer gaiety—they will give your earliest bloom.

Nasturtiums. These go in last when the ground has warmed a bit—I recommend *Golden Gleam* and *Scarlet Gleam* because they are doubles, sweet-scented.

Cornflowers. I love the conventional deep blue, and lots of it, because it combines so well with other colors in bouquets.

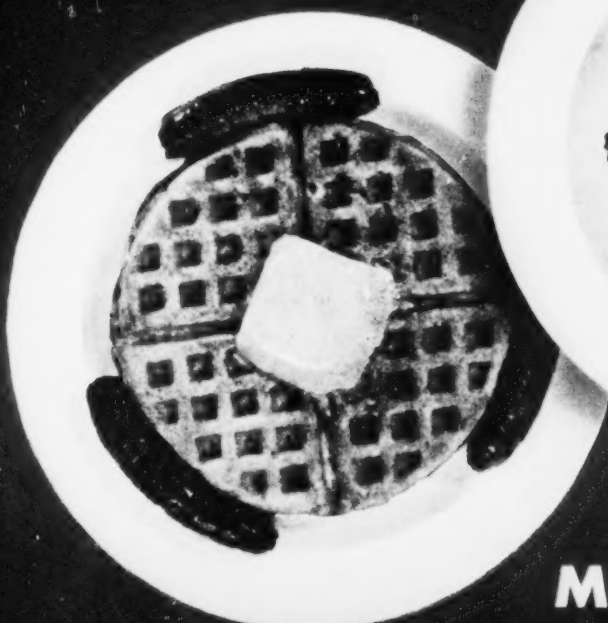
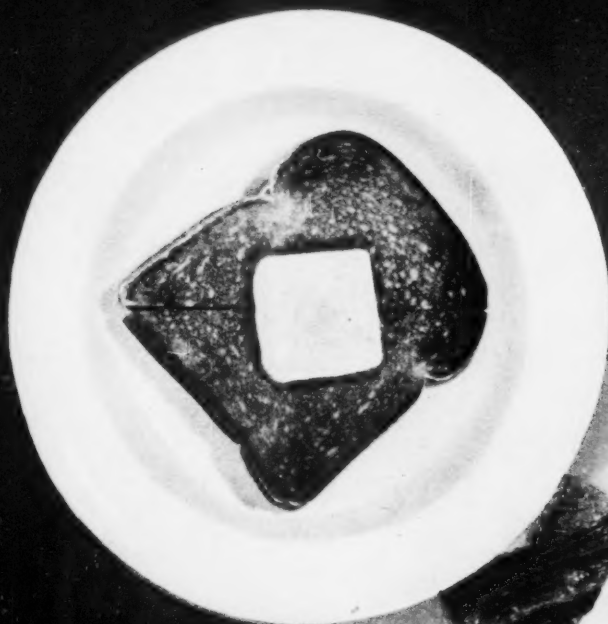
Zinnias. These start blooming in late July and go on until the first heavy frost, wonderful for picking.

Marigolds. I think you will be proud of the new tall-growing one called *Glitters* that has a pure yellow double flower that looks like a chrysanthemum.

Nicotiana. The regular nicotine flower opens only toward evening so get the new *Daylight Sensation* in a mixed package and sow it near your windows for its lovely perfume—its flowers are open all day.

Larkspur. Ask for the newest strain that has tall delphiniumlike spikes—all the colors are lovely.

Of course you may not have room for all these beauties, nor the time to plant them, but I have chosen them all with malice aforethought to infect you with the green thumb virus. Because they are not only lovely to look at but easy to grow, my idea is that no matter how few of them you try, they will lead you ever so gently up the garden path!



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This illustration, painted by Jon Whitcomb, famous New York artist, shows Joyce Davidson, Canadian winner of COMMUNITY'S Model Search Contest.

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